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CONFUCIUS.

Photogravure from an old Chinese print.

This picture of Confucius, surrounded by allegorical symbols, is taken from a Chinese lithograph of great antiquity. The personal appearance of Confucius is a matter of dispute, but the accompanying picture is the one commonly accepted in China as his best likeness.

CHINESE LITERATURE

COMPRISING

THE ANALECTS OF CONFUCIUS
THE SHI-KING
THE SAYINGS OF MENCIUS
THE SORROWS OF HAN
AND
THE TRAVELS OF FA-HIEN

WITH CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES BY
EPIPHANIUS WILSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION

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Photogravure from an old Chinese print

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA 120

Photogravure from a photograph

THE ANALECTS

OF

CONFUCIUS

[*Translated into English by William Jennings*]

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

j, as in French.
ng, commencing a word, like the same letters terminating one.
ai or ***ei,*** as in *aisle* or *eider.*
au, as in German, or like *ow* in *cow.*
é, as in *fête.*
i (not followed by a consonant), as *ee* in *see.*
u (followed by a consonant), as in *bull.*
iu, as *ew* in *new.*
úi, as *ooi* in *cooing.*
h at the end of a name makes the preceding vowel short.
i in the middle of a word denotes an aspirate *(h),* as *K'ung*=Khung.

INTRODUCTION

THE strangest figure that meets us in the annals of Oriental thought, is that of Confucius. To the popular mind he is the founder of a religion, and yet he has nothing in common with the great religious teachers of the East. We think of Siddartha, the founder of Buddhism, as the very impersonation of romantic asceticism, enthusiastic self-sacrifice, and faith in the things that are invisible. Zoroaster is the friend of God, talking face to face with the Almighty, and drinking wisdom and knowledge from the lips of Omniscience. Mohammed is represented as snatched up into heaven, where he receives the Divine communication which he is bidden to propagate with fire and sword throughout the world. These great teachers lived in an atmosphere of the supernatural. They spoke with the authority of inspired prophets. They brought the unseen world close to the minds of their disciples. They spoke positively of immortality, of reward or punishment beyond the grave. The present life they despised, the future was to them everything in its promised satisfaction. The teachings of Confucius were of a very different sort. Throughout his whole writings he has not even mentioned the name of God. He declined to discuss the question of immortality. When he was asked about spiritual beings, he remarked, " If we cannot even know men, how can we know spirits? "

Yet this was the man the impress of whose teaching has formed the national character of five hundred millions of people. A temple to Confucius stands to this day in every town and village of China. His precepts are committed to memory by every child from the tenderest age, and each year at the royal university at Peking the Emperor holds a festival in honor of the illustrious teacher.

The influence of Confucius springs, first of all, from the narrowness and definiteness of his doctrine. He was no transcendentalist, and never meddled with supramundane things. His teaching was of the earth, earthy; it dealt entirely with the common relations of life, and the Golden Rule he must necessarily have stumbled upon, as the most obvious canon of his system. He strikes us as being the great Stoic of the East, for he believed that virtue was based on knowledge, knowledge of a man's own heart, and knowledge of human-kind. There is a pathetic resemblance between the accounts given of the death of Confucius, and the death of Zeno. Both died almost without warning in dreary hopelessness, without the ministrations of either love or religion. This may be a mere coincidence, but the lives and teachings of both men must have led them to look with indifference upon such an end. For Confucius in his teaching treated only of man's life on earth, and seems to have had no ideas with regard to the human lot after death; if he had any ideas he preserved an inscrutable silence about them. As a moralist he prescribed the duties of the king and of the father, and advocated the cultivation by the individual man of that rest or apathy of mind which resembles so much the disposition aimed at by the Greek and Roman Stoic. Even as a moralist, he seems to have sacrificed the ideal to the practical, and his loose notions about marriage, his tolerance of concubinage, the slight emphasis which he lays on the virtue of veracity—of which indeed he does not seem himself to have been particularly studious in his historic writings—place him low down in the rank of moralists. Yet he taught what he felt the people could receive, and the flat mediocrity of his character and his teachings has been stamped forever upon a people who, while they are kindly, gentle, forbearing, and full of family piety, are palpably lacking not only in the exaltation of Mysticism, but in any religious feeling, generally so-called.

The second reason that made the teaching of Confucius so influential is based on the circumstances of the time. When this thoughtful, earnest youth awoke to the consciousness of life about him, he saw that the abuses under which the people groaned sprang from the feudal system, which cut up the country into separate territories, over which the power of the king had no control. China was in the position of France in the years preceding Philippe-Auguste, excepting that there were no places of sanctuary and no Truce of God. The great doctrine of Confucius was the unlimited despotism of the Emperor, and his moral precepts were intended to teach the Emperor how to use his power aright. But the Emperor was only typical of all those in authority—the feudal duke, the judge on the bench, and the father of the family. Each could discharge his duties aright only by submitting to the moral discipline which Confucius prescribed. A vital element in this system is its conservatism, its adherence to the imperial idea. As James I said, " No bishop, no king," so the imperialists of China have found in Confucianism the strongest basis for the throne, and have supported its dissemination accordingly.

The Analects of Confucius contain the gist of his teachings, and is worthy of study. We find in this work most of the precepts which his disciples have preserved and recorded. They form a code remarkable for simplicity, even crudity, and we are compelled to admire the force of character, the practical sagacity, the insight into the needs of the hour, which enabled Confucius, without claiming any Divine sanction, to impose this system upon his countrymen.

The name Confucius is only the Latinized form of two words, which mean " Master K'ung." He was born 551 B.C., his father being governor of Shantung. He was married at nineteen, and seems to have occupied some minor position under the government. In his twenty-fourth year he entered upon the three years' mourning for the death of his mother. His seclusion gave him time for deep thought and the study of history, and he resolved upon the regeneration of his unhappy country. By the time he was thirty he became known as a great teacher, and disciples flocked to him. But he was yet occupied in public duties, and rose through successive stages to the office of Chief Judge in his own country of Lu. His tenure of office is said to have put an end to crime, and he became the " idol of the people " in his district. The jealousy of the feudal lords was roused by his fame as a moral teacher and a blameless judge. Confucius was driven from his home, and wandered about, with a few disciples, until his sixty-ninth year, when he returned to Lu, after accomplishing a work which has borne fruit, such as it is, to the present day. He spent the remaining five years of his life in editing the odes and historic monuments in which the glories of the ancient Chinese dynasty are set forth. He died in his seventy-third year, 478 B.C. There can be no doubt that the success of Confucius has been singularly great, owing especially to the narrow scope of his scheme, which has become crystallized in the habits, usages, and customs of the people. Especially has it been instrumental in consolidating the empire, and in strengthening the power of the monarch, who, as he every year burns incense in the red-walled temple at Peking, utters sincerely the invocation: "Great art thou, O perfect Sage! Thy virtue is full, thy doctrine complete. Among mortal men there has not been thine equal. All kings honor thee. Thy statutes and laws have come gloriously down. Thou art the pattern in this imperial school. Reverently have the sacrificial vessels been set out. Full of awe, we sound our drums and bells."

E. W.

THE ANALECTS

BOOK I

On Learning—Miscellaneous Sayings

"TO learn," said the Master, "and then to practise opportunely what one has learnt—does not this bring with it a sense of satisfaction?

"To have associates in study coming to one from distant parts—does not this also mean pleasure in store?

"And are not those who, while not comprehending all that is said, still remain not unpleased to hear, men of the superior order?"

A saying of the Scholar Yu:—

"It is rarely the case that those who act the part of true men in regard to their duty to parents and elder brothers are at the same time willing to turn currishly upon their superiors: it has never yet been the case that such as desire not to commit that offence have been men willing to promote anarchy or disorder.

"Men of superior mind busy themselves first in getting at the root of things; and when they have succeeded in this the right course is open to them. Well, are not filial piety and friendly subordination among brothers a root of that right feeling which is owing generally from man to man?"

The Master observed, "Rarely do we meet with the right feeling due from one man to another where there is fine speech and studied mien."

The Scholar Tsang once said of himself: "On three points I examine myself daily, viz., whether, in looking after other people's interests, I have not been acting whole-heartedly; whether, in my intercourse with friends, I have not been true; and whether, after teaching, I have not myself been practising what I have taught."

The Master once observed that to rule well one of the larger

States meant strict attention to its affairs and conscientiousness on the part of the ruler; careful husbanding of its resources, with at the same time a tender care for the interests of all classes; and the employing of the masses in the public service at suitable seasons.

"Let young people," said he, "show filial piety at home, respectfulness towards their elders when away from home; let them be circumspect, be truthful; their love going out freely towards all, cultivating good-will to men. And if, in such a walk, there be time or energy left for other things, let them employ it in the acquisition of literary or artistic accomplishments."

The disciple Tsz-hiá said, "The appreciation of worth in men of worth, thus diverting the mind from lascivious desires—ministering to parents while one is the most capable of so doing—serving one's ruler when one is able to devote himself entirely to that object—being sincere in one's language in intercourse with friends: this I certainly must call evidence of learning, though others may say there has been 'no learning.'"

Sayings of the Master:—

"If the great man be not grave, he will not be revered, neither can his learning be solid.

"Give prominent place to loyalty and sincerity.

"Have no associates in study who are not advanced somewhat like yourself.

"When you have erred, be not afraid to correct yourself."

A saying of the Scholar Tsang:—

"The virtue of the people is renewed and enriched when attention is seen to be paid to the departed, and the remembrance of distant ancestors kept and cherished."

Tsz-k'in put this query to his fellow disciple Tsz-kung: said he, "When our Master comes to this or that State, he learns without fail how it is being governed. Does he investigate matters? or are the facts given him?"

Tsz-kung answered, "Our Master is a man of pleasant manners, and of probity, courteous, moderate, and unassuming: it is by his being such that he arrives at the facts. Is not his way of arriving at things different from that of others?"

A saying of the Master:—

"He who, after three years' observation of the will of his father when alive, or of his past conduct if dead, does not deviate from that father's ways, is entitled to be called 'a dutiful son.'"

Sayings of the Scholar Yu:—

"For the practice of the Rules of Propriety,[1] one excellent way is to be natural. This naturalness became a great grace in the practice of kings of former times; let everyone, small or great, follow their example.

"It is not, however, always practicable; and it is not so in the case of a person who does things naturally, knowing that he should act so, and yet who neglects to regulate his acts according to the Rules.

"When truth and right are hand in hand, a statement will bear repetition. When respectfulness and propriety go hand in hand, disgrace and shame are kept afar-off. Remove all occasion for alienating those to whom you are bound by close ties, and you have them still to resort to."

A saying of the Master:—

"The man of greater mind who, when he is eating, craves not to eat to the full; who has a home, but craves not for comforts in it; who is active and earnest in his work and careful in his words; who makes towards men of high principle, and so maintains his own rectitude—that man may be styled a devoted student."

Tsz-kung asked, "What say you, sir, of the poor who do not cringe and fawn; and what of the rich who are without pride and haughtiness?" "They are passable," the Master replied; "yet they are scarcely in the same category as the poor who are happy, and the rich who love propriety."

"In the 'Book of the Odes,'" Tsz-kung went on to say, "we read of one

Polished, as by the knife and file,
The graving-tool, the smoothing-stone.

Does that coincide with your remark?"

"Ah! such as you," replied the Master, "may well commence a discussion on the Odes. If one tell you how a thing goes, you know what ought to come."

"It does not greatly concern me," said the Master, "that men do not know me; my great concern is, my not knowing them."

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[1] An important part of a Chinaman's education still. The text-book, "The Li Ki," contains rules for behavior and propriety for the whole life, from the cradle to the grave.

BOOK II

Good Government—Filial Piety—The Superior Man

SAYINGS of the Master:—

"Let a ruler base his government upon virtuous principles, and he will be like the pole-star, which remains steadfast in its place, while all the host of stars turn towards it.

"The 'Book of Odes' contains three hundred pieces, but one expression in it may be taken as covering the purport of all, viz., Unswerving mindfulness.

"To govern simply by statute, and to reduce all to order by means of pains and penalties, is to render the people evasive, and devoid of any sense of shame.

"To govern upon principles of virtue, and to reduce them to order by the Rules of Propriety, would not only create in them the sense of shame, but would moreover reach them in all their errors.

"When I attained the age of fifteen, I became bent upon study. At thirty, I was a confirmed student. At forty, nought could move me from my course. At fifty, I comprehended the will and decrees of Heaven. At sixty, my ears were attuned to them. At seventy, I could follow my heart's desires, without overstepping the lines of rectitude."

To a question of Mang-i, as to what filial piety consisted in, the master replied, "In not being perverse." Afterwards, when Fan Ch'i was driving him, the Master informed him of this question and answer, and Fan Ch'i asked, "What was your meaning?" The Master replied, "I meant that the Rules of Propriety should always be adhered to in regard to those who brought us into the world: in ministering to them while living, in burying them when dead, and afterwards in the offering to them of sacrificial gifts."

To a query of Mang Wu respecting filial piety, the Master replied, "Parents ought to bear but one trouble—that of their own sickness."

To a like question put by Tsz-yu, his reply was this: "The filial piety of the present day simply means the being able to support one's parents—which extends even to the case of dogs and horses, all of which may have something to give in the way of support. If there be no reverential feeling in the matter, what is there to distinguish between the cases?"

To a like question of Tsz-hiá, he replied: "The manner is the difficulty. If, in the case of work to be done, the younger folks simply take upon themselves the toil of it; or if, in the matter of meat and drink, they simply set these before their elders—is this to be taken as filial piety?"

Once the Master remarked, "I have conversed with Hwúi the whole day long, and he has controverted nothing that I have said, as if he were without wits. But when his back was turned, and I looked attentively at his conduct apart from me, I found it satisfactory in all its issues. No, indeed! Hwúi is not without his wits."

Other observations of the Master:—

"If you observe what things people (usually) take in hand, watch their motives, and note particularly what it is that gives them satisfaction, shall they be able to conceal from you what they are? Conceal themselves, indeed!

"Be versed in ancient lore, and familiarize yourself with the modern; then may you become teachers.

"The great man is not a mere receptacle."

In reply to Tsz-kung respecting the great man:—

"What he first says, as a result of his experience, he afterwards follows up.

"The great man is catholic-minded, and not one-sided. The common man is the reverse.

"Learning, without thought, is a snare; thought, without learning, is a danger.

"Where the mind is set much upon heterodox principles—there truly and indeed is harm."

To the disciple Tsz-lu the Master said, "Shall I give you a lesson about knowledge? When you know a thing, maintain that you know it; and when you do not, acknowledge your ignorance. This is characteristic of knowledge."

Tsz-chang was studying with an eye to official income. The

Master addressed him thus: "Of the many things you hear, hold aloof from those that are doubtful, and speak guardedly with reference to the rest; your mistakes will then be few. Also, of the many courses you see adopted, hold aloof from those that are risky, and carefully follow the others; you will then seldom have occasion for regret. Thus, being seldom mistaken in your utterances, and having few occasions for regret in the line you take, you are on the high road to your preferment."

To a question put to him by Duke Ngai[2] as to what should be done in order to render the people submissive to authority, Confucius replied, "Promote the straightforward, and reject those whose courses are crooked, and the thing will be effected. Promote the crooked and reject the straightforward, and the effect will be the reverse."

When Ki K'ang[3] asked of him how the people could be induced to show respect, loyalty, and willingness to be led, the Master answered, "Let there be grave dignity in him who has the oversight of them, and they will show him respect; let him be seen to be good to his own parents, and kindly in disposition, and they will be loyal to him; let him promote those who have ability, and see to the instruction of those who have it not, and they will be willing to be led."

Some one, speaking to Confucius, inquired, "Why, sir, are you not an administrator of government?" The Master rejoined, "What says the 'Book of the Annals,' with reference to filial duty?—'Make it a point to be dutiful to your parents and amicable with your brethren; the same duties extend to an administrator.' If these, then, also make an administrator, how am I to take your words about being an administrator?"

On one occasion the Master remarked, "I know not what men are good for, on whose word no reliance can be placed. How should your carriages, large or little, get along without your whipple-trees or swing-trees?"

Tsz-chang asked if it were possible to forecast the state of the country ten generations hence. The Master replied in this manner: "The Yin dynasty adopted the rules and manners of the Hiá line of kings, and it is possible to tell whether it retrograded or advanced. The Chow line has followed the Yin, adopting its ways, and whether there has been deterioration or improvement may also be determined. Some other line may take up in turn those of Chow; and supposing even this process to go on for a hundred generations, the result may be known."

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[2] Of Lu (Confucius's native State).
[3] Head of one of the "Three Families" of Lu.

Other sayings of the Master:—

"It is but flattery to make sacrificial offerings to departed spirits not belonging to one's own family.

"It is moral cowardice to leave undone what one perceives to be right to do."

BOOK III

Abuse of Proprieties in Ceremonial and Music

ALLUDING to the head of the Ki family,[4] and the eight lines of posturers [5] before their ancestral hall, Confucius remarked, " If the Ki can allow himself to go to this extent, to what extent will he not allow himself to go? "

The Three Families[6] were in the habit, during the Removal of the sacred vessels after sacrifice, of using the hymn commencing

> " Harmoniously the Princes
> Draw near with reverent tread,
> Assisting in his worship
> Heaven's Son, the great and dread."

" How," exclaimed the Master, " can such words be appropriated in the ancestral hall of the Three Families? "

" Where a man," said he again, " has not the proper feelings due from one man to another, how will he stand as regards the Rules of Propriety? And in such a case, what shall we say of his sense of harmony? "

On a question being put to him by Lin Fang, a disciple, as to what was the radical idea upon which the Rules of Propriety were based, the Master exclaimed, " Ah! that is a large question. As to some rules, where there is likelihood of extravagance, they would rather demand economy; in those which relate to mourning, and where there is likelihood of being easily satisfied, what is wanted is real sorrow."

Speaking of the disorder of the times he remarked that while the barbarians on the North and East had their Chieftains, we here in this great country had nothing to compare with them in that respect:—we had lost these distinctions!

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[4] The Chief of the Ki clan was virtually the Duke of Lu, under whom Confucius for a time held office.

[5] These posturers were mutes who took part in the ritual of the ancestral temple, waving plumes, flags, etc. Each line or rank of these contained eight men. Only in the sovereign's household should there have been eight lines of them; a ducal family like the Ki should have had but six lines; a great official had four, and one of lower grade two. These were the gradations marking the status of families, and Confucius's sense of propriety was offended at the Ki's usurping in this way the appearance of royalty.

[6] Three great families related to each other, in whose hands the government of the State of Lu then was, and of which the Ki was the chief.

Alluding to the matter of the Chief of the Ki family worshipping on T'ai-shan,[7] the Master said to Yen Yu, "Cannot you save him from this?" He replied, "It is beyond my power." "Alas, alas!" exclaimed the Master, "are we to say that the spirits of T'ai-shan have not as much discernment as Lin Fang?"

Of "the superior man," the Master observed, "In him there is no contentiousness. Say even that he does certainly contend with others, as in archery competitions; yet mark, in that case, how courteously he will bow and go up for the forfeit-cup, and come down again and give it to his competitor. In his very contest he is still the superior man."

Tsz-hiá once inquired what inference might be drawn from the lines—

"Dimples playing in witching smile,
Beautiful eyes, so dark, so bright!
O and her face may be thought the while
Colored by art, red rose on white!"

"Coloring," replied the Master, "requires a pure and clear background." "Then," said the other, "rules of ceremony require to have a background!" "Ah!" exclaimed the Master, "you are the man to catch the drift of my thought. Such as you may well introduce a discussion on the Odes."

Said the Master, "As regards the ceremonial adopted and enforced by the Hiá dynasty, I am able to describe it, although their own descendants in the State of Ki can adduce no adequate testimony in favor of its use there. So, too, I am able to describe the ceremonial of the Yin dynasty, although no more can the Sung people show sufficient reason for its continuance amongst themselves. And why cannot they do so? Because they have not documents enough, nor men learned enough. If only they had such, I could refer them to them in support of their usages.

"When I am present at the great quinquennial sacrifice to the *manes* of the royal ancestors," the Master said, "from the pouring-out of the oblation onwards, I have no heart to look on."

[7] One of the five sacred mountains, worshipped upon only by the sovereign.

Some one asked what was the purport of this great sacrifice, and the Master replied, " I cannot tell. The position in the empire of him who could tell you is as evident as when you look at this "—pointing to the palm of his hand.

When he offered sacrifices to his ancestors, he used to act as if they were present before him. In offering to other spirits it was the same.

He would say, " If I do not myself take part in my offerings, it is all the same as if I did not offer them."

Wang-sun Kiá asked him once, " What says the proverb, ' Better to court favor in the kitchen than in the drawing-room ' ? " The Master replied, " Nay, better say, He who has sinned against Heaven has none other to whom prayer may be addressed."

Of the Chow dynasty the Master remarked, " It looks back upon two other dynasties; and what a rich possession it has in its records of those times! I follow Chow! "

On his first entry into the grand temple, he inquired about every matter connected with its usages. Some one thereupon remarked, " Who says that the son of the man of Tsou[8] understands about ceremonial? On entering the grand temple he inquired about everything." This remark coming to the Master's ears, he said, " What I did is part of the ceremonial! "

" In archery," he said, " the great point to be observed is not simply the perforation of the leather; for men have not all the same strength. That was the fashion in the olden days."

Once, seeing that his disciple Tsz-kung was desirous that the ceremonial observance of offering a sheep at the new moon might be dispensed with, the Master said, " Ah! you grudge the loss of the sheep; I grudge the loss of the ceremony."

" To serve one's ruler nowadays," he remarked, " fully complying with the Rules of Propriety, is regarded by others as toadyism! "

When Duke Ting questioned him as to how a prince should deal with his ministers, and how they in turn should serve their prince, Confucius said in reply, " In dealing with his ministers a prince should observe the proprieties; in serving his prince a minister should observe the duty of loyalty."

Referring to the First of the Odes, he remarked that it was nirthful without being lewd, and sad also without being ainful.

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[8] Tsou was Confucius's birthplace; his father was governor of the town.

Duke Ngai asked the disciple Tsai Wo respecting the places or sacrificing to the Earth. The latter replied, "The Family f the Great Yu, of the Hiá dynasty, chose a place of pine trees; he Yin founders chose cypresses; and the Chow founders hestnut trees, solemn and majestic, to inspire, 'tis said, the eople with feelings of awe."

The Master on hearing of this exclaimed, "Never an alluion to things that have been enacted in the past! Never a renonstrance against what is now going on! He has gone away vithout a word of censure."

The Master once said of Kwan Chung,[9] "A small-minded nan indeed!"

"Was he miserly?" some one asked.

"Miserly, indeed!" said he; "not that: he married three imes, and he was not a man who restricted his official business o too few hands—how could he be miserly?"

"He knew the Rules of Propriety, I suppose?"

"Judge:—Seeing that the feudal lords planted a screen at heir gates, he too would have one at his! Seeing that when ny two of the feudal lords met in friendly conclave they had n earthenware stand on which to place their inverted cups after lrinking, he must have the same! If he knew the Rules of Propriety, who is there that does not know them?"

In a discourse to the Chief Preceptor of Music at the court of Lu, the Master said, "Music is an intelligible thing. When vou begin a performance, let all the various instruments proluce as it were one sound (inharmonious); then, as you go on, oring out the harmony fully, distinctly, and with uninterrupted low, unto the end."

The warden of the border-town of I requested an interview vith Confucius, and said, "When great men have come here, I nave never yet failed to obtain a sight of them." The followers ntroduced him; and, on leaving, he said to them, "Sirs, why grieve at his loss of office? The empire has for long been without good government; and Heaven is about to use your master as its edict-announcer."

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[9] A renowned statesman who flourshed about two hundred years before Confucius's time. A philosophical work on law and government, said to have been written by him, is still extant. He was regarded as a sage by the people, but he lacked, in Confucius's eyes, the one thing needful—propriety.

Comparing the music of the emperor Shun with the music of King Wu, the Master said, "That of Shun is beautiful throughout, and also good throughout. That of Wu is all of it beautiful, but scarcely all of it good."

"High station," said the Master, "occupied by men who have no large and generous heart; ceremonial performed with no reverence; duties of mourning engaging the attention, where there is absence of sorrow;—how should I look on, where this is the state of things?"

BOOK IV

Social Virtue—Superior and Inferior Man

SAYINGS of the Master:—

"It is social good feeling that gives charm to a neighborhood. And where is the wisdom of those who choose an abode where it does not abide?

"Those who are without it cannot abide long, either in straitened or in happy circumstances. Those who possess it find contentment in it. Those who are wise go after it as men go after gain.

"Only they in whom it exists can have right likings and dislikings for others.

"Where the will is set upon it, there will be no room for malpractices.

"Riches and honor are what men desire; but if they arrive at them by improper ways, they should not continue to hold them. Poverty and low estate are what men dislike; but if they arrive at such a condition by improper ways, they should not refuse it.

"If the 'superior man' make nought of social good feeling, how shall he fully bear that name?

"Not even whilst he eats his meal will the 'superior man' forget what he owes to his fellow-men. Even in hurried leave-takings, even in moments of frantic confusion, he keeps true to this virtue.

"I have not yet seen a lover of philanthropy, nor a hater of misanthropy—such, that the former did not take occasion to magnify that virtue in himself, and that the latter, in his positive practice of philanthropy, did not, at times, allow in his presence something savoring of misanthropy.

"Say you, is there any one who is able for one whole day to apply the energy of his mind to this virtue? Well, I have not seen any one whose energy was not equal to it. It may be there are such, but I have never met with them.

"The faults of individuals are peculiar to their particular class and surroundings; and it is by observing their faults that one comes to understand the condition of their good feelings towards their fellows.

"One may hear the right way in the morning, and at evening die.

"The scholar who is intent upon learning the right way, and who is yet ashamed of poor attire and poor food, is not worthy of being discoursed with.

"The masterly man's attitude to the world is not exclusively this or that: whatsoever is right, to that he will be a party.

"The masterly man has an eye to virtue, the common man, to earthly things; the former has an eye to penalties for error—the latter, to favor.

"Where there is habitual going after gain, there is much ill-will.

"When there is ability in a ruler to govern a country by adhering to the Rules of Propriety, and by kindly condescension, what is wanted more? Where the ability to govern thus is wanting, what has such a ruler to do with the Rules of Propriety?

"One should not be greatly concerned at not being in office; but rather about the requirements in one's self for such a standing. Neither should one be so much concerned at being unknown; but rather with seeking to become worthy of being known."

Addressing his disciple Tsang Sin, the Master said, "Tsang Sin, the principles which I inculcate have one main idea upon which they all hang." "Aye, surely," he replied.

When the Master was gone out the other disciples asked what was the purport of this remark. Tsang's answer was, "The principles of our Master's teaching are these—whole-heartedness and kindly forbearance; these and nothing more."

Other observations of the Master:—

"Men of loftier mind manifest themselves in their equitable dealings; small-minded men in their going after gain.

"When you meet with men of worth, think how you may attain to their level; when you see others of an opposite character, look within, and examine yourself.

"A son, in ministering to his parents, may (on occasion) offer gentle remonstrances; when he sees that their will is not to heed such, he should nevertheless still continue to show them reverent respect, never obstinacy; and if he have to suffer, let him do so without murmuring.

" Whilst the parents are still living, he should not wander far; or, if a wanderer, he should at least have some fixed address.

" If for three years he do not veer from the principles of his father, he may be called a dutiful son.

" A son should not ignore the years of his parents. On the one hand, they may be a matter for rejoicing (that they have been so many), and on the other, for apprehension (that so few remain).

" People in olden times were loth to speak out, fearing the disgrace of not being themselves as good as their words.

" Those who keep within restraints are seldom losers.

" To be slow to speak, but prompt to act, is the desire of the 'superior man.'

" Virtue dwells not alone: she must have neighbors."

An observation of Tsz-yu:—

" Officiousness, in the service of princes, leads to disgrace; among friends, to estrangement."

BOOK V

A Disciple and the Golden Rule—Miscellaneous

THE Master pronounced Kung-ye Ch'ang, a disciple, to be a marriageable person; for although lying bound in criminal fetters he had committed no crime. And he gave him his own daughter to wife.

Of Nan Yung, a disciple, he observed, that in a State where the government was well conducted he would not be passed over in its appointments, and in one where the government was ill conducted he would evade punishment and disgrace. And he caused his elder brother's daughter to be given in marriage to him.

Of Tsz-tsien, a disciple, he remarked, " A superior man indeed is the like of him! But had there been none of superior quality in Lu, how should this man have attained to this excellence? "

Tsz-kung asked, " What of me, then? " " You," replied the Master—" You are a receptacle." " Of what sort? " said he. " One for high and sacred use," was the answer.

Some one having observed of Yen Yung that he was good-natured towards others, but that he lacked the gift of ready speech, the Master said, " What need of that gift? To stand up before men and pour forth a stream of glib words is generally to make yourself obnoxious to them. I know not about his good-naturedness; but at any rate what need of that gift? "

When the Master proposed that Tsi-tiau K'ai should enter the government service, the latter replied, " I can scarcely credit it." The Master was gratified.

" Good principles are making no progress," once exclaimed the Master. " If I were to take a raft, and drift about on the sea, would Tsz-lu, I wonder, be my follower there? " That disciple was delighted at hearing the suggestion; whereupon the Master continued, " He surpasses me in his love of deeds of daring. But he does not in the least grasp the pith of my remark."

In reply to a question put to him by Mang Wu respecting Tsz-lu—as to whether he might be called good-natured towards others, the Master said, " I cannot tell " ; but, on the question being put again, he answered, " Well, in an important State[10] he might be intrusted with the management of the military levies ; but I cannot answer for his good nature."

" What say you then of Yen Yu ? "

" As for Yen," he replied, " in a city of a thousand families, or in a secondary fief,[11] he might be charged with the governorship ; but I cannot answer for his good-naturedness."

" Take Tsz-hwa, then ; what of him ? "

" Tsz-hwa," said he, " with a cincture girt upon him, standing as attendant at Court, might be charged with the addressing of visitors and guests ; but as to his good-naturedness I cannot answer."

Addressing Tsz-kung, the Master said, " Which of the two is ahead of the other—yourself or Hwúi ? " " How shall I dare," he replied, " even to look at Hwúi ? Only let him hear one particular, and from that he knows ten ; whereas I, if I hear one, may from it know two."

" You are not a match for him, I grant you," said the Master. " You are not his match."

Tsai Yu, a disciple, used to sleep in the daytime. Said the Master, " One may hardly carve rotten wood, or use a trowel to the wall of a manure-yard ! In his case, what is the use of reprimand ?

" My attitude towards a man in my first dealings with him," he added, " was to listen to his professions and to trust to his conduct. My attitude now is to listen to his professions, and to watch his conduct. My experience with Tsai Yu has led to this change.

" I have never seen," said the Master, " a man of inflexible firmness." Some one thereupon mentioned Shin Ch'ang, a disciple. " Ch'ang," said he, " is wanton ; where do you get at his inflexibleness ? "

Tsz-kung made the remark : " That which I do not wish others to put upon me, I also wish not to put upon others." " Nay," said the Master, " you have not got so far as that."

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[10] Lit., a State of 1,000 war chariots.

[11] Lit., a House of 100 war chariots.

The same disciple once remarked, "There may be access so as to hear the Master's literary discourses, but when he is treating of human nature and the way of Heaven, there may not be such success."

Tsz-lu, after once hearing him upon some subject, and feeling himself as yet incompetent to carry into practice what he had heard, used to be apprehensive only lest he should hear the subject revived.

Tsz-kung asked how it was that Kung Wan had come to be so styled Wan (the talented). The Master's answer was, "Because, though a man of an active nature, he was yet fond of study, and he was not ashamed to stoop to put questions to his inferiors."

Respecting Tsz-ch'an,[12] the Master said that he had four of the essential qualities of the 'superior man':—in his own private walk he was humble-minded; in serving his superiors he was deferential; in his looking after the material welfare of the people he was generously kind; and in his exaction of public service from the latter he was just.

Speaking of Yen Ping, he said, "He was one who was happy in his mode of attaching men to him. However long the intercourse, he was always deferential to them."

Referring to Tsang Wan, he asked, "What is to be said of this man's discernment?—this man with his tortoise-house, with the pillar-heads and posts bedizened with scenes of hill and mere!"

Tsz-chang put a question relative to the chief Minister of Tsu, Tsz-wan. He said, "Three times he became chief Minister, and on none of these occasions did he betray any sign of exultation. Three times his ministry came to an end, and he showed no sign of chagrin. He used without fail to inform the new Minister as to the old mode of administration. What say you of him?"

"That he was a loyal man," said the Master.

"But was he a man of fellow-feeling?" said the disciple.

"Of that I am not sure," he answered; "how am I to get at that?"

The disciple went on to say:—"After the assassination of the prince of Ts'i by the officer Ts'ui, the latter's fellow-official Ch'in Wan, who had half a score teams of horses, gave up all, and turned his back upon him. On coming to another State, he observed, 'There are here characters somewhat like that of our minister Ts'ui,' and he turned his back upon them. Proceeding to a certain other State, he had occasion to make the same remark, and left. What say you of him?"

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[12] A great statesman of Confucius's time.

"That he was a pure-minded man," answered the Master.

"But was he a man of fellow-feeling?" urged the disciple.

"Of that I am not sure," he replied; "how am I to get at that?"

Ki Wan was one who thought three times over a thing before he acted. The Master hearing this of him, observed, "Twice would have been enough."

Of Ning Wu, the Master said that when matters went well in the State he used to have his wits about him: but when they went wrong, he lost them. His intelligence might be equalled, but not his witlessness!

Once, when the Master lived in the State of Ch'in, he exclaimed, "Let me get home again! Let me get home! My school-children[13] are wild and impetuous! Though they are somewhat accomplished, and perfect in one sense in their attainments, yet they know not how to make nice discriminations."

Of Peh-I and Shuh Ts'i he said, "By the fact of their not remembering old grievances, they gradually did away with resentment."

Of Wei-shang Kau he said, "Who calls him straightforward? A person once begged some vinegar of him, and he begged it from a neighbor, and then presented him with it!"

"Fine speech," said he, "and studied mien, and superfluous show of deference — of such things Tso-k'iu Ming was ashamed. I too am ashamed of such things. Also of hiding resentment felt towards an opponent and treating him as a friend—of this kind of thing he was ashamed, and so too am I."

Attended once by the two disciples Yen Yuen and Tsz-lu, he said, "Come now, why not tell me, each of you, what in your hearts you are really after?"

"I should like," said Tsz-lu, "for myself and my friends and associates, carriages and horses, and to be clad in light furs! nor would I mind much if they should become the worse for wear."

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[13] A familiar way of speaking of his disciples in their hearing.

"And I should like," said Yen Yuen, "to live without boasting of my abilities, and without display of meritorious deeds."

Tsz-lu then said, "I should like, sir, to hear what your heart is set upon."

The Master replied, "It is this:—in regard to old people, to give them quiet and comfort; in regard to friends and associates, to be faithful to them; in regard to the young, to treat them with fostering affection and kindness."

On one occasion the Master exclaimed, "Ah, 'tis hopeless! I have not yet seen the man who can see his errors, so as inwardly to accuse himself."

"In a small cluster of houses there may well be," said he, "some whose integrity and sincerity may compare with mine; but I yield to none in point of love of learning."

BOOK VI

More Characteristics—Wisdom—Philanthropy

OF Yen Yung, a disciple, the Master said, "Yung might indeed do for a prince!"

On being asked by this Yen Yung his opinion of a certain individual, the Master replied, "He is passable. Impetuous, though."

"But," argued the disciple, "if a man habituate himself to a reverent regard for duty—even while in his way of doing things he is impetuous—in the oversight of the people committed to his charge, is he not passable? If, on the other hand, he habituate himself to impetuosity of mind, and show it also in his way of doing things, is he not then over-impetuous?"

"You are right," said the Master.

When the Duke Ngai inquired which of the disciples were devoted to learning, Confucius answered him, "There was one Yen Hwúi who loved it—a man whose angry feelings towards any particular person he did not suffer to visit upon another; a man who would never fall into the same error twice. Unfortunately his allotted time was short, and he died, and now his like is not to be found; I have never heard of one so devoted to learning."

While Tsz-hwa, a disciple, was away on a mission to Ts'i, the disciple Yen Yu, on behalf of his mother, applied for some grain. "Give her three pecks," said the Master. He applied for more. "Give her eight, then." Yen gave her fifty times that amount. The Master said, "When Tsz-hwa went on that journey to Ts'i, he had well-fed steeds yoked to his carriage, and was arrayed in light furs. I have learnt that the 'superior man' should help those whose needs are urgent, not help the rich to be more rich."

When Yuen Sz became prefect under him, he gave him nine hundred measures of grain, but the prefect declined to accept them.[14] "You must not," said the Master. "May they not be of use to the villages and hamlets around you?"

Speaking of Yen Yung again, the Master said, "If the offspring of a speckled ox be red in color, and horned, even though men may not wish to take it for sacrifice, would the spirits of the hills and streams reject it?"

Adverting to Hwúi again, he said, "For three months there would not be in his breast one thought recalcitrant against his feeling of good-will towards his fellow-men. The others may attain to this for a day or for a month, but there they end."

When asked by Ki K'ang whether Tsz-lu was fit to serve the government, the Master replied, "Tsz-lu is a man of decision: what should prevent him from serving the government?"

Asked the same question respecting Tsz-kung and Yen Yu he answered similarly, pronouncing Tsz-kung to be a man of perspicacity, and Yen Yu to be one versed in the polite arts.

When the head of the Ki family sent for Min Tsz-k'ien to make him governor of the town of Pi, that disciple said, "Politely decline for me. If the offer is renewed, then indeed I shall feel myself obliged to go and live on the further bank of the Wan."

Peh-niu had fallen ill, and the Master was inquiring after him. Taking hold of his hand held out from the window, he said, "It is taking him off! Alas, his appointed time has come! Such a man, and to have such an illness!"

Of Hwúi, again: "A right worthy man indeed was he! With his simple wooden dish of rice, and his one gourd-basin of drink, away in his poor back lane, in a condition too grievous for others to have endured, he never allowed his cheery spirits to droop. Aye, a right worthy soul was he!"

"It is not," Yen Yu once apologized, "that I do not take pleasure in your doctrines; it is that I am not strong enough." The Master rejoined, "It is when those who are not strong enough have made some moderate amount of progress that they fail and give up; but you are now drawing your own line for yourself."

Addressing Tsz-hiá, the Master said, "Let your scholarship be that of gentlemen, and not like that of common men."

When Tsz-yu became governor of Wu-shing, the Master said to him, "Do you find good men about you?" The reply was, "There is Tan-t'ai Mieh-ming, who when walking eschews by-paths, and who, unless there be some public function, never approaches my private residence."

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[14] At this time Confucius was Criminal Judge in his native State of Lu. Yuen Sz had been a disciple. The commentators add that this was the officer's proper salary, and that he did wrong to refuse it.

"Mang Chi-fan," said the Master, "is no sounder of his own praises. During a stampede he was in the rear, and as they were about to enter the city gate he whipped up his horses, and said, ''Twas not my daring made me lag behind. My horses would not go.'"

Obiter dicta of the Master:—

"Whoever has not the glib utterance of the priest T'o, as well as the handsomeness of Prince Cháu of Sung, will find it hard to keep out of harm's way in the present age.

"Who can go out but by that door? Why walks no one by these guiding principles?

"Where plain naturalness is more in evidence than polish, we have—the man from the country. Where polish is more in evidence than naturalness, we have—the town scribe. It is when naturalness and polish are equally evident that we have the ideal man.

"The life of a man is—his rectitude. Life without it—such may you have the good fortune to avoid!

"They who know it are not as those who love it, nor they who love it as those who rejoice in it—that is, have the fruition of their love for it.

"To the average man, and those above the average, it is possible to discourse on higher subjects; to those from the average downwards, it is not possible."

Fan Ch'i put a query about wisdom. The Master replied, "To labor for the promoting of righteous conduct among the people of the land; to be serious in regard to spiritual beings, and to hold aloof from them;—this may be called wisdom."

To a further query, about philanthropy, he replied, "Those who possess that virtue find difficulty with it at first, success later.

"Men of practical knowledge," he said, "find their gratification among the rivers of the lowland, men of sympathetic social feeling find theirs among the hills. The former are active and bustling, the latter calm and quiet. The former take their day of pleasure, the latter look to length of days."

Alluding to the States of Ts'i and Lu, he observed, that Ts'i, by one change, might attain to the condition of Lu; and that Lu, by one change, might attain to good government.

An exclamation of the Master (satirizing the times, when old terms relating to government were still used while bereft of their old meaning):—"A quart, and not a quart! *quart,* indeed! *quart,* indeed!"

Tsai Wo, a disciple, put a query. Said he, "Suppose a philanthropic person were told, 'There's a fellow-creature down in the well!' Would he go down after him?"

"Why should he really do so?" answered the Master. "The good man or, a superior man might be induced to go, but not to go down. He may be misled, but not befooled."

"The superior man," said he, "with his wide study of books, and hedging himself round by the Rules of Propriety, is not surely, after all that, capable of overstepping his bounds."

Once when the Master had had an interview with Nan-tsz, which had scandalized his disciple Tsz-lu, he uttered the solemn adjuration, "If I have done aught amiss, may Heaven reject me! may Heaven reject me!"

"How far-reaching," said he, "is the moral excellence that flows from the Constant Mean![15] It has for a long time been rare among the people."

Tsz-kung said, "Suppose the case of one who confers benefits far and wide upon the people, and who can, in so doing, make his bounty universally felt—how would you speak of him? Might he be called philanthropic?"

The Master exclaimed, "What a work for philanthropy! He would require indeed to be a sage! He would put into shade even Yau and Shun!—Well, a philanthropic person, desiring for himself a firm footing, is led on to give one to others; desiring for himself an enlightened perception of things, he is led on to help others to be similarly enlightened. If one could take an illustration coming closer home to us than yours, that might be made the starting-point for speaking about philanthropy."

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[15] The doctrine afterwards known by that name, and which gave its title to a Confucian treatise.

BOOK VII

Characteristics of Confucius—An Incident

SAID the Master:—

" I, as a transmitter[16] and not an originator, and as one who believes in and loves the ancients, venture to compare myself with our old P'ang.

" What find you indeed in me?—a quiet brooder and memorizer; a student never satiated with learning; an unwearied monitor of others!

" The things which weigh heavily upon my mind are these—failure to improve in the virtues, failure in discussion of what is learnt, inability to walk according to knowledge received as to what is right and just, inability also to reform what has been amiss."

In his hours of recreation and refreshment the Master's manner was easy and unconstrained, affable and winning.

Once he exclaimed, " Alas! I must be getting very feeble; 'tis long since I have had a repetition of the dreams in which I used to see the Duke of Chow.[17]

" Concentrate the mind," said he, " upon the Good Way.

" Maintain firm hold upon Virtue.

" Rely upon Philanthropy.

" Find recreation in the Arts.[18]

" I have never withheld instruction from any, even from those who have come for it with the smallest offering.

" No subject do I broach, however, to those who have no eager desire to learn; no encouraging hint do I give to those who show no anxiety to speak out their ideas; nor have I anything more to say to those who, after I have made clear one corner of the subject, cannot from that give me the other three."

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[16] In reference to his editing the six Classics of his time.

[17] This was one of his " beloved ancients," famous for what he did in helping to found the dynasty of Chow, a man of great political wisdom, a scholar also, and poet. It was the " dream " of Confucius's life to restore the country to the condition in which the Duke of Chow left it.

[18] These were six in number, viz.: Ceremonial, Music, Archery, Horsemanship, Language, and Calculation.

If the Master was taking a meal, and there were any in mourning beside him, he would not eat to the full.

On one day on which he had wept, on that day he would not sing.

Addressing his favorite disciple, he said, " To you only and myself it has been given to do this—to go when called to serve, and to go back into quiet retirement when released from office."

Tsz-lu, hearing the remark said, " But if, sir, you had the handling of the army of one of the greater States,[19] whom would you have associated with you in that case? "

The Master answered:—

" Not the one 'who'll rouse the tiger,'
Not the one 'who'll wade the Ho;'

not the man who can die with no regret. He must be one who should watch over affairs with apprehensive caution, a man fond of strategy, and of perfect skill and effectiveness in it."

As to wealth, he remarked, " If wealth were an object that I could go in quest of, I should do so even if I had to take a whip and do grooms' work. But seeing that it is not, I go after those objects for which I have a liking."

Among matters over which he exercised great caution were times of fasting, war, and sickness.

When he was in the State of Ts'i, and had heard the ancient Shau music, he lost all perception of the taste of his meat. " I had no idea," said he, " that music could have been brought to this pitch."

In the course of conversation Yen Yu said, " Does the Master take the part of the Prince of Wei? " " Ah yes! " said Tsz-kung, " I will go and ask him that."

On going in to him, that disciple began, " What sort of men were Peh-I and Shuh Ts'i? " " Worthies of the olden time," the Master replied. " Had they any feelings of resentment? " was the next question. " Their aim and object," he answered, " was that of doing the duty which every man owes to his fellows, and they succeeded in doing it;—what room further for feelings of resentment?" The questioner on coming out said, "The Master does not take his part."

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[19] Lit., three forces. Each force consisted of 12,500 men, and three of such forces were the equipment of a greater State.

"With a meal of coarse rice," said the Master, "and with water to drink, and my bent arm for my pillow—even thus I can find happiness. Riches and honors without righteousness are to me as fleeting clouds."

"Give me several years more to live," said he, "and after fifty years' study of the 'Book of Changes' I might come to be free from serious error."

The Master's regular subjects of discourse were the "Books of the Odes" and "History," and the up-keeping of the Rules of Propriety. On all of these he regularly discoursed.

The Duke of Shih questioned Tsz-lu about Confucius, and the latter did not answer.

Hearing of this, the Master said, "Why did you not say, He is a man with a mind so intent on his pursuits that he forgets his food, and finds such pleasure in them that he forgets his troubles, and does not know that old age is coming upon him?"

"As I came not into life with any knowledge of it," he said, "and as my likings are for what is old, I busy myself in seeking knowledge there."

Strange occurrences, exploits of strength, deeds of lawlessness, references to spiritual beings—such-like matters the Master avoided in conversation.

"Let there," he said, "be three men walking together: from that number I should be sure to find my instructors; for what is good in them I should choose out and follow, and what is not good I should modify."

On one occasion he exclaimed, "Heaven begat Virtue in me; what can man do unto me?"

To his disciples he once said, "Do you look upon me, my sons, as keeping anything secret from you? I hide nothing from you. I do nothing that is not manifest to your eyes, my disciples. That is so with me."

Four things there were which he kept in view in his teaching—scholarliness, conduct of life, honesty, faithfulness.

"It is not given to me," he said, "to meet with a sage; let me but behold a man of superior mind, and that will suffice. Neither is it given to me to meet with a good man; let me but see a man of constancy, and it will suffice. It is difficult for persons to have constancy, when they pretend to have that which they are destitute of, to be full when they are empty, to do things on a grand scale when their means are contracted!"

When the Master fished with hook and line, he did not also use a net. When out with his bow, he would never shoot at game in cover.

"Some there may be," said he, "who do things in ignorance of what they do. I am not of these. There is an alternative way of knowing things, viz.—to sift out the good from the many things one hears, and follow it; and to keep in memory the many things one sees."

Pupils from Hu-hiang were difficult to speak with. One youth came to interview the Master, and the disciples were in doubt whether he ought to have been seen. "Why so much ado," said the Master, "at my merely permitting his approach, and not rather at my allowing him to draw back? If a man have cleansed himself in order to come and see me, I receive him as such; but I do not undertake for what he will do when he goes away."

"Is the philanthropic spirit far to seek, indeed?" the Master exclaimed; "I wish for it, and it is with me!"

The Minister of Crime in the State of Ch'in asked Confucius whether Duke Ch'au, of Lu was acquainted with the Proprieties; and he answered, "Yes, he knows them."

When Confucius had withdrawn, the minister bowed to Wu-ma K'i, a disciple, and motioned to him to come forward. He said, "I have heard that superior men show no partiality; are they, too, then, partial? That prince took for his wife a lady of the Wu family, having the same surname as himself, and had her named 'Lady Tsz of Wu, the elder.' If he knows the Proprieties, then who does not?"

The disciple reported this to the Master, who thereupon remarked, "Well for me! If I err in any way, others are sure to know of it."

When the Master was in company with any one who sang, and who sang well, he must needs have the song over again, and after that would join in it.

"Although in letters," he said, "I may have none to compare with me, yet in my personification of the 'superior man' I have not as yet been successful."

"'A Sage and a Philanthropist?' How should I have the ambition?" said he. "All that I can well be called is this—An insatiable student, an unwearied teacher;—this, and no more."—"Exactly what we, your disciples, cannot by any learning manage to be," said Kung-si Hwa.

Once when the Master was seriously ill, Tsz-lu requested to be allowed to say prayers for him. "Are such available?" asked the Master. "Yes," said he; "and the Manual of Prayers says, 'Pray to the spirits above and to those here below.'"

"My praying has been going on a long while," said the Master.

"Lavish living," he said, "renders men disorderly; miserliness makes them hard. Better, however, the hard than the disorderly."

Again, "The man of superior mind is placidly composed; the small-minded man is in a constant state of perturbation."

The Master was gentle, yet could be severe; had an overawing presence, yet was not violent; was deferential, yet easy.

BOOK VIII

Sayings of Tsang—Sentences of the Master

SPEAKING of T'ai-pih the Master said that he might be pronounced a man of the highest moral excellence; for he allowed the empire to pass by him onwards to a third heir; while the people, in their ignorance of his motives, were unable to admire him for so doing.

"Without the Proprieties," said the Master, "we have these results: for deferential demeanor, a worried one; for calm attentiveness, awkward bashfulness; for manly conduct, disorderliness; for straightforwardness, perversity.

"When men of rank show genuine care for those nearest to them in blood, the people rise to the duty of neighborliness and sociability. And when old friendships among them are not allowed to fall off, there will be a cessation of underhand practices among the people."

The Scholar Tsang was once unwell, and calling his pupils to him he said to them, "Disclose to view my feet and my hands. What says the Ode?—

'Act as from a sense of danger,
  With precaution and with care,
As a yawning gulf o'erlooking,
  As on ice that scarce will bear.'

At all times, my children, I know how to keep myself free from bodily harm."

Again, during an illness of his, Mang King, an official, went to ask after him. The Scholar had some conversation with him, in the course of which he said—

"'Doleful the cries of a dying bird,
  Good the last words of a dying man.'

There are three points which a man of rank in the management of his duties should set store upon:—A lively manner and deportment, banishing both severity and laxity; a frank and open expression of countenance, allied closely with sincerity; and a tone in his utterances utterly free from any approach to vulgarity and impropriety. As to matters of bowls and dishes, leave such things to those who are charged with the care of them."

Another saying of the Scholar Tsang: "I once had a friend who, though he possessed ability, would go questioning men of none, and, though surrounded by numbers, would go with his questions to isolated individuals; who also, whatever he might have, appeared as if he were without it, and, with all his substantial acquirements, made as though his mind were a mere blank; and when insulted would not retaliate;—this was ever his way."

Again he said: "The man that is capable of being intrusted with the charge of a minor on the throne, and given authority over a large territory, and who, during the important term of his superintendence cannot be forced out of his position, is not such a 'superior man'? That he is, indeed."

Again:—"The learned official must not be without breadth and power of endurance: the burden is heavy, and the way is long.

"Suppose that he take his duty to his fellow-men as his peculiar burden, is that not indeed a heavy one? And since only with death it is done with, is not the way long?"

Sentences of the Master:—

"From the 'Book of Odes' we receive impulses; from the 'Book of the Rules,' stability; from the 'Book on Music,' refinement.[20]

"The people may be put into the way they should go, though they may not be put into the way of understanding it.

"The man who likes bravery, and yet groans under poverty, has mischief in him. So, too, has the misanthrope, groaning at any severity shown towards him.

"Even if a person were adorned with the gifts of the Duke of Chow, yet if he were proud and avaricious, all the rest of his qualities would not indeed be worth looking at.

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[20] Comparison of three of the Classics: the "Shi-King," the "Li Ki," and the "Yoh." The last is lost.

"Not easily found is the man who, after three years' study, has failed to come upon some fruit of his toil.

"The really faithful lover of learning holds fast to the Good Way till death.

"He will not go into a State in which a downfall is imminent, nor take up his abode in one where disorder reigns. When the empire is well ordered he will show himself; when not, he will hide himself away. Under a good government it will be a disgrace to him if he remain in poverty and low estate; under a bad one, it would be equally disgraceful to him to hold riches and honors.

"If not occupying the office, devise not the policy.

"When the professor Chi began his duties, how grand the finale of the First of the Odes used to be! How it rang in one's ears!

"I cannot understand persons who are enthusiastic and yet not straightforward; nor those who are ignorant and yet not attentive; nor again those folks who are simple-minded and yet untrue.

"Learn, as if never overtaking your object, and yet as if apprehensive of losing it.

"How sublime was the handling of the empire by Shun and Yu!—it was as nothing to them!

"How great was Yau as a prince! Was he not sublime! Say that Heaven only is great, then was Yau alone after its pattern! How profound was he! The people could not find a name for him. How sublime in his achievements! How brilliant in his scholarly productions!"

Shun had for his ministers five men, by whom he ordered the empire.

King Wu (in his day) stated that he had ten men as assistants for the promotion of order.

With reference to these facts Confucius observed, "Ability is hard to find. Is it not so indeed? During the three years' interregnum between Yau and Shun there was more of it than in the interval before this present dynasty appeared. There were, at this latter period, one woman, and nine men only.

"When two-thirds of the empire were held by King Wan, he served with that portion the House of Yin. We speak of the virtue of the House of Chow; we may say, indeed, that it reached the pinnacle of excellence."

"As to Yu," added the Master, "I can find no flaw in him. Living on meagre food and drink; yet providing to the utmost in his filial offerings to the spirits of the dead! Dressing in coarse garments; yet most elegant when vested in his sacrificial apron and coronet! Dwelling in a poor palace; yet exhausting his energies over those boundary-ditches and watercourses! I can find no flaw in Yu."

BOOK IX

His Favorite Disciple's Opinion of Him

TOPICS on which the Master rarely spoke were—Advantage, and Destiny, and Duty of man to man.

A man of the village of Tah-hiang exclaimed of him, "A great man is Confucius!—a man of extensive learning, and yet in nothing has he quite made himself a name!"

The Master heard of this, and mentioning it to his disciples he said, "What then shall I take in hand? Shall I become a carriage driver, or an archer? Let me be a driver!"

"The sacrificial cap," he once said, "should, according to the Rules, be of linen; but in these days it is of pure silk. However, as it is economical, I do as all do.

"The Rule says, 'Make your bow when at the lower end of the hall'; but nowadays the bowing is done at the upper part. This is great freedom; and I, though I go in opposition to the crowd, bow when at the lower end."

The Master barred four words:—he would have no "shall's," no "must's," no "certainly's," no "I's."

Once, in the town of K'wang fearing that his life was going to be taken, the Master exclaimed, "King Wan is dead and gone; but is not '*wan*'[21] with you here? If Heaven be about to allow this '*wan*' to perish, then they who survive its decease will get no benefit from it. But so long as Heaven does not allow it to perish, what can the men of K'wang do to me?"

A high State official, after questioning Tsz-kung, said, "Your Master is a sage, then? How many and what varied abilities must be his!"

The disciple replied, "Certainly Heaven is allowing him full opportunities of becoming a sage, in addition to the fact that his abilities are many and varied."

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[21] "Wan" was the honorary appellation of the great sage and ruler, whose praise is in the "Shi-King" as one of the founders of the Chow dynasty, and the term represented civic talent and virtues, as distinct from Wu, the martial talent—the latter being the honorary title of his son and successor. "Wan" also often stands for literature, and polite accomplishments. Here Confucius simply means, "If you kill me, you kill a sage."

When the Master heard of this he remarked, "Does that high official know me? In my early years my position in life was low, and hence my ability in many ways, though exercised in trifling matters. In the gentleman is there indeed such variety of ability? No."

From this, the disciple Lau used to say, "'Twas a saying of the Master: 'At a time when I was not called upon to use them, I acquired my proficiency in the polite arts.'"

"Am I, indeed," said the Master, "possessed of knowledge? I know nothing. Let a vulgar fellow come to me with a question—a man with an emptyish head—I may thrash out with him the matter from end to end, and exhaust myself in doing it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed he once, "the phœnix does not come! and no symbols issue from the river! May I not as well give up?"

Whenever the Master met with a person in mourning, or with one in full-dress cap and kirtle, or with a blind person, although they might be young persons, he would make a point of rising on their appearance, or, if crossing their path, would do so with quickened step!

Once Yen Yuen exclaimed with a sigh (with reference to the Master's doctrines), "If I look up to them, they are ever the higher; if I try to penetrate them, they are ever the harder; if I gaze at them as if before my eyes, lo, they are behind me!—Gradually and gently the Master with skill lures men on. By literary lore he gave me breadth; by the Rules of Propriety he narrowed me down. When I desire a respite, I find it impossible; and after I have exhausted my powers, there seems to be something standing straight up in front of me, and though I have the mind to make towards it I make no advance at all."

Once when the Master was seriously ill, Tsz-lu induced the other disciples to feign they were high officials acting in his service. During a respite from his malady the Master exclaimed, "Ah! how long has Tsz-lu's conduct been false? Whom should I delude, if I were to pretend to have officials under me, having none? Should I deceive Heaven? Besides, were I to die, I would rather die in the hands of yourselves, my disciples, than in the hands of officials. And though I should fail to have a grand funeral over me, I should hardly be left on my death on the public highway, should I?"

Tsz-kung once said to him, "Here is a fine gem. Would you guard it carefully in a casket and store it away, or seek a good price for it and sell it?" "Sell it, indeed," said the Master—"that would I; but I should wait for the bidder."

The Master protested he would "go and live among the nine wild tribes."

"A rude life," said some one;—"how could you put up with it?"

"What rudeness would there be," he replied, "if a 'superior man' was living in their midst?"

Once he remarked, "After I came back from Wei to Lu the music was put right, and each of the Festal Odes and Hymns was given its appropriate place and use."

"Ah! which one of these following," he asked on one occasion, "are to be found exemplified in me—proper service rendered to superiors when abroad; duty to father and elder brother when at home; duty that shrinks from no exertion when dear ones die; and keeping free from the confusing effects of wine?"

Standing once on the bank of a mountain stream, he said (musingly), "Like this are those that pass away—no cessation, day or night!"

Other sayings:—

"Take an illustration from the making of a hill. A simple basketful is wanting to complete it, and the work stops. So I stop short.

"Take an illustration from the levelling of the ground. Suppose again just one basketful is left, when the work has so progressed. There I desist!

"Ah! it was Hwúi, was it not? who, when I had given him his lesson, was the unflagging one!

"Alas for Hwúi! I saw him ever making progress. I never saw him stopping short.

"Blade, but no bloom—or else bloom, but no produce; aye, that is the way with some!

"Reverent regard is due to youth. How know we what difference there may be in them in the future from what they are now? Yet when they have reached the age of forty or fifty, and are still unknown in the world, then indeed they are no more worthy of such regard.

"Can any do otherwise than assent to words said to them by way of correction? Only let them reform by such advice, and it will then be reckoned valuable. Can any be other than pleased with words of gentle suasion? Only let them comply with them fully, and such also will be accounted valuable. With those who are pleased without so complying, and those who assent but do not reform, I can do nothing at all.

"Give prominent place to loyalty and sincerity.

"Have no associates in study who are not advanced somewhat like yourself.

"When you have erred, be not afraid to correct yourself.

"It may be possible to seize and carry off the chief commander of a large army, but not possible so to rob one poor fellow of his will.

"One who stands—clad in hempen robe, the worse for wear —among others clad in furs of fox and badger, and yet unabashed—'tis Tsz-lu, that, is it not?"

Tsz-lu used always to be humming over the lines—

"From envy and enmity free,
What deed doth he other than good?"

"How should such a rule of life," asked the Master, "be sufficient to make any one good?"

"When the year grows chilly, we know the pine and cypress are the last to fade.

"The wise escape doubt; the good-hearted, trouble; the bold, apprehension.

"Some may study side by side, and yet be asunder when they come to the logic of things. Some may go on together in this latter course, but be wide apart in the standards they reach in it. Some, again, may together reach the same standard, and yet be diverse in weight of character."

"The blossom is out on the cherry tree,
With a flutter on every spray.
Dost think that my thoughts go not out to thee?
Ah, why art thou far away!"

Commenting on these lines the Master said, "There can hardly have been much 'thought going out.' What does distance signify?"

BOOK X

Confucius in Private and Official Life

IN his own village, Confucius presented a somewhat plain and simple appearance, and looked unlike a man who possessed ability of speech.

But in the ancestral temple, and at Court, he spoke with the fluency and accuracy of a debater, but ever guardedly.

At Court, conversing with the lower order of great officials, he spoke somewhat firmly and directly; with those of the higher order his tone was somewhat more affable.

When the prince was present he was constrainedly reverent in his movements, and showed a proper degree of grave dignity in demeanor.

Whenever the prince summoned him to act as usher to the Court, his look would change somewhat, and he would make as though he were turning round to do obeisance.

He would salute those among whom he took up his position, using the right hand or the left, and holding the skirts of his robe in proper position before and behind. He would make his approaches with quick step, and with elbows evenly bent outwards.

When the visitor withdrew, he would not fail to report the execution of his commands, with the words, "The visitor no longer looks back."

When he entered the palace gate, it was with the body somewhat bent forward, almost as though he could not be admitted. When he stood still, this would never happen in the middle of the gateway; nor when moving about would he ever tread on the threshold. When passing the throne, his look would change somewhat, he would turn aside and make a sort of obeisance, and the words he spoke seemed as though he were deficient in utterance.

On going up the steps to the audience chamber, he would gather up with both hands the ends of his robe, and walk with his body bent somewhat forward, holding back his breath like one in whom respiration has ceased. On coming out, after descending one step his countenance would relax and assume an appearance of satisfaction. Arrived at the bottom, he would go forward with quick step, his elbows evenly bent outwards, back to his position, constrainedly reverent in every movement.

When holding the sceptre in his hand, his body would be somewhat bent forward, as if he were not equal to carrying it; wielding it now higher, as in a salutation, now lower, as in the presentation of a gift; his look would also be changed and appear awestruck; and his gait would seem retarded, as if he were obeying some restraining hand behind.

When he presented the gifts of ceremony, he would assume a placid expression of countenance. At the private interview he would be cordial and affable.

The good man would use no purple or violet colors for the facings of his dress.[22] Nor would he have red or orange color for his undress.[23] For the hot season he wore a singlet, of either coarse or fine texture, but would also feel bound to have an outer garment covering it. For his black robe he had lamb's wool; for his white one, fawn's fur; and for his yellow one, fox fur. His furred undress robe was longer, but the right sleeve was shortened. He would needs have his sleeping-dress one and a half times his own length. For ordinary home wear he used thick substantial fox or badger furs. When he left off mourning, he would wear all his girdle trinkets. His kirtle in front, when it was not needed for full cover, he must needs have cut down. He would never wear his (black) lamb's-wool, or a dark-colored cap, when he went on visits of condolence to mourners.[24] On the first day of the new moon, he must have on his Court dress and to Court. When observing his fasts, he made a point of having bright, shiny garments, made of linen. He must also at such times vary his food, and move his seat to another part of his dwelling-room.

As to his food, he never tired of rice so long as it was clean and pure, nor of hashed meats when finely minced. Rice spoiled

[22] Because, it is said, such colors were adopted in fasting and mourning.

[23] Because they did not belong to the five correct colors (viz. green, yellow, carnation, white, and black), and were affected more by females.

[24] Since white was, as it is still, the mourning color.

by damp, and sour, he would not touch, nor tainted fish, nor bad meat, nor aught of a bad color or smell, nor aught overdone in cooking, nor aught out of season. Neither would he eat anything that was not properly cut, or that lacked its proper seasonings. Although there might be an abundance of meat before him, he would not allow a preponderance of it to rob the rice of its beneficial effect in nutrition. Only in the matter of wine did he set himself no limit, yet he never drank so much as to confuse himself. Tradesmen's wines, and dried meats from the market, he would not touch. Ginger he would never have removed from the table during a meal. He was not a great eater. Meat from the sacrifices at the prince's temple he would never put aside till the following day. The meat of his own offerings he would never give out after three days' keeping, for after that time none were to eat it.

At his meals he would not enter into discussions; and when reposing (afterwards) he would not utter a word.

Even should his meal consist only of coarse rice and vegetable broth or melons, he would make an offering, and never fail to do so religiously.

He would never sit on a mat that was not straight.

After a feast among his villagers, he would wait before going away until the old men had left.

When the village people were exorcising the pests, he would put on his Court robes and stand on the steps of his hall to receive them.

When he was sending a message of inquiry to a person in another State, he would bow twice on seeing the messenger off.

Ki K'ang once sent him a present of some medicine. He bowed, and received it; but remarked, " Until I am quite sure of its properties I must not venture to taste it."

Once when the stabling was destroyed by fire, he withdrew from the Court, and asked, " Is any person injured? "—without inquiring as to the horses.

Whenever the prince sent him a present of food, he was particular to set his mat in proper order, and would be the first one to taste it. If the prince's present was one of raw meat, he must needs have it cooked, and make an oblation of it. If the gift were a live animal, he would be sure to keep it and care for it.

When he was in waiting, and at a meal with the prince, the prince would make the offering,[25] and he (the Master) was the pregustator.

When unwell, and the prince came to see him, he would arrange his position so that his head inclined towards the east, would put over him his Court robes, and draw his girdle across them.

When summoned by order of the prince, he would start off without waiting for his horses to be put to.

On his entry into the Grand Temple, he inquired about everything connected with its usages.

If a friend died, and there were no near relatives to take him to, he would say, " Let him be buried from my house."

For a friend's gift—unless it consisted of meat that had been offered in sacrifice—he would not bow, even if it were a carriage and horses.

In repose he did not lie like one dead. In his home life he was not formal in his manner.

Whenever he met with a person in mourning, even though it were a familiar acquaintance, he would be certain to change his manner; and when he met with any one in full-dress cap, or with any blind person, he would also unfailingly put on a different look, even though he were himself in undress at the time.

In saluting any person wearing mourning he would bow forwards towards the front bar of his carriage; in the same manner he would also salute the bearer of a census-register.

When a sumptuous banquet was spread before him, a different expression would be sure to appear in his features, and he would rise up from his seat.

At a sudden thunder-clap, or when the wind grew furious, his look would also invariably be changed.

On getting into his car, he would never fail (first) to stand up erect, holding on by the strap. When in the car, he would never look about, nor speak hastily, nor bring one hand to the other.

" Let one but make a movement in his face,
And the bird will rise and seek some safer place."

Apropos of this, he said, " Here is a hen-pheasant from Shan Liang—and in season! and in season!" After Tsz-lu had got it prepared, he smelt it thrice, and then rose up from his seat.

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[25] The act of " grace," before eating.

BOOK XI

Comparative Worth of His Disciples

“THE first to make progress in the Proprieties and in Music,” said the Master, “are plain countrymen; after them, the men of higher standing. If I had to employ any of them, I should stand by the former.”

“Of those,” said he, “who were about me when I was in the Ch‘in and Ts‘ai States, not one now is left to approach my door.”

“As for Hwúi,”[26] said the Master, “he is not one to help me on: there is nothing I say but he is not well satisfied with.”

“What a dutiful son was Min Tsz-k‘ien!” he exclaimed. “No one finds occasion to differ from what his parents and brothers have said of him.”

Nan Yung used to repeat three times over the lines in the Odes about the white sceptre. Confucius caused his own elder brother’s daughter to be given in marriage to him.

When Ki K‘ang inquired which of the disciples were fond of learning, Confucius answered him, “There was one Yen Hwúi who was fond of it; but unfortunately his allotted time was short, and he died; and now his like is not to be found.”

When Yen Yuen died, his father, Yen Lu, begged for the Master’s carriage in order to get a shell for his coffin. “Ability or no ability,” said the Master, “every father still speaks of ‘my son.’ When my own son Li died, and the coffin for him had no shell to it, I know I did not go on foot to get him one; but that was because I was, though retired, in the wake of the ministers, and could not therefore well do so.”

On the death of Yen Yuen the Master exclaimed, “Ah me! Heaven is ruining me, Heaven is ruining me!”

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[26] The men of virtuous life were Yen Yuen (Hwúi), Min Tsz-k‘ien, Yen Pih-niu, and Chung-kung (Yen Yung); the speakers and debaters were Tsai Wo and Tsz-kung; the (capable) government servants were Yen Yu and Tsz-lu; the literary students, Tsz-yu and Tsz-hiá.

On the same occasion, his wailing for that disciple becoming excessive, those who were about him said, " Sir, this is too much! "—" Too much? " said he; " if I am not to do so for him, then—for whom else? "

The disciples then wished for the deceased a grand funeral. The Master could not on his part consent to this. They nevertheless gave him one. Upon this he remarked, " He used to look upon me as if I were his father. I could never, however, look on him as a son. 'Twas not my mistake, but yours, my children."

Tsz-lu propounded a question about ministering to the spirits of the departed. The Master replied, " Where there is scarcely the ability to minister to living men, how shall there be ability to minister to the spirits? " On his venturing to put a question concerning death, he answered, " Where there is scarcely any knowledge about life, how shall there be any about death? "

The disciple Min was by his side, looking affable and bland; Tsz-lu also, looking careless and intrepid; and Yen Yu and Tsz-kung, firm and precise. The Master was cheery. " One like Tsz-lu there," said he, " does not come to a natural end."

Some persons in Lu were taking measures in regard to the Long Treasury House. Min Tsz-k'ien observed, " How if it were repaired on the old lines? " The Master upon this remarked, " This fellow is not a talker, but when he does speak he is bound to hit the mark! "

" There is Yu's harpsichord," exclaimed the Master—" what is it doing at my door? " On seeing, however, some disrespect shown to him by the other disciples, he added, " Yu has got as far as the top of the hall; only he has not yet entered the house."

Tsz-kung asked which was the worthier of the two—Tsz-chang or Tsz-hiá. " The former," answered the Master, " goes beyond the mark; the latter falls short of it."

" So then Tsz-chang is the better of the two, is he? " said he.

" To go too far," he replied, " is about the same as to fall short."

The Chief of the Ki family was a wealthier man than the Duke of Chow had been, and yet Yen Yu gathered and hoarded for him, increasing his wealth more and more.

" He is no follower of mine," said the Master. " It would serve him right, my children, to sound the drum, and set upon him."

Characteristics of four disciples:—Tsz-káu was simple-minded; Tsang Si, a dullard; Tsz-chang, full of airs; Tsz-lu, rough.

"As to Hwúi," said the Master, "he comes near to perfection, while frequently in great want. Tsz-kung does not submit to the appointments of Heaven; and yet his goods are increased;—he is often successful in his calculations."

Tsz-chang wanted to know some marks of the naturally Good Man.

"He does not walk in others' footprints," said the Master; "yet he does not get beyond the hall into the house."

Once the Master said, "Because we allow that a man's words have something genuine in them, are they necessarily those of a superior man? or words carrying only an outward semblance and show of gravity?"

Tsz-lu put a question about the practice of precepts one has heard. The Master's reply was, "In a case where there is a father or elder brother still left with you, how should you practise all you hear?"

When, however, the same question was put to him by Yen Yu, his reply was, "Yes; do so."

Kung-si Hwa animadverted upon this to the Master. "Tsz-lu asked you, sir," said he, "about the practice of what one has learnt, and you said, 'There may be a father or elder brother still alive'; but when Yen Yu asked the same question, you answered, 'Yes, do so.' I am at a loss to understand you, and venture to ask what you meant."

The Master replied, "Yen Yu backs out of his duties; therefore I push him on. Tsz-lu has forwardness enough for them both; therefore I hold him back."

On the occasion of that time of fear in K'wang, Yen Yuen having fallen behind, the Master said to him (afterwards), "I took it for granted you were a dead man." "How should I dare to die," said he, "while you, sir, still lived?"

On Ki Tsz-jen putting to him a question anent Tsz-lu and Yen Yu, as to whether they might be called "great ministers," the Master answered, "I had expected your question, sir, to be about something extraordinary, and lo! it is only about these two. Those whom we call 'great ministers' are such as serve their prince conscientiously, and who, when they cannot do so, retire. At present, as regards the two you ask about, they may be called 'qualified ministers.'"

"Well, are they then," he asked, "such as will follow their leader?"

"They would not follow him who should slay his father and his prince!" was the reply.

Through the intervention of Tsz-lu, Tsz-káu was being appointed governor of Pi.

"You are spoiling a good man's son," said the Master.

Tsz-lu rejoined, "But he will have the people and their superiors to gain experience from, and there will be the altars; what need to read books? He can become a student afterwards."

"Here is the reason for my hatred of glib-tongued people," said the Master.

On one occasion Tsz-lu, Tsang Sin, Yen Yu, and Kung-si Hwa were sitting near him. He said to them, "Though I may be a day older than you, do not (for the moment) regard me as such. While you are living this unoccupied life you are saying, 'We do not become known.' Now suppose some one got to know you, what then?"

Tsz-lu—first to speak—at once answered, "Give me a State of large size and armament, hemmed in and hampered by other larger States, the population augmented by armies and regiments, causing a dearth in it of food of all kinds; give me charge of that State, and in three years' time I should make a brave country of it, and let it know its place."

The Master smiled at him. "Yen," said he, "how would it be with you?"

"Give me," said Yen, "a territory of sixty or seventy li square, or of fifty or sixty square; put me in charge of that, and in three years I should make the people sufficiently prosperous. As regards their knowledge of ceremonial or music, I should wait for superior men to teach them that."

"And with you, Kung-si, how would it be?"

This disciple's reply was, "I have nothing to say about my capabilities for such matters; my wish is to learn. I should like to be a junior assistant, in dark robe and cap, at the services of the ancestral temple, and at the Grand Receptions of the Princes by the Sovereign."

"And with you, Tsang Sin?"

This disciple was strumming on his harpsichord, but now the twanging ceased, he turned from the instrument, rose to his feet, and answered thus: "Something different from the choice of these three." "What harm?" said the Master; "I want each one of you to tell me what his heart is set upon." "Well, then," said he, "give me—in the latter part of spring—dressed in full spring-tide attire—in company with five or six young fellows of twenty,[27] or six or seven lads under that age, to do the ablutions in the I stream, enjoy a breeze in the rain-dance,[28] and finish up with songs on the road home."

The Master drew in his breath, sighed, and exclaimed, "Ah, I take with you!"

The three other disciples having gone out, leaving Tsang Sin behind, the latter said, "What think you of the answers of those three?"—"Well, each told me what was uppermost in his mind," said the Master;—"simply that."

"Why did you smile at Tsz-lu, sir?"

"I smiled at him because to have the charge of a State requires due regard to the Rules of Propriety, and his words betrayed a lack of modesty."

"But Yen, then—he had a State in view, had he not?"

"I should like to be shown a territory such as he described which does not amount to a State."

"But had not Kung-si also a State in view?"

"What are ancestral temples and Grand Receptions, but for the feudal lords to take part in? If Kung-si were to become an unimportant assistant at these functions, who could become an important one?"

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[27] Lit., capped ones. At twenty they underwent the ceremony of capping, and were considered men.

[28] I.e., before the altars, where offerings were placed with prayer for rain. A religious dance.

BOOK XII

The Master's Answers—Philanthropy—Friendships

YEN YUEN was asking about man's proper regard for his fellow-man. The Master said to him, "Self-control, and a habit of falling back upon propriety, virtually effect it. Let these conditions be fulfilled for one day, and every one round will betake himself to the duty. Is it to begin in one's self, or think you, indeed! it is to begin in others?"

"I wanted you to be good enough," said Yen Yuen, "to give me a brief synopsis of it."

Then said the Master, "Without Propriety use not your eyes; without it use not your ears, nor your tongue, nor a limb of your body."

"I may be lacking in diligence," said Yen Yuen, "but with your favor I will endeavor to carry out this advice."

Chung-kung asked about man's proper regard for his fellows.

To him the Master replied thus: "When you go forth from your door, be as if you were meeting some guest of importance. When you are making use of the common people (for State purposes), be as if you were taking part in a great religious function. Do not set before others what you do not desire yourself. Let there be no resentful feelings against you when you are away in the country, and none when at home."

"I may lack diligence," said Chung-kung, "but with your favor I will endeavor to carry out this advice."

Sz-ma Niu asked the like question. The answer he received was this: "The words of the man who has a proper regard for his fellows are uttered with difficulty."

"'His words—uttered with difficulty?'" he echoed, in surprise. "Is that what is meant by proper regard for one's fellow-creatures?"

"Where there is difficulty in doing," the Master replied, "will there not be some difficulty in utterance?"

The same disciple put a question about the "superior man." "Superior men," he replied, "are free from trouble and apprehension."

"'Free from trouble and apprehension!'" said he. "Does that make them 'superior men'?"

The Master added, "Where there is found, upon introspection, to be no chronic disease, how shall there be any trouble? how shall there be any apprehension?"

The same disciple, being in trouble, remarked, "I am alone in having no brother, while all else have theirs—younger or elder."

Tsz-hiá said to him, "I have heard this: 'Death and life have destined times; wealth and honors rest with Heaven. Let the superior man keep watch over himself without ceasing, showing deference to others, with propriety of manners—and all within the four seas will be his brethren. How should he be distressed for lack of brothers!'"[29].

Tsz-chang asked what sort of man might be termed "enlightened."

The Master replied, "That man with whom drenching slander and cutting calumny gain no currency may well be called enlightened. Ay, he with whom such things make no way may well be called enlightened in the extreme."

Tsz-kung put a question relative to government. In reply the Master mentioned three essentials:—sufficient food, sufficient armament, and the people's confidence.

"But," said the disciple, "if you cannot really have all three, and one has to be given up, which would you give up first?"

"The armament," he replied.

"And if you are obliged to give up one of the remaining two, which would it be?"

"The food," said he. "Death has been the portion of all men from of old. Without the people's trust nothing can stand."

Kih Tsz-shing once said, "Give me the inborn qualities of a gentleman, and I want no more. How are such to come from book-learning?"

Tsz-kung exclaimed, "Ah! sir, I regret to hear such words from you. A gentleman!—But 'a team of four can ne'er o'ertake the tongue!' Literary accomplishments are much the same as inborn qualities, and inborn qualities as literary accomplishments. A tiger's or leopard's skin without the hair might be a dog's or sheep's when so made bare."

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[29] From Confucius, it is generally thought.

Duke Ngai was consulting Yu Joh. Said he, "It is a year of dearth, and there is an insufficiency for Ways and Means—what am I to do?"

"Why not apply the Tithing Statute?" said the minister.

"But two tithings would not be enough for my purposes," said the duke; "what would be the good of applying the Statute?"

The minister replied, "So long as the people have enough left for themselves, who of them will allow their prince to be without enough? But—when the people have not enough, who will allow their prince all that he wants?"

Tsz-chang was asking how the standard of virtue was to be raised, and how to discern what was illusory or misleading. The Master's answer was, "Give a foremost place to honesty and faithfulness, and tread the path of righteousness, and you will raise the standard of virtue. As to discerning what is illusory, here is an example of an illusion:—Whom you love you wish to live; whom you hate you wish to die. To have wished the same person to live and also to be dead—there is an illusion for you."

Duke King of Ts'i consulted Confucius about government. His answer was, "Let a prince be a prince, and ministers be ministers; let fathers be fathers, and sons be sons."

"Good!" exclaimed the duke; "truly if a prince fail to be a prince, and ministers to be ministers, and if fathers be not fathers, and sons not sons, then, even though I may have my allowance of grain, should I ever be able to relish it?"

"The man to decide a cause with half a word," exclaimed the Master, "is Tsz-lu!"

Tsz-lu never let a night pass between promise and performance.

"In hearing causes, I am like other men," said the Master. "The great point is—to prevent litigation."

Tsz-chang having raised some question about government, the Master said to him, "In the settlement of its principles be unwearied; in its administration—see to that loyally."

"The man of wide research," said he, "who also restrains himself by the Rules of Propriety, is not likely to transgress."

Again, "The noble-minded man makes the most of others' good qualities, not the worst of their bad ones. Men of small mind do the reverse of this."

Ki K'ang was consulting him about the direction of public affairs. Confucius answered him, " A director should be himself correct. If you, sir, as a leader show correctness, who will dare not to be correct? "

Ki K'ang, being much troubled on account of robbers abroad, consulted Confucius on the matter. He received this reply: " If you, sir, were not covetous, neither would they steal, even were you to bribe them to do so."

Ki K'ang, when consulting Confucius about the government, said, " Suppose I were to put to death the disorderly for the better encouragement of the orderly—what say you to that? "

" Sir," replied Confucius, " in the administration of government why resort to capital punishment? Covet what is good, and the people will be good. The virtue of the noble-minded man is as the wind, and that of inferior men as grass; the grass must bend, when the wind blows upon it."

Tsz-chang asked how otherwise he would describe the learned official who might be termed influential.

" What, I wonder, do you mean by one who is influential? " said the Master.

" I mean," replied the disciple, " one who is sure to have a reputation throughout the country, as well as at home."

" That," said the Master, " is reputation, not influence. The influential man, then, if he be one who is genuinely straightforward and loves what is just and right, a discriminator of men's words, and an observer of their looks, and in honor careful to prefer others to himself—will certainly have influence, both throughout the country and at home. The man of mere reputation, on the other hand, who speciously affects philanthropy, though in his way of procedure he acts contrary to it, while yet quite evidently engrossed with that virtue—will certainly have reputation, both in the country and at home."

Fan Ch'i, strolling with him over the ground below the place of the rain-dance, said to him, " I venture to ask how to raise the standard of virtue, how to reform dissolute habits, and how to discern what is illusory? "

" Ah! a good question indeed! " he exclaimed. " Well, is not putting duty first, and success second, a way of raising the standard of virtue? And is not attacking the evil in one's self, and not the evil which is in others, a way of reforming dissolute habits? And as to illusions, is not one morning's fit of anger, causing a man to forget himself, and even involving in the consequences those who are near and dear to him—is not that an illusion?"

The same disciple asked him what was meant by "a right regard for one's fellow-creatures." He replied, "It is love to man."

Asked by him again what was meant by wisdom, he replied, "It is knowledge of man."

Fan Ch'i did not quite grasp his meaning.

The Master went on to say, "Lift up the straight, set aside the crooked, so can you make the crooked straight."

Fan Ch'i left him, and meeting with Tsz-hiá he said, "I had an interview just now with the Master, and I asked him what wisdom was. In his answer he said, 'Lift up the straight, set aside the crooked, and so can you make the crooked straight.' What was his meaning?"

"Ah! words rich in meaning, those," said the other. "When Shun was emperor, and was selecting his men from among the multitude, he 'lifted up' Káu-yáu; and men devoid of right feelings towards their kind went far away. And when T'ang was emperor, and chose out his men from the crowd, he 'lifted up' I-yin—with the same result."

Tsz-kung was consulting him about a friend. "Speak to him frankly, and respectfully," said the Master, "and gently lead him on. If you do not succeed, then stop; do not submit yourself to indignity."

The learned Tsang observed, "In the society of books the 'superior man' collects his friends; in the society of his friends he is furthering good-will among men."

BOOK XIII

Answers on the Art of Governing—Consistency

TSZ-LU was asking about government. " Lead the way in it," said the Master, " and work hard at it."

Requested to say more, he added, " And do not tire of it."

Chung-kung, on being made first minister to the Chief of the Ki family, consulted the Master about government, and to him he said, " Let the heads of offices be heads. Excuse small faults. Promote men of sagacity and talent."

" But," he asked, " how am I to know the sagacious and talented, before promoting them ? "

" Promote those whom you do know," said the Master. " As to those of whom you are uncertain, will others omit to notice them ? "

Tsz-lu said to the Master, " As the prince of Wei, sir, has been waiting for you to act for him in his government, what is it your intention to take in hand first ? "

" One thing of necessity," he answered—" the rectification of terms."

" That ! " exclaimed Tsz-lu. " How far away you are, sir ! Why such rectification ? "

" What a rustic you are, Tsz-lu ! " rejoined the Master. " A gentleman would be a little reserved and reticent in matters which he does not understand. If terms be incorrect, language will be incongruous ; and if language be incongruous, deeds will be imperfect. So, again, when deeds are imperfect, propriety and harmony cannot prevail, and when this is the case laws relating to crime will fail in their aim ; and if these last so fail, the people will not know where to set hand or foot. Hence, a man of superior mind, certain first of his terms, is fitted to speak ; and being certain of what he says can proceed upon it. In the language of such a person there is nothing heedlessly irregular—and that is the sum of the matter."

Fan Ch'i requested that he might learn something of husbandry. " For that," said the Master, " I am not equal to an old husbandman." Might he then learn something of gardening? he asked. " I am not equal to an old gardener," was the reply.

" A man of little mind, that!" said the Master, when Fan Ch'i had gone out. " Let a man who is set over the people love propriety, and they will not presume to be disrespectful. Let him be a lover of righteousness, and they will not presume to be aught but submissive. Let him love faithfulness and truth, and they will not presume not to lend him their hearty assistance. Ah, if all this only were so, the people from all sides would come to such a one, carrying their children on their backs. What need to turn his hand to husbandry?

" Though a man," said he, " could hum through the Odes—the three hundred—yet should show himself unskilled when given some administrative work to do for his country; though he might know much of that other lore, yet if, when sent on a mission to any quarter, he could answer no question personally and unaided, what after all is he good for?

" Let a leader," said he, " show rectitude in his own personal character, and even without directions from him things will go well. If he be not personally upright, his directions will not be complied with."

Once he made the remark, " The governments of Lu and of Wei are in brotherhood."

Of King, a son of the Duke of Wei, he observed that " he managed his household matters well. On his coming into possession, he thought, ' What a strange conglomeration!'—Coming to possess a little more, it was, ' Strange, such a result!' And when he became wealthy, ' Strange, such elegance!' "

The Master was on a journey to Wei, and Yen Yu was driving him. " What multitudes of people!" he exclaimed. Yen Yu asked him, " Seeing they are so numerous, what more would you do for them?"

" Enrich them," replied the Master.

" And after enriching them, what more would you do for them?"

" Instruct them."

" Were any one of our princes to employ me," he said, "after a twelvemonth I might have made some tolerable progress; but give me three years, and my work should be done."

Again, " How true is that saying, ' Let good men have the management of a country for a century, and they would be adequate to cope with evil-doers, and thus do away with capital punishments.' "

Again, " Suppose the ruler to possess true kingly qualities, then surely after one generation there would be good-will among men."

Again, " Let a ruler but see to his own rectitude, and what trouble will he then have in the work before him? If he be unable to rectify himself, how is he to rectify others? "

Once when Yen Yu was leaving the Court, the Master occosted him. " Why so late? " he asked. " Busy with legislation," Yen replied. " The details of it," suggested the Master; " had it been legislation, I should have been there to hear it, even though I am not in office."

Duke Ting asked if there were one sentence which, if acted upon, might have the effect of making a country prosperous.

Confucius answered, " A sentence could hardly be supposed to do so much as that. But there is a proverb people use which says, ' To play the prince is hard, to play the minister not easy.' Assuming that it is understood that ' to play the prince is hard,' would it not be probable that with that one sentence the country should be made to prosper? "

" Is there, then," he asked, " one sentence which, if acted upon, would have the effect of ruining a country? "

Confucius again replied, " A sentence could hardly be supposed to do so much as that. But there is a proverb men have which says, ' Not gladly would I play the prince, unless my words were ne'er withstood.' Assuming that the words were good, and that none withstood them, would not that also be good? But assuming that they were not good, and yet none withstood them, would it not be probable that with that one saying he would work his country's ruin? "

When the Duke of Sheh consulted him about government, he replied, " Where the near are gratified, the far will follow."

When Tsz-hiá became governor of Kü-fu, and consulted him about government, he answered, " Do not wish for speedy results. Do not look at trivial advantages. If you wish for speedy results, they will not be far-reaching; and if you regard trivial advantages you will not successfully deal with important affairs."

The Duke of Sheh in a conversation with Confucius said, "There are some straightforward persons in my neighborhood. If a father has stolen a sheep, the son will give evidence against him."

"Straightforward people in my neighborhood are different from those," said Confucius. "The father will hold a thing secret on his son's behalf, and the son does the same for his father. They are on their way to becoming straightforward."

Fan Ch'i was asking him about duty to one's fellow-men. "Be courteous," he replied, "in your private sphere; be serious in any duty you take in hand to do; be leal-hearted in your intercourse with others. Even though you were to go amongst the wild tribes, it would not be right for you to neglect these duties."

In answer to Tsz-kung, who asked, "how he would characterize one who could fitly be called 'learned official,'" the Master said, "He may be so-called who in his private life is affected with a sense of his own unworthiness, and who, when sent on a mission to any quarter of the empire, would not disgrace his prince's commands."

"May I presume," said his questioner, "to ask what sort you would put next to such?"

"Him who is spoken of by his kinsmen as a dutiful son, and whom the folks of his neighborhood call 'good brother.'"

"May I still venture to ask whom you would place next in order?"

"Such as are sure to be true to their word, and effective in their work—who are given to hammering, as it were, upon one note—of inferior calibre indeed, but fit enough, I think, to be ranked next."

"How would you describe those who are at present in the government service?"

"Ugh! mere peck and panier men!—not worth taking into the reckoning."

Once he remarked, "If I cannot get *via media* men to impart instruction to, then I must of course take the impetuous and undisciplined! The impetuous ones will at least go forward and lay hold on things; and the undisciplined have at least something in them which needs to be brought out."

"The Southerners," said he, "have the proverb, 'The man who sticks not to rule will never make a charm-worker or a medical man.' Good!—' Whoever is intermittent in his practise of virtue will live to be ashamed of it.' Without prognostication," he added, " that will indeed be so."

" The nobler-minded man," he remarked, " will be agreeable even when he disagrees; the small-minded man will agree and be disagreeable."

Tsz-kung was consulting him, and asked, " What say you of a person who was liked by all in his village? "

" That will scarcely do," he answered.

" What, then, if they all disliked him? "

" That, too," said he, " is scarcely enough. Better if he were liked by the good folk in the village, and disliked by the bad."

" The superior man," he once observed, " is easy to serve, but difficult to please. Try to please him by the adoption of wrong principles, and you will fail. Also, when such a one employs others, he uses them according to their capacity. The inferior man is, on the other hand, difficult to serve, but easy to please. Try to please him by the adoption of wrong principles, and you will succeed. And when he employs others he requires them to be fully prepared for everything."

Again, " The superior man can be high without being haughty. The inferior man can be haughty if not high."

" The firm, the unflinching, the plain and simple, the slow to speak," said he once, " are approximating towards their duty to their fellow-men."

Tsz-lu asked how he would characterize one who might fitly be called an educated gentleman. The master replied, " He who can properly be so-called will have in him a seriousness of purpose, a habit of controlling himself, and an agreeableness of manner: among his friends and associates the seriousness and the self-control, and among his brethren the agreeableness of manner."

" Let good and able men discipline the people for seven years," said the Master, " and after that they may do to go to war."

But, said he, " To lead an undisciplined people to war—that I call throwing them away."

BOOK XIV

Good and Bad Government—Miscellaneous Sayings

YUEN SZ asked what might be considered to bring shame on one.

"Pay," said the Master; "pay—ever looking to that, whether the country be well or badly governed."

"When imperiousness, boastfulness, resentments, and covetousness cease to prevail among the people, may it be considered that mutual good-will has been effected?" To this question the Master replied, "A hard thing overcome, it may be considered. But as to the mutual good-will—I cannot tell."

"Learned officials," said he, "who hanker after a home life, are not worthy of being esteemed as such."

Again, "In a country under good government, speak boldly, act boldly. When the land is ill-governed, though you act boldly, let your words be moderate."

Again, "Men of virtue will needs be men of words—will speak out—but men of words are not necessarily men of virtue. They who care for their fellow-men will needs be bold, but the bold may not necessarily be such as care for their fellow-men."

Nan-kung Kwoh, who was consulting Confucius, observed respecting I, the skilful archer, and Ngau, who could propel a boat on dry land, that neither of them died a natural death; while Yu and Tsih, who with their own hands had labored at husbandry, came to wield imperial sway.

The Master gave him no reply. But when the speaker had gone out he exclaimed, "A superior man, that! A man who values virtue, that!"

"There have been noble-minded men," said he, "who yet were wanting in philanthropy; but never has there been a small-minded man who had philanthropy in him."

He asked, "Can any one refuse to toil for those he loves? Can any one refuse to exhort, who is true-hearted?"

Speaking of the preparation of Government Notifications in his day he said, " P'i would draw up a rough sketch of what was to be said; the Shishuh then looked it carefully through and put it into proper shape; Tsz-yu next, who was master of the ceremonial of State intercourse, improved and adorned its phrases; and Tsz-ch'an of Tung-li added his scholarly embellishments thereto."

To some one who asked his opinion of the last-named, he said, " He was a kind-hearted man." Asked what he thought of Tsz-si, he exclaimed, " Alas for him! alas for him!"—Asked again about Kwan Chung, his answer was, " As to him, he once seized the town of P'in with its three hundred families from the Chief of the Pih clan, who, afterwards reduced to living upon coarse rice, with all his teeth gone, never uttered a word of complaint."

" It is no light thing," said he, " to endure poverty uncomplainingly; and a difficult thing to bear wealth without becoming arrogant."

Respecting Mang Kung-ch'oh, he said that, while he was fitted for something better than the post of chief officer in the Cháu or Wei families, he was not competent to act as minister in small States like those of T'ang or Sieh.

Tsz-lu asked how he would describe a perfect man. He replied, " Let a man have the sagacity of Tsang Wu-chung, the freedom from covetousness of Kung-ch'oh, the boldness of Chwang of P'in, and the attainments in polite arts of Yen Yu; and gift him further with the graces taught by the ' Books of Rites ' and ' Music '—then he may be considered a perfect man. But," said he, " what need of such in these days? The man that may be regarded as perfect now is the one who, seeing some advantage to himself, is mindful of righteousness; who, seeing danger, risks his life; and who, if bound by some covenant of long standing, never forgets its conditions as life goes on."

Respecting Kung-shuh Wan, the Master inquired of Kung-ming Kiá, saying, " Is it true that your master never speaks, never laughs, never takes aught from others?"

" Those who told you that of him," said he, " have gone too far. My master speaks when there is occasion to do so, and men are not surfeited with his speaking. When there is occasion to be merry too, he will laugh, but men have never over-much of his laughing. And whenever it is just and right to take things from others, he will take them, but never so as to allow men to think him burdensome." "Is that the case with him?" said the Master. "Can it be so?"

Respecting Tsang Wu-chung the Master said, "When he sought from Lu the appointment of a successor to him, and for this object held on to his possession of the fortified city of Fang—if you say he was not then using constraint towards his prince, I must refuse to believe it."

Duke Wan of Tsin he characterized as "artful but not upright"; and Duke Hwan of Ts'i as "upright but not artful."

Tsz-lu remarked, "When Duke Hwan caused his brother Kiu to be put to death, Shau Hwuh committed suicide, but Kwan Chung did not. I should say he was not a man who had much good-will in him—eh?"

The Master replied, "When Duke Hwan held a great gathering of the feudal lords, dispensing with military equipage, it was owing to Kwan Chung's energy that such an event was brought about. Match such good-will as that—match it if you can."

Tsz-kung then spoke up. "But was not Kwan Chung wanting in good-will? He could not give up his life when Duke Hwan caused his brother to be put to death. Besides, he became the duke's counsellor."

"And in acting as his counsellor put him at the head of all the feudal lords," said the Master, "and unified and reformed the whole empire; and the people, even to this day, reap benefit from what he did. Had it not been for him we should have been going about with locks unkempt and buttoning our jackets (like barbarians) on the left. Would you suppose that he should show the same sort of attachment as exists between a poor yokel and his one wife—that he would asphyxiate himself in some sewer, leaving no one the wiser?"

Kung-shuh Wan's steward, who became the high officer Sien, went up accompanied by Wan to the prince's hall of audience.

When Confucius heard of this he remarked, "He may well be esteemed a 'Wan.'"

The Master having made some reference to the lawless ways of Duke Ling of Wei, Ki K'ang said to him, "If he be like that, how is it he does not ruin his position?"

Confucius answered, " The Chung-shuh, Yu, is charged with the entertainment of visitors and strangers; the priest T'o has charge of the ancestral temple; and Wang-sun Kiá has the control of the army and its divisions:—with men such as those, how should he come to ruin? "

He once remarked, " He who is unblushing in his words will with difficulty substantiate them."

Ch'in Shing had slain Duke Kien. Hearing of this, Confucius, after performing his ablutions, went to Court and announced the news to Duke Ngai, saying, " Ch'in Hang has slain his prince. May I request that you proceed against him? "

" Inform the Chiefs of the Three Families," said the duke.

Soliloquizing upon this, Confucius said, " Since he uses me to back his ministers,[30] I did not dare not to announce the matter to him; and now he says, ' Inform the Three Chiefs.' "

He went to the Three Chiefs and informed them, but nothing could be done. Whereupon again he said, " Since he uses me to back his ministers, I did not dare not to announce the matter."

Tsz-lu was questioning him as to how he should serve his prince. " Deceive him not, but reprove him," he answered.

" The minds of superior men," he observed, " trend upwards; those of inferior men trend downwards."

Again, " Students of old fixed their eyes upon themselves: now they learn with their eyes upon others."

Kü Pih-yuh despatched a man with a message to Confucius. Confucius gave him a seat, and among other inquiries he asked, " How is your master managing? " " My master," he replied, " has a great wish to be seldom at fault, and as yet he cannot manage it."

" What a messenger! " exclaimed he, admiringly, when the man went out. " What a messenger! "

" When not occupying the office," was a remark of his, " devise not the policy."

The Learned Tsang used to say, " The thoughts of the ' superior man ' do not wander from his own office."

" Superior men," said the Master, " are modest in their words, profuse in their deeds."

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[30] Confucius had now retired from office, and this incident occurred only two years before his death.

Again, "There are three attainments of the superior man which are beyond me—the being sympathetic without anxiety, wise without scepticism, brave without fear."

"Sir," said Tsz-kung, "that is what you say of yourself."

Whenever Tsz-kung drew comparisons from others, the Master would say, "Ah, how wise and great you must have become! Now I have no time to do that."

Again, "My great concern is, not that men do not know me, but that they cannot."

Again, "If a man refrain from making preparations against his being imposed upon, and from counting upon others' want of good faith towards him, while he is foremost to perceive what is passing—surely that is a wise and good man."

Wi-shang Mau accosted Confucius, saying, "Kiu, how comes it that you manage to go perching and roosting in this way? Is it not because you show yourself so smart a speaker, now?"

"I should not dare do that," said Confucius. "'Tis that I am sick of men's immovableness and deafness to reason."

"In a well-bred horse," said he, "what one admires is not its speed, but its good points."

Some one asked, "What say you of the remark, 'Requite enmity with kindness'?"

"How then," he answered, "would you requite kindness? Requite enmity with straightforwardness, and kindness with kindness."

"Ah! no one knows me!" he once exclaimed.

"Sir," said Tsz-kung, "how comes it to pass that no one knows you?"

"While I murmur not against Heaven," continued the Master, "nor cavil at men; while I stoop to learn and aspire to penetrate into things that are high; yet 'tis Heaven alone knows what I am."

Liáu, a kinsman of the duke, having laid a complaint against Tsz-lu before Ki K'ang, an officer came to Confucius to inform him of the fact, and he added, "My lord is certainly having his mind poisoned by his kinsman Liáu, but through my influence perhaps we may yet manage to see him exposed in the market-place or the Court."

"If right principles are to have their course, it is so destined," said the Master; "if they are not to have their course, it is so destined. What can Liáu do against Destiny?"

"There are worthy men," said the Master, "fleeing from the world; some from their district; some from the sight of men's looks; some from the language they hear."

"The men who have risen from their posts and withdrawn in this manner are seven in number."

Tsz-lu, having lodged overnight in Shih-mun, was accosted by the gate-keeper in the morning. "Where from?" he asked. "From Confucius," Tsz-lu responded. "That is the man," said he, "who knows things are not up to the mark, and is making some ado about them, is it not?"

When the Master was in Wei, he was once pounding on the musical stone, when a man with a basket of straw crossed his threshold, and exclaimed, "Ah, there is a heart that feels! Aye, drub the stone!" After which he added, "How vulgar! how he hammers away on one note!—and no one knows him, and he gives up, and all is over!

'Be it deep, our skirts we'll raise to the waist,
—Or shallow, then up to the knee.'"

"What determination!" said the Master. "Yet it was not hard to do."

Tsz-chang once said to him, "In the 'Book of the Annals' it is stated that while Káu-tsung was in the Mourning Shed he spent the three years without speaking. What is meant by that?"

"Why must you name Káu-tsung?" said the Master. "It was so with all other ancient sovereigns: when one of them died, the heads of every department agreed between themselves that they should give ear for three years to the Prime Minister."

"When their betters love the Rules, then the folk are easy tools," was a saying of the Master.

Tsz-lu having asked what made a "superior man," he answered, "Self-culture, with a view to becoming seriously-minded."

"Nothing more than that?" said he.

"Self-culture with a view to the greater satisfaction of others," added the Master.

"That, and yet no more?"

"Self-culture with a view to the greater satisfaction of all the clans and classes," he again added. "Self-culture for the sake of all—a result that, that would almost put Yau and Shun into the shade!"

To Yuen Jang,[31] who was sitting waiting for him in a squatting (disrespectful) posture, the Master delivered himself as follows: "The man who in his youth could show no humility or subordination, who in his prime misses his opportunity, and who when old age comes upon him will not die—that man is a miscreant." And he tapped him on the shin with his staff.

Some one asked about his attendant—a youth from the village of Kiueh—whether he was one who improved. He replied, "I note that he seats himself in the places reserved for his betters, and that when he is walking he keeps abreast with his seniors. He is not one of those who care for improvement: he wants to be a man all at once."

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[31] **It is a habit with the Chinese, when a number are out walking together, for the eldest to go first, the others pairing off according to their age. It is a custom much older than the time of Confucius.**

BOOK XV

Practical Wisdom—Reciprocity the Rule of Life

DUKE LING of Wei was consulting Confucius about army arrangements. His answer was, "Had you asked me about such things as temple requisites, I have learnt that business, but I have not yet studied military matters." And he followed up this reply by leaving on the following day.

After this, during his residence in the State of Ch'in, his followers, owing to a stoppage of food supply, became so weak and ill that not one of them could stand. Tsz-lu, with indignation pictured on his countenance, exclaimed, "And is a gentleman to suffer starvation?"

"A gentleman," replied the Master, "will endure it unmoved, but a common person breaks out into excesses under it."

Addressing Tsz-kung, the Master said, "You regard me as one who studies and stores up in his mind a multiplicity of things—do you not?"—"I do," he replied; "is it not so?"—"Not at all. I have one idea—one cord on which to string all."

To Tsz-lu he remarked, "They who know Virtue are rare."

"If you would know one who without effort ruled well, was not Shun such a one? What did he indeed do? He bore himself with reverent dignity and undeviatingly 'faced the south,' and that was all."

Tsz-chang was consulting him about making way in life. He answered, "Be true and honest in all you say, and seriously earnest in all you do, and then, even if your country be one inhabited by barbarians, South or North, you will make your way. If you do not show yourself thus in word and deed how should you succeed, even in your own district or neighborhood?—When you are afoot, let these two counsels be two companions preceding you, yourself viewing them from behind; when you drive, have them in view as on the yoke of your carriage. Then may you make your way."

Tsz-chang wrote them on the two ends of his cincture.

"Straight was the course of the Annalist Yu," said the Master—"aye, straight as an arrow flies; were the country well governed or ill governed, his was an arrow-like course.

"A man of masterly mind, too, is Kü Pih-yuh! When the land is being rightly governed he will serve; when it is under bad government he is apt to recoil, and brood."

"Not to speak to a man," said he, "to whom you ought to speak, is to lose your man; to speak to one to whom you ought not to speak is to lose your words. Those who are wise will not lose their man, nor yet their words."

Again, "The scholar whose heart is in his work, and who is philanthropic, seeks not to gain a livelihood by any means that will do harm to his philanthropy. There have been men who have destroyed their own lives in the endeavor to bring that virtue in them to perfection."

Tsz-kung asked how to become philanthropic. The Master answered him thus: "A workman who wants to do his work well must first sharpen his tools. In whatever land you live, serve under some wise and good man among those in high office, and make friends with the more humane of its men of education."

Yen Yuen consulted him on the management of a country. He answered:—

"Go by the Hiá Calendar. Have the State carriages like those of the Yin princes. Wear the Chow cap. For your music let that of Shun be used for the posturers. Put away the songs of Ch'ing, and remove far from you men of artful speech: the Ch'ing songs are immodest, and artful talkers are dangerous."

Other sayings of the Master:—

"They who care not for the morrow will the sooner have their sorrow.

"Ah, 'tis hopeless! I have not yet met with the man who loves Virtue as he loves Beauty.

"Was not Tsang Wan like one who surreptitiously came by the post he held? He knew the worth of Hwúi of Liu-hiá, and could not stand in his presence.

" Be generous yourself, and exact little from others; then you banish complaints.

" With one who does not come to me inquiring ' What of this? ' and ' What of that? ' I never can ask ' What of this? ' and give him up.

" If a number of students are all day together, and in their conversation never approach the subject of righteousness, but are fond merely of giving currency to smart little sayings, they are difficult indeed to manage.

" When the ' superior man ' regards righteousness as the thing material, gives operation to it according to the Rules of Propriety, lets it issue in humility, and become complete in sincerity—there indeed is your superior man!

" The trouble of the superior man will be his own want of ability: it will be no trouble to him that others do not know him.

" Such a man thinks it hard to end his days and leave a name to be no longer named.

" The superior man is exacting of himself; the common man is exacting of others.

" A superior man has self-respect, and does not strive; is sociable, yet no party man.

" He does not promote a man because of his words, nor pass over the words because of the man."

Tsz-kung put to him the question, " Is there one word upon which the whole life may proceed? "

The Master replied, " Is not Reciprocity such a word?—what you do not yourself desire, do not put before others."

" So far as I have to do with others, whom do I over-censure? whom do I over-praise? If there be something in them that looks very praiseworthy, that something I put to the test. I would have the men of the present day to walk in the straight path whereby those of the Three Dynasties have walked.

" I have arrived as it were at the annalist's blank page.—Once he who had a horse would lend it to another to mount; now, alas! it is not so.

" Artful speech is the confusion of Virtue. Impatience over little things introduces confusion into great schemes.

" What is disliked by the masses needs inquiring into; so also does that which they have a preference for.

" A man may give breadth to his principles: it is not principles (in themselves) that give breadth to the man.

"Not to retract after committing an error may itself be called error.

"If I have passed the whole day without food and the whole night without sleep, occupied with my thoughts, it profits me nothing: I were better engaged in learning.

"The superior man deliberates upon how he may walk in truth, not upon what he may eat. The farmer may plough, and be on the way to want: the student learns, and is on his way to emolument. To live a right life is the concern of men of nobler minds: poverty gives them none.

"Whatsoever the intellect may attain to, unless the humanity within is powerful enough to keep guard over it, is assuredly lost, even though it be gained.

"If there be intellectual attainments, and the humanity within is powerful enough to keep guard over them, yet, unless (in a ruler) there be dignity in his rule, the people will fail to show him respect.

"Again, given the intellectual attainments, and humanity sufficient to keep watch over them, and also dignity in ruling, yet if his movements be not in accordance with the Rules of Propriety, he is not yet fully qualified.

"The superior man may not be conversant with petty details, and yet may have important matters put into his hands. The inferior man may not be charged with important matters, yet may be conversant with the petty details.

"Good-fellowship is more to men than fire and water. I have seen men stepping into fire and into water, and meeting with death thereby; I have not yet seen a man die from planting his steps in the path of good-fellowship.

"Rely upon good nature. 'Twill not allow precedence even to a teacher.

"The superior man is inflexibly upright, and takes not things upon trust.

"In serving your prince, make your service the serious concern, and let salary be a secondary matter.

"Where instruction is to be given, there must be no distinction of persons.

"Where men's methods are not identical, there can be no planning by one on behalf of another.

"In speaking, perspicuity is all that is needed."

When the blind music-master Mien paid him a visit, on his approaching the steps the Master called out " Steps," and on his coming to the mat, said " Mat." When all in the room were seated, the Master told him " So-and-so is here, so-and-so is here."

When the music-master had left, Tsz-chang said to him, " Is that the way to speak to the music-master? " " Well," he replied, " it is certainly the way to assist him."

BOOK XVI

Against Intestine Strife—Good and Bad Friendships

THE Chief of the Ki family was about to make an onslaught upon the Chuen-yu domain.

Yen Yu and Tsz-lu in an interview with Confucius told him, " The Ki is about to have an affair with Chuen-yu."

" Yen," said Confucius, " does not the fault lie with you? The Chief of Chuen-yu in times past was appointed lord of the East Mung (mountain); besides, he dwells within the confines of your own State, and is an official of the State-worship; how can you think of making an onslaught upon him? "

" It is the wish of our Chief," said Yen Yu, " not the wish of either of us ministers."

Confucius said, " Yen, there is a sentence of Cháu Jin which runs thus: ' Having made manifest their powers and taken their place in the official list, when they find themselves incompetent they resign; if they cannot be firm when danger threatens the government, nor lend support when it is reeling, of what use then shall they be as Assistants? '—Besides, you are wrong in what you said. When a rhinoceros or tiger breaks out of its cage—when a jewel or tortoise-shell ornament is damaged in its casket—whose fault is it? "

" But," said Yen Yu, " so far as Chuen-yu is concerned, it is now fortified, and it is close to Pi; and if he does not now take it, in another generation it will certainly be a trouble to his descendants."

" Yen! " exclaimed Confucius, " it is a painful thing to a superior man to have to desist from saying, ' My wish is so-and-so,' and to be obliged to make apologies. For my part, I have learnt this—that rulers of States and heads of Houses are not greatly concerned about their small following, but about the want of equilibrium in it—that they do not concern themselves about their becoming poor, but about the best means of living quietly and contentedly; for where equilibrium is preserved there will be no poverty, where there is harmony their following will not be small, and where there is quiet contentment there will be no decline nor fall. Now if that be the case, it follows that if men in outlying districts are not submissive, then a reform in education and morals will bring them to; and when they have been so won, then will you render them quiet and contented. At the present time you two are Assistants of your Chief; the people in the outlying districts are not submissive, and cannot be brought round. Your dominion is divided, prostrate, dispersed, cleft in pieces, and you as its guardians are powerless. And plans are being made for taking up arms against those who dwell within your own State. I am apprehensive that the sorrow of the Ki family is not to lie in Chuen-yu, but in those within their own screen."

"When the empire is well-ordered," said Confucius, "it is from the emperor that edicts regarding ceremonial, music, and expeditions to quell rebellion go forth. When it is being ill governed, such edicts emanate from the feudal lords; and when the latter is the case, it will be strange if in ten generations there is not a collapse. If they emanate merely from the high officials, it will be strange if the collapse do not come in five generations. When the State-edicts are in the hands of the subsidiary ministers, it will be strange if in three generations there is no collapse.

"When the empire is well-ordered, government is not left in the hands of high officials.

"When the empire is well-ordered, the common people will cease to discuss public matters."

"For five generations," he said, "the revenue has departed from the ducal household. Four generations ago the government fell into the hands of the high officials. Hence, alas! the straitened means of the descendants of the three Hwan families."

"There are," said he, "three kinds of friendships which are profitable, and three which are detrimental. To make friends with the upright, with the trustworthy, with the experienced, is to gain benefit; to make friends with the subtly perverse, with the artfully pliant, with the subtle in speech, is detrimental."

Again, "There are three kinds of pleasure which are profitable, and three which are detrimental. To take pleasure in going regularly through the various branches of Ceremonial and Music, in speaking of others' goodness, in having many worthy wise friends, is profitable. To take pleasure in wild bold pleasures, in idling carelessly about, in the too jovial accompaniments of feasting, is detrimental."

Again, "Three errors there be, into which they who wait upon their superior may fall:—(1) to speak before the opportunity comes to them to speak, which I call heedless haste; (2) refraining from speaking when the opportunity has come, which I call concealment; and (3) speaking, regardless of the mood he is in, which I call blindness."

Again, "Three things a superior should guard against:—(1) against the lusts of the flesh in his earlier years while the vital powers are not fully developed and fixed; (2) against the spirit of combativeness when he has come to the age of robust manhood and when the vital powers are matured and strong, and (3) against ambitiousness when old age has come on and the vital powers have become weak and decayed."

"Three things also such a man greatly reveres:—(1) the ordinances of Heaven, (2) great men, (3) words of sages. The inferior man knows not the ordinances of Heaven and therefore reveres them not, is unduly familiar in the presence of great men, and scoffs at the words of sages."

"They whose knowledge comes by birth are of all men the first in understanding; they to whom it comes by study are next; men of poor intellectual capacity, who yet study, may be added as a yet inferior class; and lowest of all are they who are poor in intellect and never learn."

"Nine things there are of which the superior man should be mindful:—to be clear in vision, quick in hearing, genial in expression, respectful in demeanor, true in word, serious in duty, inquiring in doubt, firmly self-controlled in anger, just and fair when the way to success opens out before him."

"Some have spoken of 'looking upon goodness as upon something beyond their reach,' and of 'looking upon evil as like plunging one's hands into scalding liquid';—I have seen the men, I have heard the sayings.

"Some, again, have talked of 'living in seclusion to work out their designs,' and of 'exercising themselves in righteous living in order to render their principles the more effective';—I have heard the sayings, I have not seen the men."

"Duke King of Ts'i had his thousand teams of four, yet on the day of his death the people had nothing to say of his goodness. Peh-I and Shuh-Ts'i starved at the foot of Shau-yang, and the people make mention of them to this day.

'E'en if not wealth thine object be,
'Tis all the same, thou'rt changed to me.'

"Is not this apropos in such cases?"

Tsz-k'in asked of Pih-yu, "Have you heard anything else peculiar from your father?"

"Not yet," said he. "Once, though, he was standing alone when I was hurrying past him over the vestibule, and he said, 'Are you studying the Odes?' 'Not yet,' I replied. 'If you do not learn the Odes,' said he, 'you will not have the wherewithal for conversing.' I turned away and studied the Odes. Another day, when he was again standing alone and I was hurrying past across the vestibule, he said to me, 'Are you learning the Rules of Propriety?' 'Not yet,' I replied. 'If you have not studied the Rules, you have nothing to stand upon,' said he. I turned away and studied the Rules.—These two things I have heard from him."

Tsz-k'in turned away, and in great glee exclaimed, "I asked one thing, and have got three. I have learnt something about the Odes, and about the Rules, and moreover I have learnt how the superior man will turn away his own son."

The wife of the ruler of a State is called by her husband "My helpmeet." She speaks of herself as "Your little handmaiden." The people of that State call her "The prince's helpmeet," but addressing persons of another State they speak of her as "Our little princess." When persons of another State name her they say also "Your prince's helpmeet."

BOOK XVII

The Master Induced to Take Office—Nature and Habit

YANG HO was desirous of having an interview with Confucius, but on the latter's failing to go and see him, he sent a present of a pig to his house. Confucius went to return his acknowledgments for it at a time when he was not at home. They met, however, on the way.

He said to Confucius, "Come, I want a word with you. Can that man be said to have good-will towards his fellow-men who hugs and hides his own precious gifts and allows his country to go on in blind error?"

"He cannot," was the reply.

"And can he be said to be wise who, with a liking for taking part in the public service, is constantly letting slip his opportunities?"

"He cannot," was the reply again.

"And the days and months are passing; and the years do not wait for us."

"True," said Confucius; "I will take office."

It was a remark of the Master that while "by nature we approximate towards each other, by experience we go far asunder."

Again, "Only the supremely wise and the most deeply ignorant do not alter."

The Master once, on his arrival at Wu-shing, heard the sound of stringed instruments and singing. His face beamed with pleasure, and he said laughingly, "To kill a cock—why use an ox-knife?"

Tsz-yu, the governor, replied, "In former days, sir, I heard you say, 'Let the superior man learn right principles, and he will be loving to other men; let the ordinary person learn right principles, and he will be easily managed.'"

The Master (turning to his disciples) said, "Sirs, what he says is right: what I said just now was only in play."

Having received an invitation from Kung-shan Fuh-jau, who was in revolt against the government and was holding to his district of Pi, the Master showed an inclination to go.

Tsz-lu was averse to this, and said, " You can never go, that is certain; how should you feel you must go to that person? "

" Well," said the Master, " he who has invited me must surely not have done so without a sufficient reason! And if it should happen that my services were enlisted, I might create for him another East Chow—don't you think so? "

Tsz-chang asked Confucius about the virtue of philanthropy. His answer was, " It is the being able to put in practice five qualities, in any place under the sun."

" May I ask, please, what these are? " said the disciple.

" They are," he said, " dignity, indulgence, faithfulness, earnestness, kindness. If you show dignity you will not be mocked; if you are indulgent you will win the multitude; if faithful, men will place their trust in you; if earnest, you will do something meritorious; and if kind, you will be enabled to avail yourself amply of men's services."

Pih Hih sent the Master an invitation, and he showed an inclination to go.

Tsz-lu (seeing this) said to him, " In former days, sir, I have heard you say, ' A superior man will not enter the society of one who does not that which is good in matters concerning himself '; and this man is in revolt, with Chung-mau in his possession; if you go to him, how will the case stand? "

" Yes," said the Master, " those are indeed my words; but is it not said, ' What is hard may be rubbed without being made thin,' and ' White may be stained without being made black '? —I am surely not a gourd! How am I to be strung up like that kind of thing—and live wtihout means? "

" Tsz-lu," said the Master, " you have heard of the six words with their six obfuscations? "

" No," said he, " not so far."

" Sit down, and I will tell you them. They are these six virtues, cared for without care for any study about them:—philanthropy, wisdom, faithfulness, straightforwardness, courage, firmness. And the six obfuscations resulting from not liking to learn about them are, respectively, these:—fatuity, mental dissipation, mischievousness, perversity, insubordination, impetuosity."

"My children," said he once, "why does no one of you study the Odes?—They are adapted to rouse the mind, to assist observation, to make people sociable, to arouse virtuous indignation. They speak of duties near and far—the duty of ministering to a parent, the duty of serving one's prince; and it is from them that one becomes conversant with the names of many birds, and beasts, and plants, and trees."

To his son Pih-yu he said, "Study you the Odes of Chow and the South, and those of Sháu and the South. The man who studies not these is, I should say, somewhat in the position of one who stands facing a wall!"

"'Etiquette demands it.' 'Etiquette demands it,' so people plead," said he; "but do not these hankerings after jewels and silks indeed demand it? Or it is, 'The study of Music requires it'—'Music requires it'; but do not these predilections for bells and drums require it?"

Again, "They who assume an outward appearance of severity, being inwardly weak, may be likened to low common men; nay, are they not somewhat like thieves that break through walls and steal?"

Again, "The plebeian kind of respect for piety is the very pest of virtue."

Again, "Listening on the road, and repeating in the lane—this is abandonment of virtue."

"Ah, the low-minded creatures!" he exclaimed. "How is it possible indeed to serve one's prince in their company? Before they have got what they wanted they are all anxiety to get it, and after they have got it they are all anxiety lest they should lose it; and while they are thus full of concern lest they should lose it, there is no length to which they will not go."

Again, "In olden times people had three moral infirmities; which, it may be, are now unknown. Ambitiousness in those olden days showed itself in momentary outburst; the ambitiousness of to-day runs riot. Austerity in those days had its sharp angles; in these it is irritable and perverse. Feebleness of intellect then was at least straightforward; in our day it is never aught but deceitful."

Again, "Rarely do we find mutual good feeling where there is fine speech and studied mien."

Again, "To me it is abhorrent that purple color should be made to detract from that of vermilion. Also that the Odes of Ch'ing should be allowed to introduce discord in connection with the music of the Festal Songs and Hymns. Also that sharp-whetted tongues should be permitted to subvert governments."

Once said he, "Would that I could dispense with speech!"

"Sir," said Tsz-kung, "if you were never to speak, what should your pupils have to hand down from you?"

"Does Heaven ever speak?" said the Master. "The four seasons come and go, and all creatures live and grow. Does Heaven indeed speak?"

Once Ju Pi desired an interview with Confucius, from which the latter excused himself on the score of ill-health; but while the attendant was passing out through the doorway with the message he took his lute and sang, in such a way as to let him hear him.

Tsai Wo questioned him respecting the three years' mourning, saying that one full twelve-month was a long time—that, if gentlemen were for three years to cease from observing rules of propriety, propriety must certainly suffer, and that if for three years they neglected music, music must certainly die out—and that seeing nature has taught us that when the old year's grain is finished the new has sprung up for us—seeing also that all the changes[32] in procuring fire by friction have been gone through in the four seasons—surely a twelve-month might suffice.

The Master asked him, "Would it be a satisfaction to you—that returning to better food, that putting on of fine clothes?"

"It would," said he.

"Then if you can be satisfied in so doing, do so. But to a gentleman, who is in mourning for a parent, the choicest food will not be palatable, nor will the listening to music be pleasant, nor will comforts of home make him happy in mind. Hence he does not do as you suggest. But if you are now happy in your mind, then do so."

Tsai Wo went out. And the Master went on to say, "It is want of human feeling in this man. After a child has lived three years it then breaks away from the tender nursing of its parents. And this three years' mourning is the customary mourning prevalent all over the empire. Can this man have enjoyed the three years of loving care from his parents?"

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[32] Different woods were adopted for this purpose at the various seasons.

"Ah, it is difficult," said he, "to know what to make of those who are all day long cramming themselves with food and are without anything to apply their minds to! Are there no dice and chess players? Better, perhaps, join in that pursuit than do nothing at all!"

"Does a gentleman," asked Tsz-lu, "make much account of bravery?"

"Righteousness he counts higher," said the Master. "A gentleman who is brave without being just may become turbulent; while a common person who is brave and not just may end in becoming a highwayman."

Tsz-kung asked, "I suppose a gentleman will have his aversions as well as his likings?"

"Yes," replied the Master, "he will dislike those who talk much about other people's ill-deeds. He will dislike those who, when occupying inferior places, utter defamatory words against their superiors. He will dislike those who, though they may be brave, have no regard for propriety. And he will dislike those hastily decisive and venturesome spirits who are nevertheless so hampered by limited intellect."

"And you, too, Tsz-kung," he continued, "have your aversions, have you not?"

"I dislike," said he, "those plagiarists who wish to pass for wise persons. I dislike those people who wish their lack of humility to be taken for bravery. I dislike also those divulgers of secrets who think to be accounted straightforward."

"Of all others," said the Master, "'women-servants and men-servants are the most difficult people to have the care of. Approach them in a familiar manner, and they take liberties; keep them at a distance, and they grumble."

Again, "When a man meets with odium at forty, he will do so to the end."

BOOK XVIII

Good Men in Seclusion—Duke of Chow to His Son

"IN the reign of the last king of the Yin dynasty," Confucius said, "there were three men of philanthropic spirit:—the viscount of Wei, who withdrew from him; the viscount of Ki, who became his bondsman; and Pi-kan, who reproved him and suffered death."

"Hwúi of Liu-hiá, who filled the office of Chief Criminal Judge, was thrice dismissed. A person remarked to him, "Can you not yet bear to withdraw?" He replied, "If I act in a straightforward way in serving men, whither in these days should I go, where I should not be thrice dismissed? Were I to adopt crooked ways in their service, why need I leave the land where my parents dwell?"

Duke King of Ts'i remarked respecting his attitude towards Confucius, "If he is to be treated like the Chief of the Ki family, I cannot do it. I should treat him as somewhere between the Ki and Mang Chiefs.—I am old," he added, "and not competent to avail myself of him."

Confucius, hearing of this, went away.

The Ts'i officials presented to the Court of Lu a number of female musicians. Ki Hwan accepted them, and for three days no Court was held.

Confucius went away.

Tsieh-yu, the madman[33] of Ts'u, was once passing Confucius, singing as he went along. He sang—

"Ha the phœnix! Ha the phœnix!
How is Virtue lying prone!
Vain to chide for what is o'er,
Plan to meet what's yet in store.
Let alone! Let alone!
Risky now to serve a throne."

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[33] He only pretended to be mad, in order to escape being employed in the public service.

Confucius alighted, wishing to enter into conversation with him; but the man hurried along and left him, and he was therefore unable to get a word with him.

Ch'ang-tsü and Kieh-nih[34] were working together on some ploughed land. Confucius was passing by them, and sent Tsz-lu to ask where the ford was.

Ch'ang-tsü said, " Who is the person driving the carriage? "

" Confucius," answered Tsz-lu.

" He of Lu? " he asked.

" The same," said Tsz-lu.

" He knows then where the ford is," said he.

Tsz-lu then put his question to Kieh-nih; and the latter asked, " Who are you? "

Tsz-lu gave his name.

" You are a follower of Confucius of Lu, are you not? "

" You are right," he answered.

" Ah, as these waters rise and overflow their bounds," said he, " 'tis so with all throughout the empire; and who is he that can alter the state of things? And you are a follower of a learned man who withdraws from his chief; had you not better be a follower of such as have forsaken the world? " And he went on with his harrowing, without stopping.

Tsz-lu went and informed his Master of all this. He was deeply touched, and said, " One cannot herd on equal terms with beasts and birds: if I am not to live among these human folk, then with whom else should I live? Only when the empire is well ordered shall I cease to take part in the work of reformation."

Tsz-lu was following the Master, but had dropped behind on the way, when he encountered an old man with a weed-basket slung on a staff over his shoulder. Tsz-lu inquired of him, " Have you seen my Master, sir? " Said the old man, " Who is your master?—you who never employ your four limbs in laborious work; you who do not know one from another of the five sorts of grain! " And he stuck his staff in the ground, and began his weeding.

Tsz-lu brought his hands together on his breast and stood still.

The old man kept Tsz-lu and lodged him for the night, killed a fowl and prepared some millet, entertained him, and brought his two sons out to see him.

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[34] Two worthies who had abandoned public life, owing to the state of the times.

On the morrow Tsz-lu went on his way, and told all this to the Master, who said, " He is a recluse," and sent Tsz-lu back to see him again. But by the time he got there he was gone.

Tsz-lu remarked upon this, " It is not right he should evade official duties. If he cannot allow any neglect of the terms on which elders and juniors should live together, how is it that he neglects to conform to what is proper as between prince and public servant? He wishes for himself personally a pure life, yet creates disorder in that more important relationship. When a gentleman undertakes public work, he will carry out the duties proper to it; and he knows beforehand that right principles may not win their way."

Among those who have retired from public life have been Peh-I and Shuh-Ts'i, Yu-chung, I-yih, Chu-chang, Hwúi of Liuhia, and Sháu-lien.

" Of these," said the Master, " Peh-I and Shuh-Ts'i may be characterized, I should say, as men who never declined from their high resolve nor soiled themselves by aught of disgrace.

" Of Hwúi of Liu-hiá and Sháu-lien, if one may say that they did decline from high resolve, and that they did bring disgrace upon themselves, yet their words were consonant with established principles, and their action consonant with men's thoughts and wishes; and this is all that may be said of them.

" Of Yu-chung and I-yih, if it be said that when they retired into privacy they let loose their tongues, yet in their aim at personal purity of life they succeeded, and their defection was also successful in its influence.

" My own rule is different from any adopted by these: I will take no liberties, I will have no curtailing of my liberty."

The chief music-master went off to Ts'i. Kan, the conductor of the music at the second repast, went over to Ts'u. Liáu, conductor at the third repast, went over to Ts'ai. And Kiueh, who conducted at the fourth, went to Ts'in.

Fang-shuh, the drummer, withdrew into the neighborhood of the Ho. Wu the tambourer went to the Han. And Yang the junior music-master, and Siang who played on the musical stone, went to the sea-coast.

Anciently the Duke of Chow, addressing his son the Duke of Lu, said, " A good man in high place is not indifferent about the members of his own family, and does not give occasion to the chief ministers to complain that they are not employed; nor without great cause will he set aside old friendships; nor does he seek for full equipment for every kind of service in any single man."

There were once eight officials during this Chow dynasty, who were four pairs of twins, all brothers—the eldest pair Tah and Kwoh, the next Tuh and Hwuh, the third Yé and Hiá, the youngest Sui and Kwa.

BOOK XIX

Teachings of Various Chief Disciples

"THE learned official," said Tsz-chang, "who when he sees danger ahead will risk his very life, who when he sees a chance of success is mindful of what is just and proper, who in his religious acts is mindful of the duty of reverence, and when in mourning thinks of his loss, is indeed a fit and proper person for his place."

Again he said, "If a person hold to virtue but never advance in it, and if he have faith in right principles and do not build himself up in them, how can he be regarded either as having such, or as being without them?"

Tsz-hiá's disciples asked Tsz-chang his views about intercourse with others. "What says your Master?" he rejoined. "He says," they replied, "'Associate with those who are qualified, and repel from you such as are not.'" Tsz-chang then said, "That is different from what I have learnt. A superior man esteems the worthy and wise, and bears with all. He makes much of the good and capable, and pities the incapable. Am I eminently worthy and wise?—who is there then among men whom I will not bear with? Am I not worthy and wise?—others will be minded to repel me: I have nothing to do with repelling them."

Sayings of Tsz-hiá:—

"Even in inferior pursuits there must be something worthy of contemplation, but if carried to an extreme there is danger of fanaticism; hence the superior man does not engage in them.

"The student who daily recognizes how much he yet lacks, and as the months pass forgets not what he has succeeded in learning, may undoubtedly be called a lover of learning.

"Wide research and steadfast purpose, eager questioning and close reflection—all this tends to humanize a man.

"As workmen spend their time in their workshops for the perfecting of their work, so superior men apply their minds to study in order to make themselves thoroughly conversant with their subjects.

"When an inferior man does a wrong thing, he is sure to gloss it over.

"The superior man is seen in three different aspects:—look at him from a distance, he is imposing in appearance; approach him, he is gentle and warm-hearted; hear him speak, he is acute and strict.

"Let such a man have the people's confidence, and he will get much work out of them; so long, however, as he does not possess their confidence they will regard him as grinding them down.

"When confidence is reposed in him, he may then with impunity administer reproof; so long as it is not, he will be regarded as a detractor.

"Where there is no over-stepping of barriers in the practice of the higher virtues, there may be freedom to pass in and out in the practice of the lower ones."

Tsz-yu had said, "The pupils in the school of Tsz-hiá are good enough at such things as sprinkling and scrubbing floors, answering calls and replying to questions from superiors, and advancing and retiring to and from such; but these things are only offshoots—as to the root of things they are nowhere. What is the use of all that?"

When this came to the ears of Tsz-hiá, he said, "Ah! there he is mistaken. What does a master, in his methods of teaching, consider first in his precepts? And what does he account next, as that about which he may be indifferent? It is like as in the study of plants—classification by *differentiæ*. How may a master play fast and loose in his methods of instruction? Would they not indeed be sages, who could take in at once the first principles and the final developments of things?"

Further observations of Tsz-hiá:—

"In the public service devote what energy and time remain to study. After study devote what energy and time remain to the public service.

"As to the duties of mourning, let them cease when the grief is past.

"My friend Tsz-chang, although he has the ability to tackle hard things, has not yet the virtue of philanthropy."

The learned Tsang observed, " How loftily Tsz-chang bears himself! Difficult indeed along with him to practise philanthropy! "

Again he said, " I have heard this said by the Master, that ' though men may not exert themselves to the utmost in other duties, yet surely in the duty of mourning for their parents they will do so! ' "

Again, " This also I have heard said by the Master: 'The filial piety of Mang Chwang in other respects might be equalled, but as manifested in his making no changes among his father's ministers, nor in his father's mode of government—that aspect of it could not easily be equalled.' "

Yang Fu, having been made senior Criminal Judge by the Chief of the Mang clan, consulted with the learned Tsang. The latter advised him as follows: " For a long time the Chiefs have failed in their government, and the people have become unsettled. When you arrive at the facts of their cases, do not rejoice at your success in that, but rather be sorry for them, and have pity upon them."

Tsz-kung once observed, " We speak of ' the iniquity of Cháu '—but 'twas not so great as this." And so it is that the superior man is averse from settling in this sink, into which everything runs that is foul in the empire."

Again he said, " Faults in a superior man are like eclipses of the sun or moon: when he is guilty of a trespass men all see it; and when he is himself again, all look up to him."

Kung-sun Ch'au of Wei inquired of Tsz-kung how Confucius acquired his learning.

Tsz-kung replied, " The teachings of Wan and Wu have not yet fallen to the ground. They exist in men. Worthy and wise men have the more important of these stored up in their minds; and others, who are not such, store up the less important of them; and as no one is thus without the teachings of Wan and Wu, how should our Master not have learned? And moreover what permanent preceptor could he have? "

Shuh-sun Wu-shuh, addressing the high officials at the Court, remarked that Tsz-kung was a greater worthy than Confucius.

Tsz-fuh King-pih went and informed Tsz-kung of this remark.

Tsz-kung said, " Take by way of comparison the walls outside our houses. My wall is shoulder-high, and you may look over it and see what the house and its contents are worth. My Master's wall is tens of feet high, and unless you should effect an entrance by the door, you would fail to behold the beauty of the ancestral hall and the rich array of all its officers. And they who effect an entrance by the door, methinks, are few! Was it not, however, just like him—that remark of the Chief?"

Shuh-sun Wu-shuh had been casting a slur on the character of Confucius.

"No use doing that," said Tsz-kung; "he is irreproachable. The wisdom and worth of other men are little hills and mounds of earth: traversible. He is the sun, or the moon, impossible to reach and pass. And what harm, I ask, can a man do to the sun or the moon, by wishing to intercept himself from either? It all shows that he knows not how to gauge capacity."

Tsz-k'in, addressing Tsz-kung, said, "You depreciate yourself. Confucius is surely not a greater worthy than yourself."

Tsz-kung replied, "In the use of words one ought never to be incautious; because a gentleman for one single utterance of his is apt to be considered a wise man, and for a single utterance may be accounted unwise. No more might one think of attaining to the Master's perfections than think of going upstairs to Heaven! Were it ever his fortune to be at the head of the government of a country, then that which is spoken of as 'establishing the country' would be establishment indeed; he would be its guide and it would follow him, he would tranquillize it and it would render its willing homage: he would give forward impulses to it to which it would harmoniously respond. In his life he would be its glory, at his death there would be great lamentation. How indeed could such as he be equalled?"

BOOK XX

Extracts from the Book of History

THE Emperor Yau said to Shun, "Ah, upon you, upon your person, lies the Heaven-appointed order of succession! Faithfully hold to it, without any deflection; for if within the four seas necessity and want befall the people, your own revenue will forever come to an end."

Shun also used the same language in handing down the appointment to Yu.

The Emperor T'ang in his prayer, said, "I, the child Li, presume to avail me of an ox of dusky hue, and presume to manifestly announce to Thee, O God, the most high and Sovereign Potentate, that to the transgressor I dare not grant forgiveness, nor yet keep in abeyance Thy ministers. Judgment rests in Thine heart, O God. Should we ourself transgress, may the guilt not be visited everywhere upon all. Should the people all transgress, be the guilt upon ourself!"

Chow possessed great gifts, by which the able and good were richly endowed.

"Although," said King Wu, "he is surrounded by his near relatives, they are not to be compared with men of humane spirit. The people are suffering wrongs, and the remedy rests with me—the one man."

After Wu had given diligent attention to the various weights and measures, examined the laws and regulations, and restored the degraded officials, good government everywhere ensued.

He caused ruined States to flourish again, reinstated intercepted heirs, and promoted to office men who had gone into retirement; and the hearts of the people throughout the empire drew towards him.

Among matters of prime consideration with him were these—food for the people, the duty of mourning, and sacrificial offerings to the departed.

He was liberal and large-hearted, and so won all hearts; true, and so was trusted by the people; energetic, and thus became a man of great achievements; just in his rule, and all were well content.

Tsz-chang in a conversation with Confucius asked, "What say you is essential for the proper conduct of government?"

The Master replied, "Let the ruler hold in high estimation the five excellences, and eschew the four evils; then may he conduct his government properly."

"And what call you the five excellences?" he was asked.

"They are," he said, "Bounty without extravagance; burdening without exciting discontent; desire without covetousness; dignity without haughtiness; show of majesty without fierceness."

"What mean you," asked Tsz-chang, "by bounty without extravagance?"

"Is it not this," he replied—"to make that which is of benefit to the people still more beneficial? When he selects for them such labors as it is possible for them to do, and exacts them, who will then complain? So when his desire is the virtue of humaneness, and he attains it, how shall he then be covetous? And if—whether he have to do with few or with many, with small or with great—he do not venture ever to be careless, is not this also to have dignity without haughtiness? And if—when properly vested in robe and cap, and showing dignity in his every look—his appearance be so imposing that the people look up to and stand in awe of him, is not this moreover to show majesty without fierceness?"

"What, then, do you call the four evils?" said Tsz-chang.

The answer here was, "Omitting to instruct the people and then inflicting capital punishment on them—which means cruel tyranny. Omitting to give them warning and yet looking for perfection in them—which means oppression. Being slow and late in issuing requisitions, and exacting strict punctuality in the returns—which means robbery. And likewise, in intercourse with men, to expend and to receive in a stingy manner—which is to act the part of a mere commissioner."

"None can be a superior man," said the Master, "who does not recognize the decrees of Heaven.

"None can have stability in him without a knowledge of the proprieties.

"None can know a man without knowing his utterances."

THE SAYINGS OF MENCIUS

[*Translated into English by James Legge*]

INTRODUCTION

A HUNDRED years after the time of Confucius the Chinese nation seemed to have fallen back into their original condition of lawlessness and oppression. The King's power and authority was laughed to scorn, the people were pillaged by the feudal nobility, and famine reigned in many districts. The foundations of truth and social order seemed to be overthrown. There were teachers of immorality abroad, who published the old Epicurean doctrine, " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." This teaching was accompanied by a spirit of cold-blooded egotism which extinguished every spark of Confucian altruism. Even the pretended disciples of Confucius confused the precepts of the Master, and by stripping them of their narrow significance rendered them nugatory. It was at this point that Mang-tsze, " Mang the philosopher," arose. He was sturdy in bodily frame, vigorous in mind, profound in political sagacity and utterly fearless in denouncing the errors of his countrymen. He had been brought up among the disciples of Confucius, in whose province he was born B.C. 372, but he was much more active and aggressive, less a Mystic than a fanatic, in comparison with his Master. He resolved on active measures in stemming the tendency of his day. He did indeed surround himself with a school of disciples, but instead of making a series of desultory travels, teaching in remote places and along the high-road, he went to the heart of the evil. He presented himself like a second John the Baptist at the courts of kings and princes, and there boldly denounced vice and misrule. It was not difficult for a Chinese scholar and teacher to find access to the highest of the land. The Chinese believed in the divine right of learning, just as they believed in the divine right of kings. Mang employed every weapon of persuasion in trying to combat heresy and oppression ; alternately ridiculing and reproving: now appealing in a burst of moral enthusiasm, and now denouncing in terms of cutting sarcasm the abuses which after all he failed to check. The last prince whom he successfully confronted was the Marquis of Lu, who turned him carelessly away. He accepted this as the Divine sentence of his failure, "That I have not found in this marquis, a ruler who would hearken to me is an intimation of heaven. Henceforth he lived in retirement until his ninety-seventh year; but from his apparent failure sprang a practical success. His written teachings are amongst the most lively and epigrammatic works of Chinese literature, have done much to keep alive amongst his countrymen the spirit of Confucianism, and even Western readers may drink wisdom from this spring of Oriental lore. The following selections from his sayings well exhibit the spirit of his system of philosophy and morality:

E. W.

THE SAYINGS OF MENCIUS

BOOK I

KING HWUY OF LËANG

Part I

MENCIUS went to see King Hwuy of Lëang.* The king said, " Venerable Sir, since you have not counted it far to come here a distance of a thousand li, may I presume that you are likewise provided with counsels to profit my kingdom? " Mencius replied, " Why must your Majesty used that word ' profit '? What I am likewise provided with are counsels to benevolence and righteousness; and these are my only topics.

" If your Majesty say, ' What is to be done to profit my kingdom? ' the great officers will say, ' What is to be done to profit our families? ' and the inferior officers and the common people will say, ' What is to be done to profit our persons? ' Superiors and inferiors will try to take the profit the one from the other, and the kingdom will be endangered. In the kingdom of ten thousand chariots, the murderer of his ruler will be the chief of a family of a thousand chariots. In the State of a thousand chariots, the murderer of his ruler will be the chief of a family of a hundred chariots. To have a thousand in ten thousand, and a hundred in a thousand, cannot be regarded as not a large allowance; but if righteousness be put last and profit first, they will not be satisfied without snatching all.

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* The title of this book in Chinese is —" King Hwuy of Lëang; in chapters and sentences." Like the Books of the Confucian Analects, those of this work are headed by two or three words at or near the commencement of them. Each Book is divided into two parts. This arrangement was made by Chaou K'e, and to him are due also the divisions into chapters, and sentences, or paragraphs, containing, it may be, many sentences.

" There never was a man trained to benevolence who neglected his parents. There never was a man trained to righteousness who made his ruler an after consideration. Let your Majesty likewise make benevolence and righteousness your only themes—Why must you speak of profit? "

When Mencius, another day, was seeing King Hwuy of Lëang, the King went and stood with him by a pond, and, looking round on the wild geese and deer, large and small, said, " Do wise and good princes also take pleasure in these things? " Mencius replied, " Being wise and good, they then have pleasure in these things. If they are not wise and good, though they have these things, they do not find pleasure. " It is said in the ' Book of Poetry ':—

' When he planned the commencement of the Marvellous tower,
He planned it, and defined it,
And the people in crowds undertook the work,
And in no time completed it.
When he planned the commencement, he said, " Be not in a hurry."
But the people came as if they were his children.
The king was in the Marvellous park,
Where the does were lying down—
The does so sleek and fat;
With the white birds glistening.
The king was by the Marvellous pond;—
How full was it of fishes leaping about! '

King Wan used the strength of the people to make his tower and pond, and the people rejoiced to do the work, calling the tower ' the Marvellous Tower,' and the pond ' the Marvellous Pond,' and being glad that he had his deer, his fishes and turtles. The ancients caused their people to have pleasure as well as themselves, and therefore they could enjoy it.

" In the Declaration of T'ang it is said, ' O Sun, when wilt thou expire? We will die together with thee.' The people wished for Këeh's death, though they should die with him. Although he had his tower, his pond, birds and animals, how could he have pleasure alone? "

King Hwuy of Lëang said, " Small as my virtue is, in the government of my kingdom, I do indeed exert my mind to the utmost. If the year be bad inside the Ho, I remove as many of the people as I can to the east of it, and convey grain to the country inside. If the year be bad on the east of the river, I act on the same plan. On examining the governmental methods of the neighboring kingdoms, I do not find there is any ruler who exerts his mind as I do. And yet the people of the neighboring kings do not decrease, nor do my people increase—how is this?"

Mencius replied, "Your Majesty loves war; allow me to take an illustration from war. The soldiers move forward at the sound of the drum; and when the edges of their weapons have been crossed, on one side, they throw away their buff coats, trail their weapons behind them, and run. Some run a hundred paces and then stop; some run fifty paces and stop. What would you think if these, because they had run but fifty paces, should laugh at those who ran a hundred paces?" The king said, "They cannot do so. They only did not run a hundred paces; but they also ran." Mencius said, "Since your Majesty knows this you have no ground to expect that your people will become more numerous than those of the neighboring kingdoms.

"If the seasons of husbandry be not interfered with, the grain will be more than can be eaten. If close nets are not allowed to enter the pools and ponds, the fish and turtles will be more than can be consumed. If the axes and bills enter the hill-forests only at the proper times, the wood will be more than can be used. When the grain and fish and turtles are more than can be eaten, and there is more wood than can be used, this enables the people to nourish their living and do all offices for their dead, without any feeling against any. But this condition, in which the people nourish their living, and do all offices to their dead without having any feeling against any, is the first step in the Royal way.

"Let mulberry trees be planted about the homesteads with their five acres, and persons of fifty years will be able to wear silk. In keeping fowls, pigs, dogs, and swine, let not their time of breeding be neglected, and persons of seventy years will be able to eat flesh. Let there not be taken away the time that is proper for the cultivation of the field allotment of a hundred acres, and the family of several mouths will not suffer from hunger. Let careful attention be paid to the teaching in the various schools, with repeated inculcation of the filial and fraternal duties, and gray-haired men will not be seen upon the roads, carrying burdens on their backs or on their heads. It has never been that the ruler of a State where these results were seen, persons of seventy wearing silk and eating flesh, and the black-haired people suffering neither from hunger nor cold, did not attain to the Royal dignity.

" Your dogs and swine eat the food of men, and you do not know to store up of the abundance. There are people dying from famine on the roads, and you do not know to issue your stores for their relief. When men die, you say, ' It is not owing to me; it is owing to the year.' In what does this differ from stabbing a man and killing him, and then saying, ' It was not I; it was the weapon '? Let your Majesty cease to lay the blame on the year and instantly the people, all under the sky, will come to you."

King Hwuy of Lëang said, " I wish quietly to receive your instructions." Mencius replied, " Is there any difference between killing a man with a stick and with a sword? " " There is no difference," was the answer.

Mencius continued, " Is there any difference between doing it with a sword and with governmental measures? " " There is not," was the answer again.

Mencius then said, " In your stalls there are fat beasts; in your stables there are fat horses. But your people have the look of hunger, and in the fields there are those who have died of famine. This is leading on beasts to devour men. Beasts devour one another, and men hate them for doing so. When he who is called the parent of the people conducts his government so as to be chargeable with leading on beasts to devour men, where is that parental relation to the people? Chung-ne said, ' Was he not without posterity who first made wooden images to bury with the dead? ' So he said, because that man made the semblances of men and used them for that purpose; what shall be thought of him who causes his people to die of hunger? "

King Hwuy of Lëang said, " There was not in the kingdom a stronger State than Ts'in, as you, venerable Sir, know. But since it descended to me, on the east we were defeated by Ts'e, and then my eldest son perished; on the west we lost seven hundred li of territory to Ts'in; and on the south we have sustained disgrace at the hands of Ts'oo. I have brought shame on my departed predecessors, and wish on their account to wipe it away once for all. What course is to be pursued to accomplish this? "

Mencius replied, " With a territory only a hundred li square it has been possible to obtain the Royal dignity. If your Majesty will indeed dispense a benevolent government to the people, being sparing in the use of punishments and fines, and making the taxes and levies of produce light, so causing that the fields shall be ploughed deep, and the weeding well attended to, and that the able-bodied, during their days of leisure, shall cultivate their filial piety, fraternal duty, faithfulness, and truth, serving thereby, at home, their fathers and elder brothers, and, abroad, their elders and superiors, you will then have a people who can be employed with sticks which they have prepared to oppose the strong buff-coats and sharp weapons of the troops of Ts'in and Ts'oo.

" The rulers of those States rob their people of their time, so that they cannot plough and weed their fields in order to support their parents. Parents suffer from cold and hunger; elder and younger brothers, wives and children, are separated and scattered abroad. Those rulers drive their people into pitfalls or into the water; and your Majesty will go to punish them. In such a case, who will oppose your Majesty? In accordance with this is the saying, ' The benevolent has no enemy!' I beg your Majesty not to doubt what I said."

Mencius had an interview with King Sëang* of Lëang. When he came out he said to some persons, " When I looked at him from a distance, he did not appear like a ruler; when I drew near to him, I saw nothing venerable about him. Abruptly he asked me, ' How can the kingdom, all under the sky, be settled?' I replied, ' It will be settled by being united under one sway.'

" ' Who can so unite it?' he asked.

" I replied, ' He who has no pleasure in killing men can so unite it.'

" ' Who can give it to him?' he asked.

" I replied, ' All under heaven will give it to him. Does your Majesty know the way of the growing grain? During the seventh and eighth months, when drought prevails, the plants become dry. Then the clouds collect densely in the heavens, and send down torrents of rain, so that the grain erects itself as if by a shoot. When it does so, who can keep it back? Now among those who are shepherds of men throughout the kingdom, there is not one who does not find pleasure in killing men. If there were one who did not find pleasure in killing men, all the people under the sky would be looking towards him with outstretched necks. Such being indeed the case, the people would go to him as water flows downwards with a rush, which no one can repress."

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* Sëang was the son of King Hwuy. The first year of his reign is supposed to be B. C. 317. Sëang's name was Hih. As a posthumous epithet, Sëang has various meanings: " Land-enlarger and Virtuous "; " Successful in Arms." The interview here recorded seems to have taken place immediately after Hih's accession, and Mencius, it is said, was so disappointed by it that he soon after left the country.

King Seuen of Ts'e asked, saying, "May I be informed by you of the transactions of Hwan of Ts'e and Wan of Ts'in?'

Mencius replied, "There were none of the disciples of Chungne who spoke about the affairs of Hwan and Wan, and therefore they have not been transmitted to these after-ages; your servant has not heard of them. If you will have me speak, let it be about the principles of attaining to the Royal sway."

The king said, "Of what kind must his virtue be who can attain to the Royal sway?" Mencius said, "If he loves and protects the people, it is impossible to prevent him from attaining it."

The king said, "Is such an one as poor I competent to love and protect the people?" "Yes," was the reply. "From what do you know that I am competent to that?" "I have heard," said Mencius, "from Hoo Heih the following incident:—'The king,' said he, 'was sitting aloft in the hall, when some people appeared leading a bull past below it. The king saw it, and asked where the bull was going, and being answered that they were going to consecrate a bell with its blood, he said, "Let it go, I cannot bear its frightened appearance—as if it were an innocent person going to the place of death." They asked in reply whether, if they did so, they should omit the consecration of the bell, but the king said, "How can that be omitted? Change it for a sheep." I do not know whether this incident occurred."

"It did," said the king, and Mencius replied, "The heart seen in this is sufficient to carry you to the Royal sway. The people all supposed that your Majesty grudged the animal, but your servant knows surely that it was your Majesty's not being able to bear the sight of the creature's distress which made you do as you did."

The king said, "You are right; and yet there really was an appearance of what the people imagined. But though Ts'e be narrow and small, how should I grudge a bull? Indeed it was because I could not bear its frightened appearance, as if it were an innocent person going to the place of death, that therefore I changed it for a sheep."

Mencius said, "Let not your Majesty deem it strange that the people should think you grudged the animal. When you changed a large one for a small, how should they know the true reason? If you felt pained by its being led without any guilt to the place of death, what was there to choose between a bull and a sheep?" The king laughed and said, "What really was my mind in the matter? I did not grudge the value of the bull, and yet I changed it for a sheep! There was reason in the people's saying that I grudged the creature."

Mencius said, "There is no harm in their saying so. It was an artifice of benevolence. You saw the bull, and had not seen the sheep. So is the superior man affected towards animals, that, having seen them alive, he cannot bear to see them die, and, having heard their dying cries, he cannot bear to eat their flesh. On this account he keeps away from his stalls and kitchen."

The king was pleased and said, "The Ode says,

'What other men have in their minds,
I can measure by reflection.'

This might be spoken of you, my Master. I indeed did the thing, but when I turned my thoughts inward and sought for it, I could not discover my own mind. When you, Master, spoke those words, the movements of compassion began to work in my mind. But how is it that this heart has in it what is equal to the attainment of the Royal sway?"

Mencius said, "Suppose a man were to make this statement to your Majesty, 'My strength is sufficient to lift three thousand catties, but is not sufficient to life one feather; my eyesight is sharp enough to examine the point of an autumn hair, but I do not see a wagon-load of fagots,' would your Majesty allow what he said?" "No," was the king's remark, and Mencius proceded, "Now here is kindness sufficient to reach to animals, and yet no benefits are extended from it to the people—how is this? is an exception to be made here? The truth is, the feather's not being lifted is because the strength was not used; the wagon-load of firewood's not being seen is because the eyesight was not used; and the people's not being loved and protected is because the kindness is not used. Therefore your Majesty's not attaining to the Royal sway is because you do not do it, and not because you are not able to do it."

The king asked, "How may the difference between him who does not do a thing and him who is not able to do it be graphically set forth?" Mencius replied, "In such a thing as taking the T'ae mountain under your arm, and leaping with it over the North Sea, if you say to people, 'I am not able to do it,' that is a real case of not being able. In such a matter as breaking off a branch from a tree at the order of a superior, if you say to people, 'I am not able to do it,' it is not a case of not being able to do it. And so your Majesty's not attaining to the Royal sway is not such a case as that of taking the T'ae mountain under your arm and leaping over the North Sea with it; but it is a case like that of breaking off a branch from a tree.

"Treat with reverence due to age the elders in your own family, so that those in the families of others shall be similarly treated; treat with the kindness due to youth the young in your own family, so that those in the families of others shall be similarly treated—do this and the kingdom may be made to go round in your palm. It is said in the 'Book of Poetry,'

'His example acted on his wife,
Extended to his brethren,
And was felt by all the clans and States;'

telling us how King Wan simply took this kindly heart, and exercised it towards those parties. Therefore the carrying out of the feeling of kindness by a ruler will suffice for the love and protection of all within the four seas; and if he do not carry it out, he will not be able to protect his wife and children. The way in which the ancients came greatly to surpass other men was no other than this, that they carried out well what they did, so as to affect others. Now your kindness is sufficient to reach to animals, and yet no benefits are extended from it to the people. How is this? Is an exception to be made here?

"By weighing we know what things are light, and what heavy. By measuring we know what things are long, and what short. All things are so dealt with, and the mind requires specially to be so. I beg your Majesty to measure it.

"Your Majesty collects your equipments of war, endangers your soldiers and officers and excites the resentment of the various princes—do these things cause you pleasure in your mind?"

The king said, "No. How should I derive pleasure from these things? My object in them is to seek for what I greatly desire."

Mencius said, "May I hear from you what it is that your Majesty greatly desires?" The king laughed, and did not speak. Mencius resumed, "Are you led to desire it because you have not enough of rich and sweet food for your mouth? or because you have not enough of light and warm clothing for your body? or because you have not enough of beautifully colored objects to satisfy your eyes? or because there are not voices and sounds enough to fill your ears? or because you have not enough of attendants and favorites to stand before you and receive your orders? Your Majesty's various officers are sufficient to supply you with all these things. How can your Majesty have such a desire on account of them?" "No," said the king, "my desire is not on account of them." Mencius observed, "Then what your Majesty greatly desires can be known. You desire to enlarge your territories, to have Ts'in and Ts'oo coming to your court, to rule the Middle States, and to attract to you the barbarous tribes that surround them. But to do what you do in order to seek for what you desire is like climbing a tree to seek for fish."

"Is it so bad as that?" said the king. "I apprehend it is worse," was the reply. "If you climb a tree to seek for fish, although you do not get the fish, you have no subsequent calamity. But if you do what you do in order to seek for what you desire, doing it even with all your heart, you will assuredly afterwards meet with calamities." The king said, "May I hear what they will be?" Mencius replied, "If the people of Tsow were fighting with the people of Ts'oo, which of them does your Majesty think would conquer?" "The people of Ts'oo would conquer," was the answer, and Mencius pursued, "So then, a small State cannot contend with a great, few cannot contend with many, nor can the weak contend with the strong. The territory within the seas would embrace nine divisions, each of a thousand li square. All Ts'e together is one of them. If with one part you try to subdue the other eight, what is the difference between that and Tsow's contending with Ts'oo? With the desire which you have, you must turn back to the proper course for its attainment.

"Now, if your Majesty will institute a government whose action shall all be benevolent, this will cause all the officers in the kingdom to wish to stand in your Majesty's court, the farmers all to wish to plough in your Majesty's fields, the merchants, both travelling and stationary, all to wish to store their goods in your Majesty's market-places, travellers and visitors all to wish to travel on your Majesty's roads, and all under heaven who feel aggrieved by their rulers to wish to come and complain to your Majesty. When they are so bent, who will be able to keep them back?"

The king said, "I am stupid and cannot advance to this. But I wish you, my Master, to assist my intentions. Teach me clearly, and although I am deficient in intelligence and vigor, I should like to try at least to institute such a government."

Mencius replied, "They are only men of education, who, without a certain livelihood, are able to maintain a fixed heart. As to the people, if they have not a certain livelihood, they will be found not to have a fixed heart. And if they have not a fixed heart, there is nothing which they will not do in the way of self-abandonment, of moral deflection, of depravity, and of wild license. When they have thus been involved in crime, to follow them up and punish them, is to entrap the people. How can such a thing as entrapping the people be done under the rule of a benevolent man?"

"Therefore, an intelligent ruler will regulate the livelihood of the people, so as to make sure that, above, they shall have sufficient wherewith to serve their parents, and below, sufficient wherewith to support their wives and children; that in good years they shall always be abundantly satisfied, and that in bad years they shall not be in danger of perishing. After this he may urge them, and they will proceed to what is good, for in this case the people will follow after that with readiness.

"But now the livelihood of the people is so regulated, that, above, they have not sufficient wherewith to serve their parents, and, below, they have not sufficient wherewith to support their wives and children; even in good years their lives are always embittered, and in bad years they are in danger of perishing. In such circumstances their only object is to escape from death, and they are afraid they will not succeed in doing so—what leisure have they to cultivate propriety and righteousness?

"If your Majesty wishes to carry out a benevolent government, why not turn back to what is the essential step to its attainment?

"Let mulberry trees be planted about the homesteads with their five acres, and persons of fifty years will be able to wear silk. In keeping fowls, pigs, dogs, and swine, let not their times of breeding be neglected, and persons of seventy years will be able to eat flesh. Let there not be taken away the time that is proper for the cultivation of the field-allotment of a hundred acres, and the family of eight mouths will not suffer from hunger. Let careful attention be paid to the teaching in the various schools, with repeated inculcation of the filial and fraternal duties, and gray-haired men will not be seen upon the roads, carrying burdens on their backs or on their heads. It has never been that the ruler of a State, where these results were seen, the old wearing silk and eating flesh, and the black-haired people suffering neither from hunger nor cold, did not attain to the Royal dignity."

[*Books II, III, and IV are omitted*]

BOOK V

WAN CHANG*

Part I

WAN CHANG asked Mencius, saying, "When Shun went into the fields, he cried out and wept towards the pitying heavens. Why did he cry out and weep?" Mencius replied, "He was dissatisfied and full of earnest desire."

Wan Chang said, "When his parents love him, a son rejoices and forgets them not; and when they hate him, though they punish him, he does not allow himself to be dissatisfied. Was Shun then dissatisfied with his parents?" Mencius said, "Ch'ang Seih asked Kung-ming Kaou, saying, 'As to Shun's going into the fields, I have received your instructions; but I do not understand about his weeping and crying out to the pitying heavens, and to his parents.' Kung-ming Kaou answered him, 'You do not understand that matter.' Now Kung-ming Kaou thought that the heart of a filial son like Shun could not be so free from sorrow as Seih seemed to imagine he might have been. Shun would be saying, 'I exert my strength to cultivate the fields, but I am thereby only discharging my duty as a son. What is there wrong in me that my parents do not love me?'

"The emperor caused his own children—nine sons and two daughters—the various officers, oxen and sheep, storehouses and granaries, all to be prepared for the service of Shun amid the channeled fields. Most of the officers in the empire repaired to him. The emperor designed that he should superintend the empire along with himself, and then to transfer it to him. But because his parents were not in accord with him, he felt like a poor man who has nowhere to turn to.

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* The Book is named from Wan Chang, who is almost the only interlocutor with Mencius in it. The tradition is that it was in company with Wan's disciples that Mencius, baffled in all his hopes of doing public service, and having retired into privacy, composed the Seven Books which constitute his works. The part which follows is all occupied with discussions in vindication of Shun and other ancient worthies.

"To be an object of complacency to the officers of the empire is what men desire; but it was not sufficient to remove the sorrow of Shun. The possession of beauty is what men desire: but though Shun had for his wives the two daughters of the emperor, it was not sufficient to remove his sorrow. Riches are what men desire, but though the empire was the rich property of Shun, it was not enough to remove his sorrow. Honors are what men desire, but though Shun had the dignity of being the son of Heaven, it was not sufficient to remove his sorrow. The reason why his being the object of men's complacency, the possession of beauty, riches, and honors, could not remove his sorrow was because it could be removed only by his being in entire accord with his parents.

"The desire of a child is towards his father and mother. When he becomes conscious of the attractions of beauty, his desire is towards young and beautiful women. When he comes to have a wife and children, his desire is towards them. When he obtains office, his desire is towards his ruler; and if he cannot get the regard of his ruler, he burns within. But the man of great filial piety, all his life, has his desire towards his parents. In the great Shun I see the case of one whose desire was towards them when he was fifty years old."

Wan Chang asked Mencius, saying, "It is said in the 'Book of Poetry,'

> 'How do we proceed in taking a wife?
> Announcement must first be made to our parents.'

If the rule be indeed as thus expressed, no one ought to have illustrated it so well as Shun—how was it that Shun's marriage took place without his informing his parents?" Mencius replied, "If he had informed them, he would not have been able to marry. That male and female dwell together is the greatest of human relations. If Shun had informed his parents, he must have made void this greatest of human relations, and incurred thereby their resentment. It was on this account that he did not inform them."

Wan Chang said, "As to Shun's marrying without making announcement to his parents, I have heard your instructions. But how was it that the emperor gave him his daughters as wives without informing his parents?" Mencius said, "The emperor also knew that, if he informed his parents, he could not have given him his daughters as wives."

Wan Chang said, "His parents set Shun to repair a granary, and then removed the ladder by which he had ascended; after which Koo-sow set fire to it. They sent him to dig a well, from which he managed to get out; but they, not knowing this, proceeded to cover it up. His brother, Sëang, said, 'Of this scheme to cover up the city-farming gentleman the merit is all mine. Let my parents have his oxen and sheep; let them have his granaries and storehouses. His shield and spear shall be mine; his lute shall be mine; his carved bow shall be mine; and I will make his two wives attend for me to my bed.' Sëang then went away and entered Shun's house, and there was Shun upon a couch with his lute. Sëang said, 'I am come simply because I was thinking anxiously about you,' and at the same time he looked ashamed. Shun said to him, 'There are all my officers; do you take the management of them for me.' I do not know whether Shun was ignorant of Sëang's wishing to kill him." Mencius replied, "How could he be ignorant of it? But when Sëang was sorrowful, he was also sorrowful, and when Sëang was joyful, he was also joyful."

Wan Chang continued, "Then was Shun one who rejoiced hypocritically?" "No," was the reply. "Formerly some one sent a present of a live fish to Tsze-ch'an of Ch'ing. Tsze-ch'an ordered his pond-keeper to feed it in the pond; but the man cooked it and reported the execution of his commission, saying, 'When I first let it go, it looked embarrassed. In a little while it seemed to be somewhat at ease, and then it swam away as if delighted.' 'It had got into its element!' said Tsze-ch'an. The pond-keeper went out and said, 'Who calls Tsze-ch'an wise? When I had cooked and eaten the fish, he said, "It has got into its element! It has got into its element!"' Thus a superior man may be imposed on by what seems to be as it ought to be, but it is difficult to entrap him by what is contrary to right principle. Sëang came in the way in which the love of his elder brother would have made him come, and therefore Shun truly believed him, and rejoiced at it. What hypocrisy was there?"

Wan Chang said, "Sëang made it his daily business to kill Shun; why was it that, when the latter was raised to be the son of Heaven, he only banished him?" Mencius replied, "He invested him with a State, and some have said that it was banishing him." When Chang said, "Shun banished the Superintendent of Works to Yĕw-chow, sent away Hwan-tow to Mount Ts'ung, slew the Prince of San Mëaou in San-wei, and imprisoned K'wan on Mount Yu. When those four criminals were thus dealt with, all under heaven submitted to him; it was a cutting off of men who were destitute of benevolence. But Sëang was of all men the most destitute of benevolence. and Shun invested him with the State of Pe; of what crime had the people of Pe been guilty? Does a benevolent man really act thus? In the case of other men, he cut them off; in the case of his brother, he invested him with a State." Mencius replied, "A benevolent man does not lay up anger, nor cherish resentment against his brother, but only regards him with affection and love. Regarding him with affection, he wishes him to enjoy honor; loving him, he wishes him to be rich. The investing him with Pe was to enrich and ennoble him. If while Shun himself was emperor, his brother had been a common man, could he have been said to regard him with affection and love?"

Wan Chang said, "I venture to ask what is meant by some saying that it was a banishing of Sëang." Mencius replied, "Sëang could do nothing of himself in his State. The emperor appointed an officer to manage its government, and to pay over its revenues to him; and therefore it was said that it was a banishing of him? How indeed could he be allowed the means of oppressing the people there? Nevertheless, Shun wished to be continually seeing him, and therefore he came unceasingly to court, as is signified in that expression, 'He did not wait for the rendering of tribute, or affairs of government, to receive the prince of Pe.'"

Hëen-k'ëw Mung asked Mencius, saying, "There is the old saying, 'An officer of complete virtue cannot be employed as a minister by his ruler, nor treated as a son by his father.' Shun stood with his face to the south, and Yaou, at the head of all the feudal princes, appeared in his court with his face to the north. Koo-sow also appeared at Shun's court with his face to the north; and when Shun saw him, his countenance assumed a look of distress. Confucius said, 'At this time the empire was in a perilous condition indeed! How unsettled was its state!' I do not know whether what is thus said really took place." Mencius said, "No. These are not the words of a superior man, but the sayings of an uncultivated person of the east of Ts'e. When Yaou was old, Shun took the management of affairs for him. It is said in the Canon of Yaou, 'After twenty-eight years, Fang-heun demised, and the people mourned for him as for a parent three years. All within the four seas, the eight instruments of music were stopped and hushed." Confucius said, 'There are not two suns in the sky, nor two sovereigns over the people. If Shun had already been in the position of the son of Heaven, and had moreover led on all the feudal princes of the empire to observe the three years' mourning for Yaou, there must in that case have been two sons of Heaven.'"

Hëen-k'ëw Mung said, "On the point of Shun's not employing Yaou as a minister, I have received your instructions. But is is said in the 'Book of Poetry,'

'Under the wide heaven,
All is the king's land;
Within the sea-boundaries of the land,
All are the king's servants.'

When Shun became emperor, I venture to ask how it was that Koo-sow was not one of his servants." Mencius replied, "That Ode is not to be understood in that way; it speaks of being laboriously engaged in the king's business, and not being able to nourish one's parents, as if the subject of it said, 'This is all the king's business, but I alone am supposed to have ability, and made to toil in it.' Therefore those who explain the Odes must not insist on one term so as to do violence to a sentence, nor on a sentence so as to do violence to the general scope. They must try with their thoughts to meet that scope, and then they will apprehend it. If we simply take single sentences, there is that in the Ode called the 'Yun Han,'

'Of the remnant of Chow, among the black-haired people,
There will not be half a man left.'

If it had really been as thus expressed, then not an individual of the people of Chow would have been left.

"Of all that a filial son can attain to, there is nothing greater than his honoring his parents. Of what can be attained to in honoring one's parents, there is nothing greater than the nourishing them with the empire. To be the father of the son of Heaven is the height of honor. To be nourished with the empire is the height of nourishment. In this was verified the sentiment in the 'Book of Poetry,'

> 'Ever thinking how to be filial,
> His filial mind was the model which he supplied.'

"In the 'Book of History' it is said, 'With respectful service he appeared before Koo-sow, looking grave and awe-struck, till Koo-sow also was transformed by his example.' This is the true case of the scholar of complete virtue not being treated as a son by his father."

Wan Chang said, "It is said that Yaou gave the empire to Shun; was it so?" Mencius replied, "No; the emperor cannot give the empire to another." "Yes; but Shun possessed the empire. Who gave it to him?" "Heaven gave it to him," was the reply.

"'Heaven gave it to him'; did Heaven confer the appointment on him with specific injunctions?" Mencius said, "No; Heaven does not speak. It simply showed its will by his personal conduct, and by his conduct of affairs."

"'It showed its will by his personal conduct, and by his conduct of affairs,'" returned the other; "how was this?" Mencius said, "The emperor can present a man to Heaven, but he cannot make Heaven give that man the empire. A feudal prince can present a man to the emperor to take his place, but he cannot make the emperor give the princedom to that man. A great officer can present a man to his prince, but he cannot cause the prince to make that man a great officer in his own room. Anciently Yaou presented Shun to Heaven, and Heaven accepted him; he displayed him to the people, and the people accepted him. Therefore I say, 'Heaven does not speak. It simply indicated its will by his personal conduct, and by his conduct of affairs.'"

Chang said, "I presume to ask how it was that Yaou presented Shun to Heaven, and Heaven accepted him, and displayed him to the people, and the people accepted him." The reply was, "He caused him to preside over the sacrifices, and all the Spirits were well pleased with them; thus it was that Heaven accepted him. He caused him to preside over the conduct of affairs, and affairs were well administered, so that all the people reposed under him; thus it was that the people accepted him. Heaven gave the empire to him, and the people gave it to him. Therefore I said, 'The emperor cannot give the empire to another.'

"Shun assisted Yaou in the government for twenty and eight years; this was more than man could have done, and was from Heaven. When the three years' mourning consequent on the death of Yaou were accomplished, Shun withdrew from the son of Yaou to the south of the southern Ho. The princes of the empire, however, repairing to court, went not to the son of Yaou, but to Shun. Litigants went not to the son of Yaou, but to Shun. Singers sang not the son of Yaou, but Shun. Therefore I said that it was Heaven that gave him the empire. It was after this that he went to the Middle State, and occupied the seat of the son of Heaven. If he had before these things taken up his residence in the palace of Yaou, and applied pressure to his son, it would have been an act of usurpation, and not the gift of Heaven.

"This view of Shun's obtaining the empire is in accordance with what is said in The Great Declaration—'Heaven sees as my people see, Heaven hears as my people hear.'"

Wan Chang said, "People say, 'When the disposal of the empire came to Yu, his virtue was inferior to that of Yaou and Shun, and he did not transmit it to the worthiest, but to his son.' Was it so?" Mencius replied, "No; it was not so. When Heaven gave the empire to the worthiest, it was given to the worthiest; when Heaven gave it to the son of the preceding emperor, it was given to that son. Formerly Shun presented Yu to Heaven for a period of seventeen years; and when the three years' mourning, consequent on the death of Shun, were accomplished, Yu withdrew from the son of Yu to Yang-shing. The people of the empire followed him as, after the death of Yaou, they had not followed his son, but followed Shun. Yu presented Yih to Heaven for a period of seven years; and when the three years' mourning consequent on the death of Yu were accomplished, Yih withdrew from the son of Yu to the north of Mount Ke. The princes repairing to court, and litigants, went not to Yih, but to K'e, saying, 'He is the son of our ruler.' Singers did not sing Yih, but they sang K'e, saying, 'He is the son of our ruler.'

"That Tan-choo was not equal to his father, and Shun's son also not equal to his; that Shun assisted Yaou, and Yu assisted Shun, for a period of many years, conferring benefits on the people for a long time; that K'e was virtuous and able, and could reverently enter into and continue the ways of Yu; that Yih assisted Yu for a period of a few years, conferring benefits on the people not for a long time; that the length of time that Shun, Yu, and Yih, assisted in the government was so different; and that the sons of the emperors were one a man of talents and virtue, and the other two inferior to their fathers:—all these things were from Heaven, and what could not be produced by man. That which is done without any one's seeming to do it is from Heaven. That which comes to pass without any one's seeming to bring it about is from Heaven.

"In the case of a private man's obtaining the empire, there must be in him virtue equal to that of Shun and Yu, and moreover there must be the presenting him to Heaven by the preceding emperor. It was on this latter account that Chung-ne did not obtain the kingdom.

"When the throne descends by natural succession, he who is displaced by Heaven must be like Këeh or Chow. It was on this account that Yih, E Yin, and the duke of Chow did not obtain the kingdom.

"E Yin assisted T'ang so that he became sovereign of the kingdom. After the demise of T'ang, T'ae-ting having died without being appointed in his place, Wae-ping reigned two years, and Chung-jin four. T'ae-Këah then was turning upside down the canons and examples of T'ang, and E Yin placed him in T'ung for three years. There he repented of his errors, was contrite, and reformed himself. In T'ung he came to dwell in benevolence and moved towards righteousness, during those three years listening to the lessons given to him by E Yin, after which that minister again returned with him to Poh.

"The duke of Chow's not getting the kingdom was like that of Yih's not getting the throne of Hëa, or E Yin's that of Yin.

"Confucius said, 'T'ang and Yu resigned the throne to the worthiest; the founders of the Hëa, Yin, and Chow dynasties transmitted it to their sons. The principle of righteousness was the same in all the cases.'"

Wan Chang asked Menicus, saying, "People say that E Yin sought an introduction to T'ang by his knowledge of cookery;

and fed his cattle for him, to seek an introduction to Duke Muh of Ts'in; is this true?" Mencius said, "No, it was not so. This is the invention of some one fond of strange things.

"Pih-le He was a man of Yu. The people of Ts'in by the inducement of a *peih* of Ch'uy-Keih and a team of Këuh-ch'an horses were asking liberty to march through Yu to attack Kwoh. Kung Che-k'e remonstrated with the duke of Yu, asking him not to grant their request, but Pih-le He did not remonstrate.

"When he knew that the duke of Yu was not to be remonstrated with, and went in consequence from that State to Ts'in, he had reached the age of seventy. If by that time he did not know that it would be a disgraceful thing to seek for an introduction to Duke Muh of Ts'in by feeding cattle, could he be called wise? But not remonstrating where it was of no use to remonstrate, could he be said not to be wise? Knowing that the duke of Yu would be ruined, and leaving his State before that event, he could not be said to be not wise. As soon as he was advanced in Ts'in, he knew that Duke Muh was one with whom he could have a field for action, and became chief minister to him; could he be said to be not wise? Acting as chief minister in Ts'in, he made his ruler distinguished throughout the kingdom, and worthy to be handed down to future ages; if he had not been a man of talents and virtue, could he have done this? As to selling himself in order to bring about the destruction of his ruler, even a villager who had a regard for himself, would not do such a thing; and shall we say that a man of talents and virtue did it?"

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

Photogravure from a photograph.

The most interesting personage in China during the past thirty years has been and still is, without doubt, the lady whom we style the Empress Dowager. She was never Empress, but took the title as the mother of the present Emperor. According to Chinese law, no woman can ever reign or rule, and the Emperor in his will nominated a regency during the minority of his infant son, but, regardless of law or custom, the Empress Dowager exercises, by craft and duplicity, an influence which is not equalled by any other person in the Chinese Empire. She is extremely conservative, tricky in her dealings, and relentless in carrying out her purposes.

Chine.

THE SHI-KING

[*Metrical translation by James Legge*]

INTRODUCTION

THE wisdom of Confucius as a social reformer, as a teacher and guide of the Chinese people, is shown in many ways. He not only gave them a code of personal deportment, providing them with rules for the etiquette and ceremony of life, but he instilled into them that profound spirit of domestic piety which is one of the strongest features in the Chinese character. He took measures to secure also the intellectual cultivation of his followers, and his Five Canons contain all the most ancient works of Chinese literature, in the departments of poetry, history, philosophy, and legislation. The Shi-King is a collection of Chinese poetry made by Confucius himself. This great anthology consists of more than three hundred pieces, covering the whole range of Chinese lyric poetry, the oldest of which dates some eighteen centuries before Christ, while the latest of the selections must have been written at the beginning of the sixth century before Christ. These poems are of the highest interest, and even nowadays may be read with delight by Europeans. The ballad and the hymn are among the earliest forms of national poetry, and the contents of the Shi-King naturally show specimens of lyric poetry of this sort. We find there not only hymns, but also ballads of a really fine and spirited character. Sometimes the poems celebrate the common pursuits, occupations, and incidents of life. They rise to the exaltation of the epithalamium, or the vintage song; at other times they deal with sentiment and human conduct, being in the highest degree sententious and epigrammatic. We must give the credit to Confucius of having saved for us the literature of China, and to have set his people an example in preserving the monuments of a remote antiquity. While the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome have largely perished in the convulsions that followed the breaking up of the Roman empire in Europe, when the kingdom of China fell into disorder and decrepitude this one great teacher stepped forward to save the precious record of historic fact, philosophical thought, legislation as well as poetry, from being swept away by the deluge of revolution. Confucius showed his wisdom by the high value he set upon the poetry of his native land, and his name must be set side by side with that of the astute tyrant of Athens, who collected the poems of Homer, and preserved them as a precious heritage to the Greek world. Confucius has given us his opinion with regard to the poems of the Shi-King. No man, he says, is worth speaking to who has not mastered the poems of an anthology, the perusal of which elevates the mind and purifies it from all corrupt thoughts. Thanks to the work of modern scholarship, English readers can now verify this dictum for themselves.

E. W.

THE SHI-KING

PART I.—LESSONS FROM THE STATES

BOOK I

THE ODES OF CHOW AND THE SOUTH

Celebrating the Virtue of King Wan's Bride

Hark! from the islet in the stream the voice
Of the fish-hawks that o'er their nests rejoice!
From them our thoughts to that young lady go,
Modest and virtuous, loth herself to show.
Where could be found to share our prince's state,
So fair, so virtuous, and so fit a mate?

See how the duckweed's stalks, or short or long,
Sway left and right, as moves the current strong!
So hard it was for him the maid to find!
By day, by night, our prince with constant mind
Sought for her long, but all his search was vain.
Awake, asleep, he ever felt the pain
Of longing thought, as when on restless bed,
Tossing about, one turns his fevered head.

Here long, there short, afloat the duckweed lies;
But caught at last, we seize the longed-for prize.
The maiden modest, virtuous, coy, is found;
Strike every lute, and joyous welcome sound.
Ours now, the duckweed from the stream we bear,
And cook to use with other viands rare.
He has the maiden, modest, virtuous, bright;
Let bells and drums proclaim our great delight.

Celebrating the Industry of King Wan's Queen

Sweet was the scene. The spreading dolichos
Extended far, down to the valley's depths,
With leaves luxuriant. The orioles
Fluttered around, and on the bushy trees
In throngs collected—whence their pleasant notes
Resounded far in richest melody.

The spreading dolichos extended far,
Covering the valley's sides, down to its depths,
With leaves luxuriant and dense. I cut
It down, then boiled, and from the fibres spun
Of cloth, both fine and coarse, large store,
To wear, unwearied of such simple dress.

Now back to my old home, my parents dear
To see, I go. The matron I have told,
Who will announcement make. Meanwhile my clothes,
My private clothes I wash, and rinse my robes.
Which of them need be rinsed? and which need not?
My parents dear to visit, back I go.

In Praise of a Bride

Graceful and young the peach-tree stands;
  How rich its flowers, all gleaming bright!
This bride to her new home repairs;
  Chamber and house she'll order right.

Graceful and young the peach-tree stands;
  Large crops of fruit it soon will show.
This bride to her new home repairs;
  Chamber and house her sway shall know.

Graceful and young the peach-tree stands,
  Its foliage clustering green and full.
This bride to her new home repairs;
  Her household will attest her rule.

Celebrating T'ae-Sze's Freedom from Jealousy

In the South are the trees whose branches are bent,
And droop in such fashion that o'er their extent
All the dolichos' creepers fast cling.
See our princely lady, from whom we have got
Rejoicing that's endless! May her happy lot
And her honors repose ever bring!

In the South are the trees whose branches are bent,
And droop in such fashion that o'er their extent
All the dolichos' creepers are spread.
See our princely lady, from whom we have got
Rejoicing that's endless! Of her happy lot
And her honors the greatness ne'er fade!

In the South are the trees whose branches are bent,
And droop in such fashion that o'er their extent
All the dolichos' creepers entwine.
See our princely lady, from whom we have got
Rejoicing that's endless! May her happy lot
And her honors complete ever shine!

The Fruitfulness of the Locust

Ye locusts, wingèd tribes,
Gather in concord fine;
Well your descendants may
In numerous bright hosts shine!

Ye locusts, wingèd tribes,
Your wings in flight resound;
Well your descendants may
In endless lines be found!

Ye locusts, wingèd tribes,
Together cluster strong;
Well your descendants may
In swarms forever throng!

Careful he is his rabbit-nets to spread,
Where in the forest's depth the trees give shade.
Stalwart the man and bold! fit his the part
Guide to his prince to be, and faithful heart.

The Song of the Plantain-Gatherers

We gather and gather the plantains;
  Come gather them anyhow.
Yes, gather and gather the plantains,
  And here we have got them now.

We gather and gather the plantains;
  Now off the ears we must tear.
Yes, gather and gather the plantains,
  And now the seeds are laid bare.

We gather and gather the plantains,
  The seeds in our skirts are placed.
Yes, gather and gather the plantains.
  Ho! safe in the girdled waist!

The Affection of the Wives on the Joo

Along the raised banks of the Joo,
  To hew slim stem and branch I wrought,
My lord away, my husband true,
  Like hunger-pang my troubled thought!

Along the raised banks of the Joo,
  Branch and fresh shoot confessed my art.
I've seen my lord, my husband true,
  And still he folds me in his heart.

As the toiled bream makes red its tail,
  Toil you, Sir, for the Royal House;
Amidst its blazing fires, nor quail:—
  Your parents see you pay your vows.

BOOK II

THE ODES OF SHAOU AND THE SOUTH

The Marriage of a Princess

In the magpie's nest
Dwells the dove at rest.
This young bride goes to her future home;
To meet her a hundred chariots come.

Of the magpie's nest
Is the dove possessed.
This bride goes to her new home to live;
And escort a hundred chariots give.

The nest magpie wove
Now filled by the dove.
This bride now takes to her home her way;
And these numerous cars her state display.

The Industry and Reverence of a Prince's Wife

Around the pools, the islets o'er,
  Fast she plucks white Southern-wood,
To help the sacrificial store;
  And for our prince does service good.

Where streams among the valleys shine,
  Of Southern-woods she plucks the white;
And brings it to the sacred shrine,
  To aid our prince in solemn rite.

In head-dress high, most reverent, she
  The temple seeks at early dawn.
The service o'er, the head-dress see
  To her own chamber slow withdrawn.

The Wife of Some Great Officer Bewails His Absence

Shrill chirp the insects in the grass;
All about the hoppers spring.
While I my husband do not see,
Sorrow must my bosom wring.
O to meet him!
O to greet him!
Then my heart would rest and sing.

Ascending high that Southern hill,
Turtle ferns I strove to get.
While I my husband do not see,
Sorrow must my heart beset.
O to meet him!
O to greet him!
Then my heart would cease to fret.

Ascending high that Southern hill,
Spinous ferns I sought to find.
While I my husband do not see,
Rankles sorrow in my mind.
O to meet him!
O to greet him!
In my heart would peace be shrined.

The Diligence of the Young Wife of an Officer

She gathers fast the large duckweed,
From valley stream that southward flows;
And for the pondweed to the pools
Left on the plains by floods she goes.

The plants, when closed her toil, she puts
In baskets round and baskets square.
Then home she hies to cook her spoil,
In pans and tripods ready there.

In sacred chamber this she sets,
Where the light falls down through the wall.
'Tis she, our lord's young reverent wife,
Who manages this service all.

The Love of the People for the Duke of Shaou

O fell not that sweet pear-tree!
See how its branches spread.
Spoil not its shade,
For Shaou's chief laid
Beneath it his weary head.

O clip not that sweet pear-tree!
Each twig and leaflet spare.
'Tis sacred now,
Since the lord of Shaou,
When weary, rested him there.

O touch not that sweet pear-tree!
Bend not a twig of it now.
There long ago,
As the stories show,
Oft halted the chief of Shaou.

The Easy Dignity of the Officers at Some Court

Arrayed in skins of lamb or sheep,
With five silk braidings all of white,
From court they go, to take their meal,
All self-possessed, with spirits light.

How on their skins of lamb or sheep
The five seams wrought with white silk show!
With easy steps, and self-possessed,
From court to take their meal, they go.

Upon their skins of lamb or sheep
Shines the white silk the seams to link.
With easy steps and self-possessed,
They go from court to eat and drink.

Anxiety of a Young Lady to Get Married

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only seven-tenths left there now!
Ye whose hearts on me are set,
Now the time is fortunate!

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only three-tenths left there now!
Ye who wish my love to gain,
Will not now apply in vain!

No more plums upon the bough!
All are in my basket now!
Ye who me with ardor seek,
Need the word but freely speak!

BOOK III

THE ODES OF P'EI

An Officer Bewails the Neglect with which He is Treated

It floats about, that boat of cypress wood,
  Now here, now there, as by the current borne.
Nor rest nor sleep comes in my troubled mood;
  I suffer as when painful wound has torn
  The shrinking body. Thus I dwell forlorn,
And aimless muse, my thoughts of sorrow full.
  I might with wine refresh my spirit worn;
I might go forth, and, sauntering try to cool
The fever of my heart; but grief holds sullen rule.

My mind resembles not a mirror plate,
  Reflecting all the impressions it receives.
The good I love, the bad regard with hate;
  I only cherish whom my heart believes.
  Colleagues I have, but yet my spirit grieves,
That on their honor I cannot depend.
  I speak, but my complaint no influence leaves
Upon their hearts; with mine no feelings blend;
With me in anger they, and fierce disdain contend.

My mind is fixed, and cannot, like a stone,
  Be turned at will indifferently about;
And what I think, to that, and that alone,
  I utterance give, alike within, without;
  Nor can like mat be rolled and carried out.
With dignity in presence of them all,
  My conduct marked, my goodness who shall scout?
My foes I boldly challenge, great and small,
If there be aught in me they can in question call.

How full of trouble is my anxious heart!
With hate the blatant herd of creatures mean
Ceaseless pursue. Of their attacks the smart
Keeps my mind in distress. Their venomed spleen
Aye vents itself; and with insulting mien
They vex my soul; and no one on my side
A word will speak. Silent, alone, unseen,
I think of my sad case; then opening wide
My eyes, as if from sleep, I beat my breast, sore-tried.

Thy disc, O sun, should ever be complete,
While thine, O changing moon, doth wax and wane.
But now our sun hath waned, weak and effete,
And moons are ever full. My heart with pain
Is firmly bound, and held in sorrow's chain,
As to the body cleaves an unwashed dress.
Silent I think of my sad case; in vain
I try to find relief from my distress.
Would I had wings to fly where ills no longer press!

A Wife Deplores the Absence of Her Husband

Away the startled pheasant flies,
With lazy movement of his wings.
Borne was my heart's lord from my eyes;—
What pain the separation brings!

The pheasant, though no more in view,
His cry, below, above, forth sends.
Alas! my princely lord, 'tis you—
Your absence, that my bosom rends.

At sun and moon I sit and gaze,
In converse with my troubled heart.
Far, far from me my husband stays!
When will he come to heal its smart?

Ye princely men who with him mate,
Say, mark ye not his virtuous way.
His rule is—covet nought, none hate;—
How can his steps from goodness stray?

The Plaint of a Rejected Wife

The east wind gently blows,
  With cloudy skies and rain.
'Twixt man and wife should ne'er be strife,
  But harmony obtain.
Radish and mustard plants
  Are used, though some be poor;
While my good name is free from blame,
  Don't thrust me from your door.

I go along the road,
  Slow, with reluctant heart.
Your escort lame to door but came,
  There glad from me to part.
Sow-thistle, bitter called,
  As shepherd's purse is sweet;
With your new mate you feast elate,
  As joyous brothers meet.

Part clear, the stream of King
  Is foul beside the Wei.
You feast elate with your new mate,
  And take no heed of me.
Loose mate, avoid my dam,
  Nor dare my basket move!
Person slighted, life all blighted,
  What can the future prove?

The water deep, in boat,
  Or raft-sustained, I'd go;
And where the stream did narrow seem,
  I dived or breasted through.
I labored to increase
  Our means, or great or small;
When 'mong friends near death did appear,
  On knees to help I'd crawl.

No cherishing you give,
  I'm hostile in your eyes.
As pedler's wares for which none cares,
  My virtues you despise.

When poverty was nigh,
  I strove our means to spare;
You, now rich grown, me scorn to own;
  To poison me compare.

The stores for winter piled
  Are all unprized in spring.
So now, elate with your new mate,
  Myself away you fling.
Your cool disdain for me
  A bitter anguish hath.
The early time, our love's sweet prime,
  In you wakes only wrath.

Soldiers of Wei Bewail Separation from Their Families

List to the thunder and roll of the drum!
  See how we spring and brandish the dart!
Some raise Ts'aou's walls; some do field work at home;
  But we to the southward lonely depart.

Our chief, Sun Tsze-chung, agreement has made,
  Our forces to join with Ch'in and with Sung.
When shall we back from this service be led?
  Our hearts are all sad, our courage unstrung.

Here we are halting, and there we delay;
  Anon we soon lose our high-mettled steeds.
The forest's gloom makes our steps go astray;
  Each thicket of trees our searching misleads.

For death as for life, at home or abroad,
  We pledged to our wives our faithfulest word.
Their hands clasped in ours, together we vowed,
  We'd live to old age in sweetest accord.

This march to the South can end but in ill;
  Oh! never shall we our wives again meet.
The word that we pledged we cannot fulfil;
  Us home returning they never will greet.

An Officer Tells of His Mean Employment

With mind indifferent, things I easy take;
In every dance I prompt appearance make:—
Then, when the sun is at his topmost height,
There, in the place that courts the public sight.

With figure large I in the courtyard dance,
And the duke smiles, when he beholds me prance.
A tiger's strength I have; the steeds swift bound;
The reins as ribbons in my hands are found.

See how I hold the flute in my left hand;
In right the pheasant's plume, waved like a wand;
With visage red, where rouge you think to trace,
While the duke pleased, sends down the cup of grace!

Hazel on hills; the *ling* in meadow damp;—
Each has its place, while I'm a slighted scamp.
My thoughts go back to th' early days of Chow,
And muse upon its chiefs, not equalled now.
  O noble chiefs, who then the West adorned,
  Would ye have thus neglected me and scorned?

An Officer Sets Forth His Hard Lot

My way leads forth by the gate on the north;
  My heart is full of woe.
I hav'n't a cent, begged, stolen, or lent,
  And friends forget me so.
    So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree.
    What can I say—a poor fellow like me?

The King has his throne, sans sorrow or moan;
  On me fall all his cares,
And when I come home, resolved not to roam,
  Each one indignant stares.
    So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree.
    What can I say—a poor fellow like me?

Each thing of the King, and the fate of the State,
On me come more and more.
And when, sad and worn, I come back forlorn,
They thrust me from the door.
So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree.
What can I say—a poor fellow like me?

The Complaint of a Neglected Wife

When the upper robe is green,
With a yellow lining seen,
There we have a certain token,
Right is wronged and order broken.
How can sorrow from my heart
In a case like this depart?

Color green the robe displays;
Lower garment yellow's blaze.
Thus it is that favorite mean
In the place of wife is seen.
Vain the conflict with my grief;
Memory denies relief.

Yes, 'twas you the green who dyed,
You who fed the favorite's pride.
Anger rises in my heart,
Pierces it as with a dart.
But on ancient rules lean I,
Lest to wrong my thoughts should fly.

Fine or coarse, if thin the dress,
Cold winds always cause distress.
Hard my lot, my sorrow deep,
But my thoughts in check I keep.
Ancient story brings to mind
Sufferers who were resigned.

[NOTE.—Yellow is one of the five "correct" colors of the Chinese, while green is one of the "intermediate" colors that are less esteemed. Here we have the yellow used merely as a lining to the green, or employed in the lower, or less honorable, part of the dress;—an inversion of propriety, and intimating how a favorite had usurped the place of the rightful wife and thrust her down.]

In Praise of a Maiden

O sweet maiden, so fair and retiring,
  At the corner I'm waiting for you;
And I'm scratching my head, and inquiring
  What on earth it were best I should do.

Oh! the maiden, so handsome and coy,
  For a pledge gave a slim rosy reed.
Than the reed is she brighter, my joy;
  On her loveliness how my thoughts feed!

In the pastures a *t'e* blade she sought,
  And she gave it, so elegant, rare.
Oh! the grass does not dwell in my thought,
  But the donor, more elegant, fair.

Discontent

As when the north winds keenly blow,
And all around fast falls the snow,
The source of pain and suffering great,
So now it is in Wei's poor state.
Let us join hands and haste away,
  My friends and lovers all.
'Tis not a time will brook delay;
  Things for prompt action call.

As when the north winds whistle shrill,
And drifting snows each hollow fill,
The source of pain and suffering great,
So now it is in Wei's poor state.
Let us join hands, and leave for aye,
  My friends and lovers all,
'Tis not a time will brook delay;
  Things for prompt action call.

We look for red, and foxes meet;
For black, and crows our vision greet.
The creatures, both of omen bad,
Well suit the state of Wei so sad.

Let us join hands and mount our cars,
  My friends and lovers all.
No time remains for wordy jars;
  Things for prompt action call.

Chwang Keang Bemoans Her Husband's Cruelty

Fierce is the wind and cold;
  And such is he.
Smiling he looks, and bold
  Speaks mockingly.
Scornful and lewd his words,
  Haughty his smile.
Bound is my heart with cords
  In sorrow's coil.

As cloud of dust wind-blown,
  Just such is he.
Ready he seems to own,
  And come to me.
But he comes not nor goes,
  Stands in his pride.
Long, long, with painful throes,
  Grieved I abide.

Strong blew the wind; the cloud
  Hastened away.
Soon dark again, the shroud
  Covers the day.
I wake, and sleep no more
  Visits my eyes.
His course I sad deplore,
  With heavy sighs.

Cloudy the sky, and dark;
  The thunders roll.
Such outward signs well mark
  My troubled soul.
I wake, and sleep no more
  Comes to give rest.
His course I sad deplore,
  In anguished breast.

BOOK VII*

THE ODES OF CH'ING

The People's Admiration for Duke Woo

The black robes well your form befit;
When they are worn we'll make you new.
Now for your court! oh! there we'll sit,
And watch how you your duties do.
And when we to our homes repair,
We'll send to you our richest fare,
Such is the love to you we bear!

Those robes well with your virtue match;
When they are worn we'll make you new.
Now for your court! There will we watch,
Well pleased, how you your duties do.
And when we to our homes repair,
We'll send to you our richest fare,
Such is the love to you we bear!

Those robes your character beseem;
When they are worn we'll make you new.
Now for your court! oh! there we deem
It pleasure great your form to view.
And when we to our homes repair,
We'll send to you our richest fare,
Such is the love to you we bear!

A Wife Consoled by Her Husband's Arrival

Cold is the wind, fast falls the rain,
The cock aye shrilly crows.
But I have seen my lord again;—
Now must my heart repose.

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* [Selections from Books IV., V., and VI., have been omitted.—EDITOR.]

Whistles the wind, patters the rain,
  The cock's crow far resounds.
But I have seen my lord again,
  And healed are my heart's wounds.

All's dark amid the wind and rain,
  Ceaseless the cock's clear voice!
But I have seen my lord again;—
  Should not my heart rejoice?

In Praise of Some Lady

There by his side in chariot rideth she,
As lovely flower of the hibiscus tree,
So fair her face; and when about they wheel,
Her girdle gems of *Ken* themselves reveal.
For beauty all the House of Këang have fame;
Its eldest daughter—she beseems her name.

There on the path, close by him, walketh she,
Bright as the blossom of hibiscus tree,
And fair her face; and when around they flit,
Her girdle gems a tinkling sound emit.
Among the Këang she has distinguished place,
For virtuous fame renowned, and peerless grace.

A Man's Praise of His Wife

My path forth from the east gate lay,
Where cloud-like moved the girls at play.
Numerous are they, as clouds so bright,
But not on them my heart's thoughts light.
Dressed in a thin white silk, with coiffure gray,
Is she, my wife, my joy in life's low way.

Forth by the covering wall's high tower,
I went, and saw, like rush in flower,
Each flaunting girl. Brilliant are they,
But not with them my heart's thoughts stay.
In thin white silk, with head-dress madder-dyed,
Is she, my sole delight, 'foretime my bride.

An Entreaty

Along the great highway,
I hold you by the cuff.
O spurn me not, I pray,
Nor break old friendship off.

Along the highway worn,
I hold your hand in mine.
Do not as vile me scorn;
Your love I can't resign.

A Woman Scorning Her Lover

O dear! that artful boy
Refuses me a word!
But, Sir, I shall enjoy
My food, though you're absurd!

O dear! that artful boy
My table will not share!
But, Sir, I shall enjoy
My rest, though you're not there!

A Lady Mourns the Absence of Her Student Lover

You student, with the collar blue,
Long pines my heart with anxious pain.
Although I do not go to you,
Why from all word do you refrain?

O you, with girdle strings of blue,
My thoughts to you forever roam!
Although I do not go to you,
Yet why to me should you not come?

How reckless you, how light and wild,
There by the tower upon the wall!
One day, from sight of you exiled,
As long as three long months I call.

BOOK VIII

THE ODES OF TS'E

A Wife Urging Her Husband to Action

His lady to the marquis says,
  "The cock has crowed; 'tis late.
Get up, my lord, and haste to court.
  'Tis full; for you they wait."
She did not hear the cock's shrill sound,
Only the blueflies buzzing round.

Again she wakes him with the words,
  "The east, my lord, is bright.
A crowded court your presence seeks;
  Get up and hail the light."
'Twas not the dawning light which shone,
But that which by the moon was thrown.

He sleeping still, once more she says,
  "The flies are buzzing loud.
To lie and dream here by your side
  Were pleasant, but the crowd
Of officers will soon retire;
Draw not on you and me their ire!"

The Folly of Useless Effort

The weeds will but the ranker grow,
  If fields too large you seek to till.
To try to gain men far away
  With grief your toiling heart will fill.

If fields too large you seek to till,
  The weeds will only rise more strong.
To try to gain men far away
  Will but your heart's distress prolong.

Things grow the best when to themselves
  Left, and to nature's vigor rare.
How young and tender is the child,
  With his twin tufts of falling hair!
But when you him ere long behold,
  That child shall cap of manhood wear!

The Prince of Loo

A grand man is the prince of Loo,
  With person large and high.
Lofty his front and suited to
  The fine glance of his eye!
Swift are his feet. In archery
  What man with him can vie?
With all these goodly qualities,
  We see him and we sigh!

Renowned through all the land is he,
  The nephew of our lord.
With clear and lovely eyes, his grace
  May not be told by word.
All day at target practice,
  He'll never miss the bird.
Such is the prince of Loo, and yet
  With grief for him we're stirred!

All grace and beauty he displays,
  High forehead and eyes bright.
And dancing choice! His arrows all
  The target hit aright.
Straight through they go, and every one
  Lights on the self-same spot.
Rebellion he could well withstand,
  And yet we mourn his lot!

BOOK IX

THE ODES OF WEI

On the Misgovernment of the State

A fruit, small as the garden peach,
  May still be used for food.
A State, though poor as ours, might thrive,
  If but its rule were good.
Our rule is bad, our State is sad,
  With mournful heart I grieve.
All can from instrument and voice
  My mood of mind perceive.
Who know me not, with scornful thought,
  Deem me a scholar proud.
" Those men are right," they fiercely say,
  " What mean your words so loud?"
Deep in my heart my sorrows lie,
  And none the cause may know.
How should they know who never try
  To learn whence comes our woe?

The garden jujube, although small,
  May still be used for food.
A State, though poor as ours, might thrive,
  If but its rule were good.
Our rule is bad, our State is sad,
  With mournful heart I grieve.
Methinks I'll wander through the land,
  My misery to relieve.
Who know me not, with scornful thought,
  Deem that wild views I hold.
" Those men are right," they fiercely say,
  " What mean your words so bold?"

Deep in my heart my sorrows lie,
  And none the cause may know.
How can they know, who never try
  To learn whence comes our woe?

The Mean Husband

Thin cloth of dolichos supplies the shoes,
  In which some have to brave the frost and cold.
A bride, when poor, her tender hands must use,
  Her dress to make, and the sharp needle hold.
This man is wealthy, yet he makes his bride
  Collars and waistbands for his robes provide.

Conscious of wealth, he moves with easy mien;
  Politely on the left he takes his place;
The ivory pin is at his girdle seen:—
  His dress and gait show gentlemanly grace.
Why do we brand him in our satire here?
  'Tis this—his niggard soul provokes the sneer.

A Young Soldier on Service

To the top of that tree-clad hill I go,
  And towards my father I gaze,
Till with my mind's eye his form I espy,
  And my mind's ear hears how he says:—
"Alas for my son on service abroad!
  He rests not from morning till eve.
May he careful be and come back to me!
  While he is away, how I grieve!"

To the top of that barren hill I climb,
  And towards my mother I gaze,
Till with my mind's eye her form I espy,
  And my mind's ear hears how she says:—
"Alas for my child on service abroad!
  He never in sleep shuts an eye.
May he careful be, and come back to me!
  In the wild may his body not lie!"

Up the lofty ridge I, toiling, ascend,
  And towards my brother I gaze,
Till with my mind's eye his form I espy,
  And my mind's ear hears how he says:—
"Alas! my young brother, serving abroad,
  All day with his comrades must roam.
May he careful be, and come back to me,
  And die not away from his home."

BOOK X

THE ODES OF T'ANG

The King Goes to War

The wild geese fly the bushy oaks around,
With clamor loud. *Suh-suh* their wings resound,
As for their feet poor resting-place is found.
The King's affairs admit of no delay.
Our millet still unsown, we haste away.
No food is left our parents to supply;
When we are gone, on whom can they rely?
O azure Heaven, that shinest there afar,
When shall our homes receive us from the war?

The wild geese on the bushy jujube-trees
Attempt to settle and are ill at ease;—
Suh-suh their wings go flapping in the breeze.
The King's affairs admit of no delay;
Our millet still unsown, we haste away.
How shall our parents their requirements get?
How in our absence shall their wants be met?
O azure Heaven, that shinest there afar,
When shall our homes receive us from the war?

The bushy mulberry-trees the geese in rows
Seek eager and to rest around them close—
With rustling loud, as disappointment grows.
The King's affairs admit of no delay;
To plant our rice and maize we cannot stay.
How shall our parents find their wonted food?
When we are gone, who will to them be good?
O azure Heaven, that shinest there afar,
When shall our homes receive us from the war?

Lament of a Bereaved Person

A russet pear-tree rises all alone,
But rich the growth of leaves upon it shown!
I walk alone, without one brother left,
And thus of natural aid am I bereft.
Plenty of people there are all around,
But none like my own father's sons are found.
Ye travellers, who forever hurry by,
Why on me turn the unsympathizing eye?
No brother lives with whom my cause to plead;—
Why not perform for me the helping deed?

A russet pear-tree rises all alone,
But rich with verdant foliage o'ergrown.
I walk alone, without one brother's care,
To whom I might, amid my straits repair.
Plenty of people there are all around,
But none like those of my own name are found.
Ye travellers, who forever hurry by,
Why on me turn the unsympathizing eye?
No brother lives with whom my cause to plead;—
Why not perform for me the helping deed?

The Drawbacks of Poverty

On the left of the way, a russet pear-tree
Stands there all alone—a fit image of me.
There is that princely man! O that he would come,
And in my poor dwelling with me be at home!
In the core of my heart do I love him, but say,
Whence shall I procure him the wants of the day?

At the bend in the way a russet pear-tree
Stands there all alone—a fit image of me.
There is that princely man! O that he would come,
And rambling with me be himself here at home!
In the core of my heart I love him, but say,
Whence shall I procure him the wants of the day?

A Wife Mourns for Her Husband

The dolichos grows and covers the thorn,
  O'er the waste is the dragon-plant creeping.
The man of my heart is away and I mourn—
  What home have I, lonely and weeping?

Covering the jujubes the dolichos grows,
  The graves many dragon-plants cover;
But where is the man on whose breast I'd repose?
  No home have I, having no lover!

Fair to see was the pillow of horn,
  And fair the bed-chamber's adorning;
But the man of my heart is not here, and I mourn
  All alone, and wait for the morning.

While the long days of summer pass over my head,
  And long winter nights leave their traces,
I'm alone! Till a hundred of years shall have fled,
  And then I shall meet his embraces.

Through the long winter nights I am burdened with fears,
  Through the long summer days I am lonely;
But when time shall have counted its hundreds of years
  I then shall be his—and his only!

BOOK XI

THE ODES OF TS'IN

Celebrating the Opulence of the Lords of Ts'in

Our ruler to the hunt proceeds;
And black as iron are his steeds
That heed the charioteer's command,
Who holds the six reins in his hand.
His favorites follow to the chase,
Rejoicing in his special grace.

The season's males, alarmed, arise—
The season's males, of wondrous size.
Driven by the beaters, forth they spring,
Soon caught within the hunters' ring.
"Drive on their left," the ruler cries;
And to its mark his arrow flies.

The hunting done, northward he goes;
And in the park the driver shows
The horses' points, and his own skill
That rules and guides them at his will.
Light cars whose teams small bells display,
The long- and short-mouthed dogs convey.

A Complaint

He lodged us in a spacious house,
  And plenteous was our fare.
But now at every frugal meal
  There's not a scrap to spare.
Alas! alas that this good man
Could not go on as he began!

A Wife's Grief Because of Her Husband's Absence

The falcon swiftly seeks the north,
And forest gloom that sent it forth.
Since I no more my husband see,
My heart from grief is never free.
O how is it, I long to know,
That he, my lord, forgets me so?

Bushy oaks on the mountain grow,
And six elms where the ground is low.
But I, my husband seen no more,
My sad and joyless fate deplore.
O how is it, I long to know,
That he, my lord, forgets me so?

The hills the bushy wild plums show,
And pear-trees grace the ground below.
But, with my husband from me gone,
As drunk with grief, I dwell alone.
O how is it, I long to know,
That he, my lord, forgets me so?

Lament for Three Brothers

They flit about, the yellow birds,
  And rest upon the jujubes find.
Who buried were in duke Muh's grave,
  Alive to awful death consigned?

'Mong brothers three, who met that fate,
  'Twas sad the first, Yen-seih to see.
He stood alone; a hundred men
  Could show no other such as he.
When to the yawning grave he came,
Terror unnerved and shook his frame.

Why thus destroy our noblest men,
  To thee we cry, O azure Heaven!
To save Yen-seih from death, we would
  A hundred lives have freely given.

They flit about, the yellow birds,
  And on the mulberry-trees rest find.
Who buried were in duke Muh's grave,
  Alive to awful death consigned?

'Mong brothers three, who met that fate,
  'Twas sad the next, Chung-hang to see.
When on him pressed a hundred men,
  A match for all of them was he.
When to the yawning grave he came,
Terror unnerved and shook his frame.

Why thus destroy our noblest men,
  To thee we cry, O azure Heaven!
To save Chung-hang from death, we would
  A hundred lives have freely given.

They flit about, the yellow birds,
  And rest upon the thorn-trees find.
Who buried were in duke Muh's grave,
  Alive to awful death consigned?

'Mong brothers three, who met that fate,
  'Twas sad the third, K'ëen-foo, to see.
A hundred men in desperate fight
  Successfully withstand could he.
When to the yawning grave he came,
Terror unnerved and shook his frame.

Why thus destroy our noblest men,
  To thee we cry, O azure Heaven!
To save K'ëen-foo from death, we would
  A hundred lives have freely given.

[NOTE.—The incident related in this poem occurred in the year B.C. 620, when the duke of Muh died after playing an important part in the affairs of Northwest China. Muh required the three officers here celebrated, to be buried with him, and according to the "Historical Records" this barbarous practice began with duke Ching, Muh's predecessor. In all, 170 individuals were buried with Muh. The death of the last distinguished man of the Ts'in dynasty, the Emperor I, was subsequently celebrated by the entombment with him of all the inmates of his harem.]

In Praise of a Ruler of Ts'in

What trees grow on the Chung-nan hill?
  The white fir and the plum.
In fur of fox, 'neath 'broidered robe,
  Thither our prince is come.
His face glows with vermilion hue.
O may he prove a ruler true!

What find we on the Chung-nan hill?
  Deep nook and open glade.
Our prince shows there the double *Ke*
  On lower robe displayed.
His pendant holds each tinkling gem,
Long life be his, and deathless fame!

The Generous Nephew

I escorted my uncle to Tsin,
  Till the Wei we crossed on the way.
    Then I gave as I left
    For his carriage a gift
  Four steeds, and each steed was a bay.

I escorted my uncle to Tsin,
  And I thought of him much in my heart.
    Pendent stones, and with them
    Of fine jasper a gem,
  I gave, and then saw him depart.

BOOK XII

THE ODES OF CH'IN

The Contentment of a Poor Recluse

My only door some pieces of crossed wood,
  Within it I can rest enjoy.
I drink the water wimpling from the spring;
  Nor hunger can my peace destroy.

Purged from ambition's aims I say, "For fish,
  We need not bream caught in the Ho;
Nor, to possess the sweets of love, require
  To Ts'e, to find a Keang, to go.

"The man contented with his lot, a meal
  Of fish without Ho carp can make;
Nor needs, to rest in his domestic joy,
  A Tsze of Sung as wife to take."

The Disappointed Lover

Where grow the willows near the eastern gate,
  And 'neath their leafy shade we could recline,
She said at evening she would me await,
  And brightly now I see the day-star shine!

Here where the willows near the eastern gate
  Grow, and their dense leaves make a shady gloom,
She said at evening she would me await.
  See now the morning star the sky illume!

A Love-Song

The moon comes forth, bright in the sky;
A lovelier sight to draw my eye
Is she, that lady fair.
She round my heart has fixed love's chain,
But all my longings are in vain.
'Tis hard the grief to bear.

The moon comes forth, a splendid sight;
More winning far that lady bright,
Object of my desire!
Deep-seated is my anxious grief;
In vain I seek to find relief,
While glows the secret fire.

The rising moon shines mild and fair;
More bright is she, whose beauty rare
My heart with longing fills.
With eager wish I pine in vain;
O for relief from constant pain,
Which through my bosom thrills!

The Lament of a Lover

There where its shores the marsh surround,
Rushes and lotus plants abound.
Their loveliness brings to my mind
The lovelier one that I would find.
In vain I try to ease the smart
Of wounded love that wrings my heart.
In waking thought and nightly dreams,
From every pore the water streams.

All round the marsh's shores are seen
Valerian flowers and rushes green.
But lovelier is that Beauty rare,
Handsome and large, and tall and fair.
I wish and long to call her mine,
Doomed with the longing still to pine.
Nor day nor night e'er brings relief;
My inmost heart is full of grief.

Around the marsh, in rich display,
Grow rush and lotus flowers, all gay.
But not with her do they compare,
So tall and large, majestic, fair.
Both day and night, I nothing speed;
Still clings to me the aching need.
On side, on back, on face, I lie,
But vain each change of posture try.

BOOK XIII

THE ODES OF KWEI

The Wish of an Unhappy Man

Where the grounds are wet and low,
There the trees of goat-peach grow,
With their branches small and smooth,
Glossy in their tender youth.
Joy it were to me, O tree,
Consciousness to want like thee.

Where the grounds are wet and low,
There the trees of goat-peach grow.
Soft and fragrant are their flowers,
Glossy from the vernal showers.
Joy it were to me, O tree,
Ties of home to want like thee.

Where the grounds are wet and low,
There the trees of goat-peach grow,
What delicious fruits they bear,
Glossy, soft, of beauty rare!
Joy it were to me, O tree,
Household cares to want like thee.

BOOK XIV

THE ODES OF TS'AOU

Against Frivolous Pursuits

Like splendid robes appear the wings
  Of the ephemeral fly;
And such the pomp of those great men,
  Which soon in death shall lie!
I grieve! Would they but come to me!
  To teach them I should try.

The wings of the ephemeral fly
  Are robes of colors gay;
And such the glory of those men,
  Soon crumbling to decay!
I grieve! Would they but rest with me,
  They'd learn a better way!

The ephemeral fly bursts from its hole,
  With gauzy wings like snow;
So quick the rise, so quick the fall,
  Of those great men we know!
I grieve! Would they but lodge with me,
  Forth they would wiser go.

BOOK XV

THE ODES OF PIN

The Duke of Chow Tells of His Soldiers

To the hills of the east we went,
  And long had we there to remain.
When the word of recall was sent,
  Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.
When told our return we should take,
  Our hearts in the West were and sore;
But there did they clothes for us make:—
  They knew our hard service was o'er.
On the mulberry grounds in our sight
  The large caterpillars were creeping;
Lonely and still we passed the night,
  All under our carriages sleeping.

To the hills of the East we went,
  And long had we there to remain.
When the word of recall was sent,
  Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.
The heavenly gourds rise to the eye,
  With their fruit hanging under the eave.
In our chambers the sow-bug we spy;
  Their webs on our doors spiders weave.
Our paddocks seem crowded with deer,
  With the glow-worm's light all about.
Such thoughts, while they filled us with fear,
  We tried, but in vain, to keep out.

To the hills of the East we went,
  And long had we there to remain.
When the word of recall was sent,
  Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.

On ant-hills screamed cranes with delight;
In their rooms were our wives sighing sore.
Our homes they had swept and made tight:—
All at once we arrived at the door.
The bitter gourds hanging are seen,
From branches of chestnut-trees high.
Three years of toil away we had been,
Since such a sight greeted the eye.

To the hills of the East we went,
And long had we there to remain.
When the word of recall was sent,
Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.
With its wings now here, and now there,
Is the oriole sporting in flight.
Those brides to their husbands repair,
Their steeds red and bay, flecked with white.
Each mother has fitted each sash;
Their equipments are full and complete;
But fresh unions, whatever their dash,
Can ne'er with reunions compete.

There is a Proper Way for Doing Everything

In hewing an axe-shaft, how must you act?
Another axe take, or you'll never succeed.
In taking a wife, be sure 'tis a fact,
That with no go-between you never can speed.

In hewing an axe-shaft, hewing a shaft,
For a copy you have the axe in your hand.
In choosing a wife, you follow the craft,
And forthwith on the mats the feast-vessels stand.

PART II.—MINOR ODES OF THE KINGDOM

BOOK I

DECADE OF LUH MING

A Festal Ode

With sounds of happiness the deer
  Browse on the celery of the meads.
A nobler feast is furnished here,
  With guests renowned for noble deeds.
The lutes are struck; the organ blows,
  Till all its tongues in movement heave.
Each basket loaded stands, and shows
  The precious gifts the guests receive.
They love me and my mind will teach,
How duty's highest aim to reach.

With sounds of happiness the deer
  The southern-wood crop in the meads,
What noble guests surround me here,
  Distinguished for their worthy deeds!
From them my people learn to fly
  Whate'er is mean; to chiefs they give
A model and a pattern high;—
  They show the life they ought to live.
Then fill their cups with spirits rare,
Till each the banquet's joy shall share.

With sounds of happiness the deer
  The salsola crop in the fields.
What noble guests surround me here!
  Each lute for them its music yields.
Sound, sound the lutes, or great or small,
  The joy harmonious to prolong;—

And with my spirits rich crown all
The cups to cheer the festive throng.
Let each retire with gladdened heart,
In his own sphere to play his part.

A Festal Ode Complimenting an Officer

On dashed my four steeds, without halt, without stay,
Though toilsome and winding from Chow was the way.
I wished to return—but the monarch's command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;
And my heart was with sadness oppressed.

On dashed my four steeds; I ne'er slackened the reins.
They snorted and panted—all white, with black manes.
I wished to return, but our sovereign's command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;—
And I dared not to pause or to rest.

Unresting the Filial doves speed in their flight,
Ascending, then sweeping swift down from the height,
Now grouped on the oaks. The king's high command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;—
And my father I left, sore distressed.

Unresting the Filial doves speed in their flight,
Now fanning the air and anon they alight
On the medlars thick grouped. But our monarch's command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;—
Of my mother I thought with sad breast.

My four steeds I harnessed, all white and black-maned,
Which straight on their way, fleet and emulous strained.
I wished to return; and now venture in song
The wish to express, and announce how I long
For my mother my care to attest.

[Note.—Both Maou and Choo agree that this ode was composed in honor of the officer who narrates the story in it, although they say it was not written by the officer himself, but was put into his mouth, as it were, to express the sympathy of his entertainer with him, and the appreciation of his devotion to duty.]

The Value of Friendship

The woodmen's blows responsive ring,
  As on the trees they fall;
And when the birds their sweet notes sing,
  They to each other call.
From the dark valley comes a bird,
  And seeks the lofty tree.
Ying goes its voice, and thus it cries,
  " Companion, come to me."
The bird, although a creature small,
  Upon its mate depends;
And shall we men, who rank o'er all,
  Not seek to have our friends?
All spirits love the friendly man,
  And hearken to his prayer.
What harmony and peace they can
  Bestow, his lot shall share.

Hoo-hoo the woodmen all unite
  To shout, as trees they fell.
They do their work with all their might;—
  What I have done I'll tell.
I've strained and made my spirits clear,
  The fatted lambs I've killed.
With friends who my own surname bear,
  My hall I've largely filled.
Some may be absent, casually,
  And leave a broken line;
But better this than absence by
  An oversight of mine.
My court I've sprinkled and swept clean,
  Viands in order set.
Eight dishes loaded stand with grain;
  There's store of fatted meat.
My mother's kith and kin I'm sure
  I've widely called by name.
That some be hindered better is
  Than I give cause for blame.

On the hill-side the trees they fell,
  All working with good-will.
I labor too, with equal zeal,
  And the host's part fulfil.
Spirits I've set in order meet,
  The dishes stand in rows.
The guests are here; no vacant seat
  A brother absent shows.
The loss of kindly feeling oft
  From slightest things shall grow,
Where all the fare is dry and spare,
  Resentments fierce may glow.
My store of spirits is well strained,
  If short prove the supply,
My messengers I straightway send,
  And what is needed buy.
I beat the drums, and in the dance
  Lead joyously the train.
Oh! good it is, when falls the chance
  The sparkling cup to drain.

The Response to a Festal Ode

Heaven shields and sets thee fast.
It round thee fair has cast
  Thy virtue pure.
Thus richest joy is thine;—
Increase of corn and wine,
And every gift divine,
  Abundant, sure.

Heaven shields and sets thee fast.
From it thou goodness hast;
  Right are thy ways.
Its choicest gifts 'twill pour,
That last for evermore,
Nor time exhaust the store
  Through endless days.

Heaven shields and sets thee fast,
Makes thine endeavor last
  And prosper well.
Like hills and mountains high,
Whose masses touch the sky;
Like streams aye surging by;
  Thine increase swell!

With rite and auspice fair,
Thine offerings thou dost bear,
  And son-like give,
The season's round from spring,
To olden duke and king,
Whose words to thee we bring:—
  " Forever live."

The spirits of thy dead
Pour blessings on thy head,
  Unnumbered sweet.
Thy subjects, simple, good,
Enjoy their drink and food.
Our tribes of every blood
  Follow thy feet.

Like moons that wax in light;
Or suns that scale the height;
  Or ageless hill;
Nor change, nor autumn know;
As pine and cypress grow;
The sons that from thee flow
  Be lasting still!

An Ode of Congratulation

The russet pear-tree stands there all alone;
How bright the growth of fruit upon it shown!
The King's affairs no stinting hands require,
And days prolonged still mock our fond desire.
But time has brought the tenth month of the year;
My woman's heart is torn with wound severe.
Surely my warrior lord might now appear!

The russet pear-tree stands there all alone;
How dense the leafy shade all o'er it thrown!
The King's affairs require no slackening hand,
And our sad hearts their feelings can't command.
The plants and trees in beauty shine; 'tis spring.
From off my heart its gloom I fain would fling.
This season well my warrior home may bring!

I climbed that northern hill, and medlars sought;
The spring nigh o'er, to ripeness they were brought.
"The King's affairs cannot be slackly done";—
'Tis thus our parents mourn their absent son.
But now his sandal car must broken be;
I seem his powerful steeds worn out to see.
Relief has gone! He can't be far from me!

Alas! they can't have marched; they don't arrive!
More hard it grows with my distress to strive.
The time is passed, and still he is not here!
My sorrows multiply; great is my fear.
But lo! by reeds and shell I have divined,
That he is near, they both assure my mind;—
Soon at my side my warrior I shall find!

An Ode on the Return of the Troops

Forth from the city in our cars we drove,
  Until we halted at the pasture ground.
The general came, and there with ardor strove
  A note of zeal throughout the host to sound.
  "Direct from court I come, by orders bound
The march to hasten";—it was thus he spake.
  Then with the carriage-officers around,
He strictly charged them quick despatch to make:—
"Urgent the King's affairs, forthwith the field we take."

While there we stopped, the second corps appeared,
  And 'twixt us and the city took its place.
The guiding standard was on high upreared,
  Where twining snakes the tortoises embrace,
  While oxtails, crest-like, did the staff's top grace.
We watched the sheet unfolding grandly wave;
  Each flag around showed falcons on its face.

With anxious care looked on our leader brave;
Watchful the carriage-officers appeared and grave.

Nan Chung, our chief, had heard the royal call
  To go where inroad by Heen-yuns was made,
And 'cross the frontier build a barrier wall.
  Numerous his chariots, splendidly arrayed!
  The standards—this where dragons were displayed,
And that where snakes round tortoises were coiled—
  Terrific flew. "Northward our host," he said,
"Heaven's son sends forth to tame the Heen-yun wild."
Soon by this awful chief would all their tribes be foiled.

When first we took the field, and northward went,
  The millet was in flower;—a prospect sweet.
Now when our weary steps are homeward bent,
  The snow falls fast, the mire impedes our feet.
  Many the hardships we were called to meet,
Ere the King's orders we had all fulfilled.
  No rest we had; often our friends to greet
The longing came; but vain regrets we stilled;
By tablets stern our hearts with fresh resolve were thrilled.

"Incessant chirp the insects in the grass;
  All round about the nimble hoppers spring.
From them our thoughts quick to our husbands pass,
  Although those thoughts our hearts with anguish wring.
  Oh! could we see them, what relief 'twould bring!
Our hearts, rejoiced, at once would feel at rest."
  Thus did our wives, their case deploring, sing;
The while our leader farther on had pressed,
And smitten with his power the wild Jung of the west.

The spring days now are lengthening out their light;
  The plants and trees are dressed in living green;
The orioles resting sing, or wing their flight;
  Our wives amid the southern-wood are seen,
  Which white they bring, to feed their silkworms keen.
Our host, returned, sweeps onwards to the hall,
  Where chiefs are questioned, shown the captives mean
Nan Chung, majestic, draws the gaze of all,
Proud o'er the barbarous foe his victories to recall.

BOOK II

THE DECADE OF PIH HWA

An Ode Appropriate to a Festivity

The dew lies heavy all around,
Nor, till the sun shines, leaves the ground.
Far into night we feasting sit;
We drink, and none his place may quit.

The dew lies heavy, and its gems
Stud the luxuriant, grassy stems.
The happy night with wassail rings;
So feasted here the former kings.

The jujube and the willow-tree
All fretted with the dew we see.
Each guest's a prince of noble line,
In whom the virtues all combine.

The *t'ung* and *e* their fruits display,
Pendant from every graceful spray.
My guests are joyous and serene,
No haggard eye, no ruffled mien.

BOOK III

THE DECADE OF T'UNG KUNG

Celebrating a Hunting Expedition

Our chariots were well-built and firm,
  Well-matched our steeds, and fleet and strong.
Four, sleek and large, each chariot drew,
  And eastward thus we drove along.

Our hunting cars were light and good,
  Each with its team of noble steeds.
Still further east we took the way
  To Foo-mere's grassy plains that leads.

Loud-voiced, the masters of the chase
  Arranged the huntsmen, high and low.
While banners streamed, and ox-tails flew,
  We sought the prey on distant Gaou.

Each with full team, the princes came,
  A lengthened train in bright array.
In gold-wrought slippers, knee-caps red,
  They looked as on an audience day.

Each right thumb wore the metal guard;
  On the left arm its shield was bound.
In unison the arrows flew;
  The game lay piled upon the ground.

The leaders of the tawny teams
  Sped on their course, direct and true.
The drivers perfect skill displayed;
  Like blow well aimed each arrow flew.

Neighing and pleased, the steeds returned;
The bannered lines back slowly came.
No jostling rude disgraced the crowd;
The king declined large share of game.

So did this famous hunt proceed!
So free it was from clamorous sound!
Well does our King become his place,
And high the deeds his reign have crowned!

The King's Anxiety for His Morning Levee

How goes the night? For heavy morning sleep
Ill suits the king who men would loyal keep.
The courtyard, ruddy with the torch's light,
Proclaims unspent the deepest hour of night.
Already near the gate my lords appear;
Their tinkling bells salute my wakeful ear.

How goes the night? I may not slumber on.
Although not yet the night is wholly gone,
The paling torch-light in the court below
Gives token that the hours swift-footed go.
Already at the gate my lords appear;
Their tinkling bells with measured sound draw near.

How goes the night? I may not slumber now.
The darkness smiles with morning on its brow.
The courtyard torch no more gives forth its ray,
But heralds with its smoke the coming day.
My princes pass the gate, and gather there;
I see their banners floating in the air.

Moral Lessons from Natural Facts

All true words fly, as from yon reedy marsh
The crane rings o'er the wild its screaming harsh.
Vainly you try reason in chains to keep;—
Freely it moves as fish sweeps through the deep.

Hate follows love, as 'neath those sandal-trees
The withered leaves the eager searcher sees.
The hurtful ne'er without some good was born;—
The stones that mar the hill will grind the corn.

All true words spread, as from the marsh's eye
The crane's sonorous note ascends the sky.
Goodness throughout the widest sphere abides,
As fish round isle and through the ocean glides.
And lesser good near greater you shall see,
As grows the paper shrub 'neath sandal-tree.
And good emerges from what man condemns;—
Those stones that mar the hill will polish gems.

BOOK IV

THE DECADE OF K'E-FOO

On the Completion of a Royal Palace

On yonder banks a palace, lo! upshoots,
  The tender blue of southern hill behind;
Firm-founded, like the bamboo's clamping roots;
  Its roof made pine-like, to a point defined.
Fraternal love here bears its precious fruits,
  And unfraternal schemes be ne'er designed!

Ancestral sway is his. The walls they rear,
  Five thousand cubits long; and south and west
The doors are placed. Here will the king appear,
  Here laugh, here talk, here sit him down and rest.

To mould the walls, the frames they firmly tie;
  The toiling builders beat the earth and lime.
The walls shall vermin, storm, and bird defy;—
  Fit dwelling is it for his lordly prime.

Grand is the hall the noble lord ascends;—
  In height, like human form most reverent, grand;
And straight, as flies the shaft when bow unbends;
  Its tints, like hues when pheasant's wings expand.

High pillars rise the level court around;
  The pleasant light the open chamber steeps;
And deep recesses, wide alcoves, are found,
  Where our good king in perfect quiet sleeps.

Laid is the bamboo mat on rush mat square;—
  Here shall he sleep, and, waking, say, "Divine
  What dreams are good? For bear and grizzly bear,
  And snakes and cobras, haunt this couch of mine."

Then shall the chief diviner glad reply,
  "The bears foreshow that Heaven will send you sons.
The snakes and cobras daughters prophesy.
  These auguries are all auspicious ones.

"Sons shall be his—on couches lulled to rest.
  The little ones, enrobed, with sceptres play;
Their infant cries are loud as stern behest;
  Their knees the vermeil covers shall display.
As king hereafter one shall be addressed;
  The rest, our princes, all the States shall sway.

"And daughters also to him shall be born.
  They shall be placed upon the ground to sleep;
Their playthings tiles, their dress the simplest worn;
  Their part alike from good and ill to keep,
And ne'er their parents' hearts to cause to mourn;
  To cook the food, and spirit-malt to steep."

The Condition of King Seuen's Flocks

Who dares to say your sheep are few?
  The flocks are all three hundred strong.
Who dares despise your cattle too?
  There ninety, black-lipped, press along.
Though horned the sheep, yet peaceful each appears;
The cattle come with moist and flapping ears.

These climb the heights, those drink the pool;
  Some lie at rest, while others roam.
With rain-coats, and thin splint hats cool,
  And bearing food, your herdsmen come.
In thirties, ranged by hues, the creatures stand;
Fit victims they will yield at your command.

Your herdsmen twigs and fagots bring,
  With prey of birds and beasts for food.
Your sheep, untouched by evil thing,
  Approach, their health and vigor good.
The herdsman's waving hand they all behold,
And docile come, and pass into the fold.

Your herdsmen dream;—fish take the place
  Of men; on banners falcons fly,
Displacing snakes and tortoises.
  The augur tells his prophecy:—
"The first betoken plenteous years; the change
Of banners shows of homes a widening range."

BOOK V

THE DECADE OF SEAOU MIN

A Eunuch Complains of His Fate

A few fine lines, at random drawn,
Like the shell-pattern wrought in lawn
To hasty glance will seem.
My trivial faults base slander's slime
Distorted into foulest crime,
And men me worthless deem.

A few small points, pricked down on wood,
May be made out a picture good
Of the bright Southern Sieve.
Who planned, and helped those slanderers vile,
My name with base lies to defile?
Unpitied, here I grieve.

With babbling tongues you go about,
And only scheme how to make out
The lies you scatter round.
Hear me—Be careful what you say;
People ere long your words will weigh,
And liars you'll be found.

Clever you are with changeful schemes!
How else could all your evil dreams
And slanders work their way?
Men now believe you; by and by,
The truth found out, each vicious lie
Will ill for ill repay.

The proud rejoice; the sufferer weeps.
O azure Heaven, from out thy deeps

Why look in silence down?
Behold those proud men and rebuke;
With pity on the sufferers look,
And on the evil frown.

Those slanderers I would gladly take,
With all who help their schemes to make,
And to the tigers throw.
If wolves and tigers such should spare,
I'd hurl them 'midst the freezing air,
Where the keen north winds blow.
And should the North compassion feel
I'd fling them to great Heaven, to deal
On them its direst woe.

As on the sacred heights you dwell,
My place is in the willow dell,
One is the other near.
Before you, officers, I spread
These lines by me, poor eunuch, made.
Think not Mang-tsze severe.

An Officer Deplores the Misery of the Time

In the fourth month summer shines;
In the sixth the heat declines.
Nature thus grants men relief;
Tyranny gives only grief.
Were not my forefathers men?
Can my suffering 'scape their ken?

In the cold of autumn days
Each plant shrivels and decays.
Nature then is hard and stern;
Living things sad lessons learn.
Friends dispersed, all order gone,
Place of refuge have I none.

Winter days are wild and fierce;
Rapid gusts each crevice pierce.
Such is my unhappy lot,
Unbefriended and forgot!

Others all can happy be;
I from misery ne'er am free.

On the mountains are fine trees;
Chestnuts, plum-trees, there one sees.
All the year their forms they show;
Stately more and more they grow.
Noble turned to ravening thief!
What the cause? This stirs my grief.

Waters from that spring appear
Sometimes foul, and sometimes clear,
Changing oft as falls the rain,
Or the sky grows bright again.
New misfortunes every day
Still befall me, misery's prey.

Aid from mighty streams obtained,
Southern States are shaped and drained.
Thus the Keang and Han are thanked,
And as benefactors ranked.
Weary toil my vigor drains;
All unnoticed it remains!

Hawks and eagles mount the sky;
Sturgeons in deep waters lie.
Out of reach, they safely get,
Arrow fear not, nor the net.
Hiding-place for me there's none;
Here I stay, and make my moan.

Ferns upon the hills abound;
Ke and *e* in marshy ground.
Each can boast its proper place,
Where it grows for use or grace.
I can only sing the woe,
Which, ill-starred; I undergo.

On the Alienation of a Friend

Gently and soft the east wind blows,
  And then there falls the pelting rain.
When anxious fears pressed round you close,
  Then linked together were we twain.
Now happy, and your mind at rest,
You turn and cast me from your breast.

Gently and soft the east wind blows,
  And then there comes the whirlwind wild.
When anxious fears pressed round you close,
  Your bosom held me as a child.
Now happy, and in peaceful state,
You throw me off and quite forget.

Gently and soft the east wind blows,
  Then round the rocky height it storms.
Each plant its leaves all dying shows;
  The trees display their withered forms.
My virtues great forgotten all,
You keep in mind my faults, though small.

BOOK VI

THE DECADE OF PIH SHAN

A Picture of Husbandry

Various the toils which fields so large demand!
We choose the seed; we take our tools in hand.
In winter for our work we thus prepare;
Then in the spring, bearing the sharpened 'share,
We to the acres go that south incline,
And to the earth the different seeds consign.
Soon, straight and large, upward each plant aspires;—
All happens as our noble lord desires.

The plants will ear; within their sheath confined,
The grains will harden, and be good in kind.
Nor darnel these, nor wolf's-tail grass infests;
From core and leaf we pick the insect pests,
And pick we those that eat the joints and roots:—
So do we guard from harm the growing fruits.
May the great Spirit, whom each farmer names,
Those insects take, and cast them to the flames!

The clouds o'erspread the sky in masses dense,
And gentle rain down to the earth dispense.
First may the public fields the blessing get,
And then with it our private fields we wet!
Patches of unripe grain the reaper leaves;
And here and there ungathered are the sheaves.
Handfuls besides we drop upon the ground,
And ears untouched in numbers lie around;—
These by the poor and widows shall be found.

When wives and children to the toilers come,
Bringing provisions from each separate home,
Our lord of long descent shall oft appear;
The Inspector also, glad the men to cheer.
They too shall thank the Spirits of the air,
With sacrifices pure for all their care;
Now red, now black, the victims that they slay,
As North or South the sacrifice they pay;
While millet bright the altars always show;—
And we shall thus still greater blessings know.

The Complaint of an Officer

O Heaven above, before whose light
Revealed is every deed and thought,
To thee I cry.
Hither on toilsome service brought,
In this wild K'ew I watch time's flight,
And sadly sigh.
The second month had just begun,
When from the east we took our way.
Through summer hot
We passed, and many a wintry day.
Summer again its course has run.
O bitter lot!
There are my compeers, gay at court,
While here the tears my face begrime.
I'd fain return—
But there is that dread net for crime!
The fear of it the wish cuts short.
In vain I burn!

Ere we the royal city left,
The sun and moon renewed the year.
We marched in hope.
Now to its close this year is near.
Return deferred, of hope bereft,
All mourn and mope.
My lonesome state haunts aye my breast,
While duties grow, and cares increase,
Too hard to bear.

Toils that oppress me never cease;
Not for a moment dare I rest,
Nigh to despair.
I think with fond regard of those,
Who in their posts at court remain,
My friends of old.
Fain would I be with them again,
But fierce reproof return would cause.
This post I hold.

When for the West I left my home,
The sun and moon both mildly shone,
Our hearts to cheer.
We'd soon be back, our service done!
Alas! affairs more urgent come,
And fix us here.
The year is hastening to expire.
We gather now the southern-wood,
The beans we reap;—
That for its fragrance, these for food.
Such things that constant care require
Me anxious keep.
Thinking of friends still at their posts,
I rise and pass the night outside,
So vexed my mind.
But soon what changes may betide?
I here will stay, whate'er it costs,
And be resigned.

My honored friends, O do not deem
Your rest which seems secure from ill
Will ever last!
Your duties quietly fulfil,
And hold the upright in esteem,
With friendship fast.
So shall the Spirits hear your cry,
You virtuous make, and good supply,
In measure vast.

My honored friends, O do not deem
Repose that seems secure from ill
Will lasting prove.

Your duties quietly fulfil,
And hold the upright in esteem,
With earnest love.
So shall the Spirits hear your prayer,
And on you happiness confer,
Your hopes above.

BOOK VII

DECADE OF SANG HOO

The Rejoicings of a Bridegroom

With axle creaking, all on fire I went,
  To fetch my young and lovely bride.
No thirst or hunger pangs my bosom rent—
  I only longed to have her by my side.
I feast with her, whose virtue fame had told,
Nor need we friends our rapture to behold.

The long-tailed pheasants surest covert find,
  Amid the forest on the plain.
Here from my virtuous bride, of noble mind,
  And person tall, I wisdom gain.
I praise her while we feast, and to her say,
" The love I bear you ne'er will know decay.

" Poor we may be; spirits and viands fine
  My humble means will not afford.
But what we have, we'll taste and not repine;
  From us will come no grumbling word.
And though to you no virtue I can add,
Yet we will sing and dance, in spirit glad.

" I oft ascend that lofty ridge with toil,
  And hew large branches from the oaks;
Then of their leafy glory them I spoil,
  And fagots form with vigorous strokes.
Returning tired, your matchless grace I see,
And my whole soul dissolves in ecstasy.

" To the high hills I looked, and urged each steed;
  The great road next was smooth and plain.

Up hill, o'er dale, I never slackened speed;
  Like lute-string sounded every rein.
I knew, my journey ended, I should come
To you, sweet bride, the comfort of my home."

Against Listening to Slanderers

Like the blueflies buzzing round,
  And on the fences lighting,
Are the sons of slander found,
  Who never cease their biting.
O thou happy, courteous king,
To the winds their slanders fling.

Buzzing round the blueflies hear,
  About the jujubes flocking!
So the slanderers appear,
  Whose calumnies are shocking.
By no law or order bound,
All the kingdom they confound.

How they buzz, those odious flies,
  Upon the hazels clust'ring!
And as odious are the lies
  Of those slanderers blust'ring.
Hatred stirred between us two
Shows the evil they can do.

BOOK VIII

THE DECADE OF TOO JIN SZE

In Praise of By-gone Simplicity

In the old capital they stood,
  With yellow fox-furs plain,
Their manners all correct and good,
  Speech free from vulgar stain.
Could we go back to Chow's old days,
All would look up to them with praise.

In the old capital they wore
  T'ae hats and black caps small;
And ladies, who famed surnames bore,
  Their own thick hair let fall.
Such simple ways are seen no more,
And the changed manners I deplore.

Ear-rings, made of plainest gold,
  In the old days were worn.
Each lady of a noble line
  A Yin or Keih seemed born.
Such officers and ladies now
I see not and my sorrows grow.

With graceful sweep their girdles fell,
  Then in the days of old.
The ladies' side-hair, with a swell,
  Like scorpion's tail, rose bold.
Such, if I saw them in these days,
I'd follow with admiring gaze.

So hung their girdles, not for show;—
To their own length 'twas due.
'Twas not by art their hair curled so;—
By nature so it grew.
I seek such manners now in vain,
And pine for them with longing pain.

[NOTE.—Yin and Keih were clan names of great families, the ladies of which would be leaders of fashion in the capital.]

A Wife Bemoans Her Husband's Absence

So full am I of anxious thought,
Though all the morn king-grass I've sought,
To fill my arms I fail.
Like wisp all-tangled is my hair!
To wash it let me home repair.
My lord soon may I hail!

Though 'mong the indigo I've wrought
The morning long; through anxious thought,
My skirt's filled but in part.
Within five days he was to appear;
The sixth has come and he's not here.
Oh! how this racks my heart!

When here we dwelt in union sweet,
If the hunt called his eager feet,
His bow I cased for him.
Or if to fish he went away,
And would be absent all the day,
His line I put in trim.

What in his angling did he catch?
Well worth the time it was to watch
How bream and tench he took.
Men thronged upon the banks and gazed;
At bream and tench they looked amazed,
The triumphs of his hook.

The Earl of Shaou's Work

As the young millet, by the genial rain
Enriched, shoots up luxuriant and tall,
So, when we southward marched with toil and pain,
The Earl of Shaou cheered and inspired us all.

We pushed our barrows, and our burdens bore;
We drove our wagons, and our oxen led.
"The work once done, our labor there is o'er,
And home we travel," to ourselves we said.

Close kept our footmen round the chariot track;
Our eager host in close battalions sped.
"When once our work is done, then we go back,
Our labor over," to themselves they said.

Hard was the work we had at Seay to do,
But Shaou's great earl the city soon upreared.
The host its service gave with ardor true;—
Such power in all the earl's commands appeared!

We did on plains and low lands what was meet;
We cleared the springs and streams, the land to drain.
The Earl of Shaou announced his work complete,
And the King's heart reposed, at rest again.

The Plaint of King Yew's Forsaken Wife

The fibres of the white-flowered rush
Are with the white grass bound.
So do the two together go,
In closest union found.
And thus should man and wife abide,
The twain combined in one;
But this bad man sends me away,
And bids me dwell alone.

Both rush and grass from the bright clouds
The genial dew partake.

Kind and impartial, nature's laws
  No odious difference make.
But providence appears unkind;
  Events are often hard.
This man, to principle untrue,
  Denies me his regard.

Northward the pools their waters send,
  To flood each paddy field;
So get the fields the sap they need,
  Their store of rice to yield.
But that great man no deed of grace
  Deigns to bestow on me.
My songs are sighs. At thought of him
  My heart aches wearily.

The mulberry branches they collect,
  And use their food to cook;
But I must use a furnace small,
  That pot nor pan will brook.
So me that great man badly treats,
  Nor uses as his wife,
Degrades me from my proper place,
  And fills with grief my life.

The bells and drums inside the court
  Men stand without and hear;
So should the feelings in my breast,
  To him distinct appear.
All-sorrowful, I think of him,
  Longing to move his love;
But he vouchsafes no kind response;
  His thoughts far from me rove.

The marabow stands on the dam,
  And to repletion feeds;
The crane deep in the forest cries,
  Nor finds the food it needs.
So in my room the concubine
  By the great man is placed;
While I with cruel banishment
  Am cast out and disgraced.

The yellow ducks sit on the dam,
  With left wing gathered low;
So on each other do they lean,
  And their attachment show.
And love should thus the man and wife
  In closest concord bind;
But that man turns away from me,
  And shows a fickle mind.

When one stands on a slab of stone,
  No higher than the ground,
Nothing is added to his height;—
  Low with the stone he's found.
So does the favorite's mean estate
  Render that great man mean,
While I by him, to distance sent,
  Am pierced with sorrow keen.

Hospitality

A few gourd leaves that waved about
  Cut down and boiled;—the feast how spare!
But the good host his spirits takes,
  Pours out a cup, and proves them rare.

A single rabbit on the mat,
  Or baked, or roast:—how small the feast!
But the good host his spirits takes,
  And fills the cup of every guest.

A single rabbit on the mat,
  Roasted or broiled:—how poor the meal!
But the guests from the spirit vase
  Fill their host's cup, and drink his weal.

A single rabbit on the mat,
  Roasted or baked:—no feast we think!
But from the spirit vase they take,
  Both host and guests, and joyous drink.

On the Misery of Soldiers

Yellow now is all the grass;
All the days in marching pass.
On the move is every man;
Hard work, far and near, they plan.

Black is every plant become;
Every man is torn from home.
Kept on foot, our state is sad;—
As if we no feelings had!

Not rhinoceroses we!
Tigers do we care to be?
Fields like these so desolate
Are to us a hateful fate.

Long-tailed foxes pleased may hide
'Mong the grass, where they abide.
We, in box carts slowly borne,
On the great roads plod and mourn.

PART III.—GREATER ODES OF THE KINGDOM

BOOK I

DECADE OF KING WAN

Celebrating King Wan

The royal Wan now rests on high,
Enshrined in brightness of the sky.
Chow as a state had long been known,
And Heaven's decree at last was shown.
Its lords had borne a glorious name;
God kinged them when the season came.
King Wan ruled well when earth he trod;
Now moves his spirit near to God.

A strong-willed, earnest king was Wan,
And still his fame rolls widening on.
The gifts that God bestowed on Chow
Belong to Wan's descendants now.
Heaven blesses still with gifts divine
The hundred scions of his line;
And all the officers of Chow
From age to age more lustrous grow.

More lustrous still from age to age,
All reverent plans their zeal engage;
And brilliant statesmen owe their birth
To this much-favored spot of earth.
They spring like products of the land—
The men by whom the realm doth stand.
Such aid their numerous bands supply,
That Wan rests tranquilly on high.

Deep were Wan's thoughts, sustained his ways;
His reverence lit its trembling rays.
Resistless came great Heaven's decree;
The sons of Shang must bend the knee;—
The sons of Shang, each one a king,
In numbers beyond numbering.
Yet as God spoke, so must it be:—
The sons of Shang all bent the knee.

Now each to Chow his homage pays—
So dark and changing are Heaven's ways.
When we pour our libations here,
The officers of Shang appear,
Quick and alert to give their aid:—
Such is the service by them paid,
While still they do not cast aside
The cap and broidered axe—their pride.
Ye servants of our line of kings,
Remember him from whom it springs.

Remember him from whom it springs;—
Let this give to your virtue wings.
Seek harmony with Heaven's great mind;—
So shall you surest blessing find.
Ere Shang had lost the nation's heart,
Its monarchs all with God had part
In sacrifice. From them you see
'Tis hard to keep high Heaven's decree.

'Tis hard to keep high Heaven's decree!
O sin not, or you cease to be.
To add true lustre to your name,
See Shang expire in Heaven's dread flame.
For Heaven's high dealings are profound,
And far transcend all sense and sound.
From Wan your pattern you must draw,
And all the States will own your law.

BOOK III*

DECADE OF TANG

King Seuen on the Occasion of a Great Drought

Grand shone the Milky Way on high,
With brilliant span athwart the sky,
  Nor promise gave of rain.
King Seuen long gazed; then from him broke,
In anguished tones the words he spoke.
  Well might he thus complain!
"O Heaven, what crimes have we to own,
That death and ruin still come down?
Relentless famine fills our graves.
Pity the king who humbly craves!
  Our miseries never cease.
To every Spirit I have vowed;
The choicest victim's blood has flowed.
As offerings I have freely paid
My store of gems and purest jade.
  Hear me, and give release!

"The drought consumes us. As on wing
Its fervors fly, and torment bring.
With purest mind and ceaseless care
My sacrifices I prepare.
At thine own border altars, Heaven,
And in my father's fane, I've given
  What might relief have found.
What Powers above, below, have sway,
To all my precious gifts I pay,
  Then bury in the ground.
Yes, every Spirit has received
Due honor, and, still unrelieved,

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* [Selections from Book II. are omitted.—EDITOR.]

Our sufferings greater grow.
How-tseih can't give the needed aid,
And help from God is still delayed!
The country lies a ruined waste.
O would that I alone might taste
This bitter cup of woe!

" The drought consumes us. Nor do I
To fix the blame on others try.
I quake with dread; the risk I feel,
As when I hear the thunders peal,
Or fear its sudden crash.
Our black-haired race, a remnant now,
Will every one be swept from Chow,
As by the lightning's flash.
Nor I myself will live alone.
God from his great and heavenly throne
Will not spare even me.
O friends and officers, come, blend
Your prayers with mine; come, lowly bend.
Chow's dynasty will pass away;
Its altars at no distant day
In ruins all shall be!

" The drought consumes us. It keeps on
Its fatal course. All hope is gone.
The air more fierce and fiery glows.
Where can I fly? Where seek repose?
Death marks me for its prey.
Above, no saving hand! Around,
No hope, no comfort, can be found.
The dukes and ministers of old
Give us no help. Can ye withhold
Your sympathy, who lately reigned?
And parents, how are you restrained,
In this so dreadful day?

" The drought consumes us. There on high
The hills are parched. The streams are dry.
Drought's demon stalks abroad in ire,
And scatters wide his flames and fire.

Alas, my woful heart!
The fires within its strength consume;
The heat without creates a gloom
That from it will not part.
The dukes and ministers by-gone
Respond not to my prayer and moan.
God in great Heaven, permission give
That I may in retirement live,
And try to heal my smart!

"The drought consumes us. Still I strive,
And will not leave while I survive.
Duty to shun I fear.
Why upon me has come this drought?
Vainly I try to search it out,
Vainly, with quest severe.
For a good harvest soon I prayed,
Nor late the rites I duly paid,
To Spirits of the air and land.
There wanted nought they could demand,
Their favor to secure.
God in great heaven, be just, be kind!
Thou dost not bear me in Thy mind.
My cry, ye wisest Spirits, hear!
Ye whom I constantly revere,
Why do I this endure?

"The drought consumes us. People fly,
And leave their homes. Each social tie
And bond of rule is snapt.
The Heads of Boards are all perplexed;
My premier's mind is sorely vexed;
In trouble all are wrapt.
The Masters of my Horse and Guards;
My cook, and men of different wards:—
Not one has from the struggle shrunk.
Though feeling weak, they have not sunk,
But done their best to aid.
To the great sky I look with pain;—
Why do these grievous sorrows rain
On my devoted head?

"Yes, at the mighty sky I gaze,
And lo! the stars pursue their maze,
And sparkle clear and bright.
Ah! Heaven nor helps, nor seems to ken.
Great officers and noble men,
With all your powers ye well have striven,
And reverently have sought from Heaven
Its aid in our great fight.
My death is near; but oh! keep on,
And do as thus far you have done.
Regard you only me?
No, for yourselves and all your friends,
On whom for rule the land depends,
You seek security.
I turn my gaze to the great sky;—
When shall this drought be done, and I
Quiet and restful be?"

PART IV.—ODES OF THE TEMPLE AND ALTAR

BOOK I

SACRIFICIAL ODES OF CHOW

Appropriate to a Sacrifice to King Wan

My offerings here are given,
  A ram, a bull.
Accept them, mighty Heaven,
  All-bountiful.

Thy statutes, O great king,
  I keep, I love;
So on the realm to bring
  Peace from above.

From Wan comes blessing rich;
  Now on the right
He owns those gifts to which
  Him I invite.

Do I not night and day,
  Revere great Heaven,
That thus its favor may
  To Chow be given?

On Sacrificing to the Kings Woo, Ching, and K'ang

The arm of Woo was full of might;
None could his fire withstand;
And Ching and K'ang stood forth to sight,
As kinged by God's own hand.

We err not when we call them sage.
How grandly they maintained
Their hold of all the heritage
That Wan and Woo had gained!

As here we worship, they descend,
While bells and drums resound,
And stones and lutes their music blend.
With blessings we are crowned.

The rites correctly we discharge;
The feast we freely share.
Those Sires Chow's glory will enlarge,
And ever for it care.

THE TRAVELS OF FÂ-HIEN

[*Translation by James Legge*]

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

NOTHING of great importance is known about Fâ-hien in addition to what may be gathered from his own record of his travels. I have read the accounts of him in the "Memoirs of Eminent Monks," compiled in A.D. 519, and a later work, the "Memoirs of Marvellous Monks," by the third emperor of the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1403–1424), which, however, is nearly all borrowed from the other; and all in them that has an appearance of verisimilitude can be brought within brief compass.

His surname, they tell us, was Kung, and he was a native of Wû-yang in P'ing-yang, which is still the name of a large department in Shan-hsî. He had three brothers older than himself; but when they all died before shedding their first teeth, his father devoted him to the service of the Buddhist society, and had him entered as a Śrâmanera, still keeping him at home in the family. The little fellow fell dangerously ill, and the father sent him to the monastery, where he soon got well and refused to return to his parents.

When he was ten years old, his father died; and an uncle, considering the widowed solitariness and helplessness of the mother, urged him to renounce the monastic life, and return to her, but the boy replied, "I did not quit the family in compliance with my father's wishes, but because I wished to be far from the dust and vulgar ways of life. This is why I choose monkhood." The uncle approved of his words and gave over urging him. When his mother also died, it appeared how great had been the affection for her of his fine nature; but after her burial he returned to the monastery.

On one occasion he was cutting rice with a score or two of his fellow-disciples, when some hungry thieves came upon them to take away their grain by force. The other Śrâmaneras all fled, but our young hero stood his ground, and said to the thieves, "If you must have the grain, take what you please. But, sirs, it was your former neglect of charity which brought you to your present state of destitution; and now, again, you wish to rob others. I am afraid that in the coming ages you will have still greater poverty and distress; I am sorry for you beforehand." With these words he followed his companions to the monastery, while the thieves left the grain and went away, all the monks, of whom there were several hundred, doing homage to his conduct and courage.

When he had finished his novitiate and taken on him the obligations of the full Buddhist orders, his earnest courage, clear intelligence, and strict regulation of his demeanor, were conspicuous; and soon after, he undertook his journey to India in search of complete copies of the Vinaya-pitaka. What follows this is merely an account of his travels in India and return to China by sea, condensed from his own narrative, with the addition of some marvellous incidents that happened to him, on his visit to the Vulture Peak near Râjagriha.

It is said in the end that after his return to China, he went to the capital (evidently Nanking), and there, along with the Indian Śramana Buddha-bhadra, executed translations of some of the works which he had obtained in India; and that before he had done all that he wished to do in this way, he removed to King-chow (in the present Hoo-pih), and died in the monastery of Sin, at the age of eighty-eight, to the great sorrow of all who knew him. It is added that there is another larger work giving an account of his travels in various countries.

Such is all the information given about our author, beyond what he has himself told us. Fâ-hien was his clerical name, and means "Illustrious in the Law," or "Illustrious master of the Law." The Shih which often precedes it is an abbreviation of the name of Buddha as Śâkyamuni, "the Śâkya, mighty in Love, dwelling in Seclusion and Silence," and may be taken as equivalent to Buddhist. He is sometimes said to have belonged to "the eastern Tsin dynasty" (A.D. 317–419), and sometimes to "the Sung," that is, the Sung dynasty of the House of Liû (A.D. 420–478). If he became a full monk at the age of twenty, and went to India when he was twenty-five, his long life may have been divided pretty equally between the two dynasties.

If there were ever another and larger account of Fâ-hien's travels than the narrative of which a translation is now given, it has long ceased to be in existence.

In the catalogue of the imperial library of the Suy dynasty (A.D. 589–618), the name Fâ-hien occurs four times. Towards the end of the last section of it, after a reference to his travels, his labors in translation at Kin-ling (another name for Nanking), in conjunction with Buddha-bhadra, are described. In the second section we find " A Record of Buddhistic Kingdoms "—with a note, saying that it was the work of " the Śramana, Fâ-hien "; and again, we have " Narrative of Fâ-hien in two Books," and " Narrative of Fâ-hien's Travels in one Book." But all these three entries may possibly belong to different copies of the same work, the first and the other two being in separate subdivisions of the catalogue.

In the two Chinese copies of the narrative in my possession the title is " Record of Buddhistic Kingdoms." In the Japanese or Corean recension the title is twofold; first, " Narrative of the Distinguished Monk, Fâ-hien "; and then, more at large, " Incidents of Travels in India, by the Śramana of the Eastern Tsin, Fâ-hien, recorded by himself."

There is still earlier attestation of the existence of our little work than the Suy catalogue. The " Catalogue Raisonné " of the imperial library of the present dynasty mentions two quotations from it by Le Tâo-yüen, a geographical writer of the dynasty of the Northern Wei (A.D. 386–584), one of them containing eighty-nine characters, and the other two hundred and seventy-six; both of them given as from the " Narrative of Fâ-hien."

In all catalogues subsequent to that of Suy our work appears. The evidence for its authenticity and genuineness is all that could be required. It is clear to myself that the " Record of Buddhistic Kingdoms " and the " Narrative of his Travels by Fâ-hien " were designations of one and the same work, and that it is doubtful whether any larger work on the same subject was ever current. With regard to the text subjoined to my translation, it was published in Japan in 1779. The editor had before him four recensions of the narrative; those of the Sung and Ming dynasties, with appendices on the names of certain characters in them; that of Japan; and that of Corea. He wisely adopted the Corean text, published in accordance with a royal rescript in 1726, so far as I can make out; but the different readings of the other texts are all given in top-notes, instead of foot-notes as with us, this being one of the points in which customs in the East and West go by contraries. Very occasionally, the editor indicates by a single character, equivalent to "right" or "wrong," which reading in his opinion is to be preferred.

The editors of the "Catalogue Raisonné" intimate their doubts of the good taste and reliability of all Fâ-hien's statements. It offends them that he should call central India the "Middle Kingdom," and China, which to them was the true and only Middle Kingdom, but "a Border-land"—it offends them as the vaunting language of a Buddhist writer, whereas the reader will see in the expressions only an instance of what Fâ-hien calls his "simple straightforwardness."

As an instance of his unreliability they refer to his account of the Buddhism of Khoten, whereas it is well-known, they say, that the Khoteners from ancient times till now have been Mohammedans;—as if they could have been so one hundred and seventy years before Mohammed was born, and two hundred twenty-two years before the year of the Hegira! And this is criticism in China. The catalogue was ordered by the K'ien-lung emperor in 1722. Between three and four hundred of the "Great Scholars" of the empire were engaged on it in various departments, and thus egregiously ignorant did they show themselves of all beyond the limits of their own country, and even of the literature of that country itself.

Much of what Fâ-hien tells his readers of Buddhist miracles and legends is indeed unreliable and grotesque; but we have from him the truth as to what he saw and heard.

In concluding this introduction I wish to call attention to some estimates of the number of Buddhists in the world which have become current, believing, as I do, that the smallest of them is much above what is correct.

In a note on the first page of his work on the Bhilsa Topes (1854), General Cunningham says: "The Christians number about two hundred and seventy millions; the Buddhists about two hundred and twenty-two millions, who are distributed as follows: China one hundred and seventy millions, Japan twenty-five millions, Anam fourteen millions, Siam three millions, Ava eight millions, Nepâl one million, and Ceylon one million."

In his article on M. J. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire's "Le Bouddha et sa Religion," republished in his "Chips from a German workshop," vol. i. (1868), Professor Max Müller says, "The young prince became the founder of a religion which, after more than two thousand years, is still professed by four hundred and fifty-five millions of human beings," and he appends the following note: "Though truth is not settled by majorities, it would be interesting to know which religion counts at the present moment the largest numbers of believers. Berghaus, in his 'Physical Atlas,' gives the following division of the human race according to religion: 'Buddhists 31.2 per cent., Christians 30.7, Mohammedans 15.7, Brahmanists 13.4, Heathens 8.7, and Jews 0.3.' As Berghaus does not distinguish the Buddhists in China from the followers of Confucius and Laotse, the first place on the scale belongs really to Christianity. It is difficult in China to say to what religion a man belongs, as the same person may profess two or three. The emperor himself, after sacrificing according to the ritual of Confucius, visits a Tao-ssé temple, and afterwards bows before an image of Fo in a Buddhist chapel." ("Mélanges Asiatiques de St. Pétersbourg," vol. ii. p. 374.)

Both these estimates are exceeded by Dr. T. W. Rhys Davids (intimating also the uncertainty of the statements, and that numbers are no evidence of truth) in the introduction to his "Manual of Buddhism." The Buddhists there appear as amounting in all to five hundred millions:—thirty millions of Southern Buddhists, in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Anam, and India (Jains); and four hundred and seventy millions of Northern Buddhists, of whom nearly thirty-three millions are assigned to Japan, and 414,686,974 to the eighteen provinces of China proper. According to him, Christians amount to about 26 per cent. of mankind, Hindus to about 13, Mohammedans to about 12½, Buddhists to about 40, and Jews to about one-half of one per cent.

In regard to all these estimates, it will be observed that the immense numbers assigned to Buddhism are made out by the multitude of Chinese with which it is credited. Subtract Cunningham's one hundred and seventy millions of Chinese from his total of two hundred and twenty-two millions, and there remain only fifty-two millions of Buddhists. Subtract Davids's four hundred fourteen and one-half millions of Chinese from his total of five hundred millions, and there remain only eighty-five and one-half millions for Buddhism. Of the numbers assigned to other countries, as well as of their whole populations, I am in considerable doubt, excepting in the cases of Ceylon and India; but the greatness of the estimates turns upon the immense multitudes said to be in China. I do not know what total population Cunningham allowed for that country, nor on what principle he allotted one hundred and seventy millions of it to Buddhism; perhaps he halved his estimate of the whole, whereas Berghaus and Davids allotted to it the highest estimates that have been given of the people.

But we have no certain information of the population of China. At an interview with the former Chinese ambassador, Kwo Sung-tâo, in Paris, in 1878, I begged him to write out for me the amount, with the authority for it, and he assured me that it could not be done. I have read probably almost everything that has been published on the subject, and endeavored by methods of my own to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion;—without reaching a result which I can venture to lay before the public. My impression has been that four hundred millions is hardly an exaggeration.

But supposing that we had reliable returns of the whole population, how shall we proceed to apportion that among Confucianists, Tâoists, and Buddhists? Confucianism is the orthodoxy of China. The common name for it is Jû Chiâo, "the Doctrines held by the Learned Class," entrance into the circle of which is, with a few insignificant exceptions, open to all the people. The mass of them and the masses under their influence are preponderatingly Confucian; and in the observance of ancestral worship, the most remarkable feature of the religion proper of China from the earliest times, of which Confucius was not the author but the prophet, an overwhelming majority are regular and assiduous.

Among "the strange principles" which the emperor of the K'ang-hsî period, in one of his famous Sixteen Precepts, exhorted his people to "discountenance and put away, in order to exalt the correct doctrine," Buddhism and Tâoism were both included. If, as stated in the note quoted from Professor Müller, the emperor countenances both the Tâoist worship and the Buddhist, he does so for reasons of state; to please especially his Buddhistic subjects in Thibet and Mongolia, and not to offend the many whose superstitious fancies incline to Tâoism.

When I went out and in as a missionary among the Chinese people for about thirty years, it sometimes occurred to me that only the inmates of their monasteries and the recluses of both systems should be enumerated as Buddhists and Tâoists; but I was in the end constrained to widen that judgment, and to admit a considerable following of both among the people, who have neither received the tonsure nor assumed the yellow top. Dr. Eitel, in concluding his discussion of this point in his "Lecture on Buddhism, an Event in History," says: "It is not too much to say that most Chinese are theoretically Confucianists, but emotionally Buddhists or Tâoists. But fairness requires us to add that, though the mass of the people are more or less influenced by Buddhist doctrines, yet the people, as a whole, have no respect for the Buddhist church, and habitually sneer at Buddhist priests." For the "most" in the former of these two sentences I would substitute "nearly all;" and between my friend's "but" and "emotionally" I would introduce "many are," and would not care to contest his conclusion further. It does seem to me preposterous to credit Buddhism with the whole of the vast population of China, the great majority of whom are Confucianists. My own opinion is, that its adherents are not so many as those even of Mohammedanism, and that instead of being the most numerous of the religions (so-called) of the world, it is only entitled to occupy the fifth place, ranking below Christianity, Confucianism, Brahmanism, and Mohammedanism, and followed, some distance off, by Tâoism. To make a table of percentages of mankind, and assign to each system its proportion, is to seem to be wise where we are deplorably ignorant; and, moreover, if our means of information were much better than they are, our figures would merely show the outward adherence. A fractional percentage might tell more for one system than a very large integral one for another.

James Legge.

THE TRAVELS OF FÂ-HIEN

CHAPTER I

From Ch'ang-gan to the Sandy Desert

FÂ-HIEN had been living in Ch'ang-gan.[1] Deploring the mutilated and imperfect state of the collection of the Books of Discipline, in the second year of the period Hwang-che, being the Ke-hâe year of the cycle,[2] he entered into an engagement with Hwuy-king, Tâo-ching, Hwuy-ying, and Hwuy-wei, that they should go to India and seek for the Disciplinary Rules.

After starting from Ch'ang-gan, they passed through Lung,[3] and came to the kingdom of K'een-kwei,[4] where they stopped for the summer retreat. When that was over, they went forward to the kingdom of Now-t'an, crossed the mountain of Yang-low, and reached the emporium of Chang-yih.[5] There they found the country so much disturbed that travelling on the roads was impossible for them. Its king, however, was very attentive to them, kept them in his capital, and acted the part of their dânapati.[6]

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[1] Ch'ang-gan is still the name of the principal district (and its city) in the department of Se-gan, Shen-se. It had been the capital of the first empire of Han (B.C. 202 A.D. 24), as it subsequently was that of Suy (A.D. 589-618).

[2] The period Hwang-che embraced from A.D. 399 to 414, being the greater portion of the reign of Yâo Hing of the After Ts'in, a powerful prince. He adopted Hwang-che for the style of his reign in 399, and the cyclical name of that year was Kang-tsze. It is not possible at this distance of time to explain, if it could be explained, how Fâ-hien came to say that Ke-hâe was the second year of the period. It seems most reasonable to suppose that he set out on his pilgrimage in A.D. 399, the cycle name of which was Ke-hâe. In the "Memoirs of Eminent Monks" it is said that our author started in the third year of the period Lung-gan of the Eastern Ts'in, which was A.D. 399.

[3] Lung embraced the western part of Shen-se and the eastern part of Kan-suh. The name remains in Lung Chow, in the extreme west of Shen-se.

[4] K'een-kwei was the second king of "the Western Ts'in." Fâ-hien would find him at his capital, somewhere in the present department of Lan-chow, Kan-suh.

[5] Chang-yih is still the name of a district in Kan-chow department, Kan-suh. It is a long way north and west from Lan-chow, and not far from the Great Wall. Its king at this time was, probably, Twan-yeh of "the northern Lêang."

[6] Dâna is the name for religious charity, the first of the six pâramitâs, or means of attaining to nirvâna; and a dânapati is "one who practises dâna and thereby crosses the sea of misery."

Here they met with Che-yen, Hwuy-keen, Sang-shâo, Pâo-yun, and Sang-king; and in pleasant association with them, as bound on the same journey with themselves, they passed the summer retreat of that year[7] together, resuming after it their travelling, and going on to T'un-hwang,[8] the chief town in the frontier territory of defence extending for about eighty li from east to west, and about forty from north to south. Their company, increased as it had been, halted there for some days more than a month, after which Fâ-hien and his four friends started first in the suite of an envoy, having separated for a time from Pâo-yun and his associates.

Le Hâo, the prefect of T'un-hwang, had supplied them with the means of crossing the desert before them, in which there are many evil demons and hot winds. Travellers who encounter them perish all to a man. There is not a bird to be seen in the air above, nor an animal on the ground below. Though you look all round most earnestly to find where you can cross, you know not where to make your choice, the only mark and indication being the dry bones of the dead left upon the sand.

CHAPTER II

On to Shen-shen and thence to Khoten

AFTER travelling for seventeen days, a distance we may calculate of about 1500 li, the pilgrims reached the kingdom of Shen-shen, a country rugged and hilly, with a thin and barren soil. The clothes of the common people are coarse, and like those worn in our land of Han,[1] some wearing felt and others coarse serge or cloth of hair; this was the only difference seen among them. The king professed our Law, and there might be in the country more than four thousand monks, who were all students of the hînayâna.[2] The common people of this and other kingdoms in that region, as well as the Śramans,[3] all practise the rules of India, only that the latter do so more exactly, and the former more loosely. So the travellers found it in all the kingdoms through which they went on their way from this to the west, only that each had its own peculiar barbarous speech. The monks, however, who had given up the worldly life and quitted their families, were all students of Indian books and the Indian language. Here they stayed for about a month, and then proceeded on their journey, fifteen days' walking to the northwest bringing them to the country of Woo-e. In this also there were more than four thousand monks, all students of the hînayâna. They were very strict in their rules, so that Śramans from the territory of Ts'in were all unprepared for their regulations. Fâ-hien, through the management of Foo Kung-sun, *maître d'hôtellerie,* was able to remain with his company in the monastery where they were received for more than two months, and here they were rejoined by Pâo-yun and his friends. At the end of that time the people of Woo-e neglected the duties of propriety and righteousness, and treated the strangers in so niggardly a manner that Che-yen, Hwuy-keen, and Hwuy-wei went back towards Kâo-ch'ang, hoping to obtain there the means of continuing their journey. Fâ-hien and the rest, however, through the liberality of Foo Kung-sun, managed to go straight forward in a southwest direction. They found the country uninhabited as they went along. The difficulties which they encountered in crossing the streams and on their route, and the sufferings which they endured, were unparalleled in human experience, but in the course of a month and five days they succeeded in reaching Yu-teen.

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[7] This was the second summer since the pilgrims left Ch'ang-gan. We are now, therefore, probably, in A.D. 400.

[8] T'un-hwang is still the name of one of the two districts constituting the department of Gan-se, the most western of the prefectures of Kan-suh; beyond the termination of the Great Wall.

[1] This is the name which Fâ-hien always uses when he would speak of China, his native country, as a whole, calling it from the great dynasty which had ruled it, first and last, for between four and five centuries. Occasionally, as we shall immediately see, he speaks of "the territory of Ts'in or Ch'in," but intending thereby only the kingdom of Ts'in, having its capital in Ch'ang-gan.

[2] Meaning the "small vehicle, or conveyance." There are in Buddhism the triyâna, or "three different means of salvation, i.e. of conveyance across the samsâra, or sea of transmigration, to the

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shores of nirvâna. Afterwards the term was used to designate the different phases of development through which the Buddhist dogma passed, known as the mahâyâna, hînayâna, and madhyamayâna." "The hînayâna is the simplest vehicle of salvation, corresponding to the first of the three degrees of saintship." E. H., pp. 151-2, 45, and 117.

[3] "Sraman" may in English take the place of Sramana, the name for Buddhist monks, as those who have separated themselves from (left) their families, and quieted their hearts from all intrusion of desire and lust.

CHAPTER III

Khoten—Processions of Images

YU-TEEN is a pleasant and prosperous kingdom, with a numerous and flourishing population. The inhabitants all profess our Law, and join together in its religious music for their enjoyment. The monks amount to several myriads, most of whom are students of the mahâyâna.[1] They all receive their food from the common store. Throughout the country the houses of the people stand apart like separate stars, and each family has a small tope[2] reared in front of its door. The smallest of these may be twenty cubits high, or rather more. They make in the monasteries rooms for monks from all quarters, the use of which is given to travelling monks who may arrive, and who are provided with whatever else they require.

The lord of the country lodged Fâ-hien and the others comfortably, and supplied their wants, in a monastery called Gomati, of the mahâyâna school. Attached to it there are three thousand monks, who are called to their meals by the sound of a bell. When they enter the refectory, their demeanor is marked by a reverent gravity, and they take their seats in regular order, all maintaining a perfect silence. No sound is heard from their alms-bowls and other utensils. When any of these pure men require food, they are not allowed to call out to the attendants for it, but only make signs with their hands.

Hwuy-king, Tâo-ching, and Hwuy-tah set out in advance towards the country of K'eeh-ch'â; but Fâ-hien and the others, wishing to see the procession of images, remained behind for three months. There are in this country four great monasteries, not counting the smaller ones. Beginning on the first day of the fourth month, they sweep and water the streets inside the city, making a grand display in the lanes and byways. Over the city gate they pitch a large tent, grandly adorned in all possible ways, in which the king and queen, with their ladies brilliantly arrayed, take up their residence for the time.

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[1] Mahâyâna is a later form of the Buddhist doctrine, the second phase of its development corresponding to the state of a Bodhisattva, who, being able to transport himself and all mankind to nirvâna, may be compared to a huge vehicle.

[2] A worshipping place, an altar, or temple.

The monks of the Gomati monastery, being mahâyâna students, and held in greatest reverence by the king, took precedence of all the others in the procession. At a distance of three or four li from the city, they made a four-wheeled image car, more than thirty cubits high, which looked like the great hall of a monastery moving along. The seven precious substances[3] were grandly displayed about it, with silken streamers and canopies hanging all around. The chief image stood in the middle of the car, with two Bodhisattvas[4] in attendance on it, while devas were made to follow in waiting, all brilliantly carved in gold and silver, and hanging in the air. When the car was a hundred paces from the gate, the king put off his crown of state, changed his dress for a fresh suit, and with bare feet, carrying in his hands flowers and incense, and with two rows of attending followers, went out at the gate to meet the image; and, with his head and face bowed to the ground, he did homage at its feet, and then scattered the flowers and burnt the incense. When the image was entering the gate, the queen and the brilliant ladies with her in the gallery above scattered far and wide all kinds of flowers, which floated about and fell promiscuously to the ground. In this way everything was done to promote the dignity of the occasion. The carriages of the monasteries were all different, and each one had its own day for the procession. The ceremony began on the first day of the fourth month, and ended on the fourteenth, after which the king and queen returned to the palace.

Seven or eight li to the west of the city there is what is called the King's new monastery, the building of which took eighty years, and extended over three reigns. It may be two hundred and fifty cubits in height, rich in elegant carving and inlaid work, covered above with gold and silver, and finished throughout with a combination of all the precious substances. Behind the tope there has been built a Hall of Buddha, of the utmost magnificence and beauty, the beams, pillars, venetianed doors and windows, being all overlaid with gold-leaf. Besides this, the apartments for the monks are imposingly and elegantly decorated, beyond the power of words to express. Of whatever things of highest value and preciousness the kings in the six countries on the east of the Ts'ung range of mountains are possessed, they contribute the greater portion to this monastery, using but a small portion of them themselves.

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[3] The Sapta-ratna, gold, silver, lapis lazuli, rock crystal, rubies, diamonds or emeralds, and agate.

[4] A Bodhisattva is one whose essence has become intelligence; a Being who will in some future birth as a man (not necessarily or usually the next) attain to Buddhahood. The name does not include those Buddhas who have not yet attained to parinirvâna. The symbol of the state is an elephant fording a river.

CHAPTER IV

Through the Ts'ung Mountains to K'eech-ch'a

When the processions of images in the fourth month were over, Sang-shâo, by himself alone, followed a Tartar who was an earnest follower of the Law, and proceeded towards Kophene. Fâ-hien and the others went forward to the kingdom of Tsze-hoh, which it took them twenty-five days to reach. Its king was a strenuous follower of our Law, and had around him more than a thousand monks, mostly students of the mahâyâna. Here the travellers abode fifteen days, and then went south for four days, when they found themselves among the Ts'ung-ling mountains, and reached the country of Yu-hwuy, where they halted and kept their retreat.* When this was over, they went on among the hills for twenty-five days, and got to K'eeh-ch'â, there rejoining Hwuy-king and his two companions.

CHAPTER V

Great Quinquennial Assembly of Monks

It happened that the king of the country was then holding the pañcha parishad; that is, in Chinese, the great quinquennial assembly. When this is to be held, the king requests the presence of the Śramans from all quarters of his kingdom. They come as if in clouds; and when they are all assembled, their place of session is grandly decorated. Silken streamers and canopies are hung out in it, and water-lilies in gold and silver are made and fixed up behind the places where the chief of them are to sit. When clean mats have been spread, and they are all seated, the king and his ministers present their offerings according to rule and law. The assembly takes place in the first, second, or third month, for the most part in the spring.

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* This was the retreat already twice mentioned as kept by the pilgrims in the summer, the different phraseology, "quiet rest," without any mention of the season, indicating their approach to India. Two, if not three, years had elapsed since they left Ch'ang-gan. Are we now with them in 402?

After the king has held the assembly, he further exhorts the ministers to make other and special offerings. The doing of this extends over one, two, three, five, or even seven days; and when all is finished, he takes his own riding-horse, saddles, bridles, and waits on him himself, while he makes the noblest and most important minister of the kingdom mount him. Then, taking fine white woollen cloth, all sorts of precious things, and articles which the Śramans require, he distributes them among them, uttering vows at the same time along with all his ministers; and when this distribution has taken place, he again redeems whatever he wishes from the monks.

The country, being among the hills and cold, does not produce the other cereals, and only the wheat gets ripe. After the monks have received their annual portion of this, the mornings suddenly show the hoar-frost, and on this account the king always begs the monks to make the wheat ripen[1] before they receive their portion. There is in the country a spittoon which belonged to Buddha, made of stone, and in color like his alms-bowl. There is also a tooth of Buddha, for which the people have reared a tope, connected with which there are more than a thousand monks and their disciples, all students of the hînayâna. To the east of these hills the dress of the common people is of coarse materials, as in our country of Ts'in, but here also there were among them the differences of fine woollen cloth and of serge or haircloth. The rules observed by the Śramans are remarkable, and too numerous to be mentioned in detail. The country is in the midst of the Onion range. As you go forward from these mountains, the plants, trees, and fruits are all different from those of the land of Han, excepting only the bamboo, pomegranate, and sugarcane.

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[1] Watters calls attention to this as showing that the monks of K'eeh-ch'â had the credit of possessing weather-controlling powers.

CHAPTER VI

North India—Image of Maitreya Bodhisattva

From this the travellers went westward towards North India, and after being on the way for a month, they succeeded in getting across and through the range of the Onion mountains. The snow rests on them both winter and summer. There are also among them venomous dragons, which, when provoked, spit forth poisonous winds, and cause showers of snow and storms of sand and gravel. Not one in ten thousand of those who encounter these dangers escapes with his life. The people of the country call the range by the name of "The Snow mountains." When the travellers had got through them, they were in North India, and immediately on entering its borders, found themselves in a small kingdom called T‘o-leih, where also there were many monks, all students of the hînayâna.

In this kingdom there was formerly an Arhan,[1] who by his supernatural power took a clever artificer up to the Tushita[2] heaven, to see the height, complexion, and appearance of Maitreya Bodhisattva,[3] and then return and make an image of him in wood. First and last, this was done three times, and then the image was completed, eighty cubits in height, and eight cubits at the base from knee to knee of the crossed legs. On fast-days it emits an effulgent light. The kings of the surrounding countries vie with one another in presenting offerings to it. Here it is—to be seen now as of old.

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[1] Lo-han, Arhat, Arahat are all designations of the perfected Arya, the disciple who has passed the different stages of the Noble Path, or eightfold excellent way, who has conquered all passions, and is not to be reborn again. Arhatship implies possession of certain supernatural powers, and is not to be succeeded by Buddhaship, but implies the fact of the saint having already attained nirvâna.

[2] Tushita is the fourth Devaloka, where all Bodhisattvas are reborn before finally appearing on earth as Buddha. Life lasts in Tushita four thousand years, but twenty-four hours there are equal to four hundred years on earth.

[3] Maitreya was a Bodhisattva, the principal one, indeed, of Sâkyamuni's retinue, but is not counted among the ordinary disciples, nor is anything told of his antecedents. It was in the Tushita heaven that Sâkyamuni met him and appointed him as his successor, to appear as Buddha after the lapse of five thousand years. Maitreya is therefore the expected Messiah of the Buddhists, residing at present in Tushita.

CHAPTER VII

The Perilous Crossing of the Indus

THE travellers went on to the southwest for fifteen days at the foot of the mountains, and following the course of their range. The way was difficult and rugged, running along a bank exceedingly precipitous, which rose up there, a hill-like wall of rock, ten thousand cubits from the base. When one approached the edge of it, his eyes became unsteady; and if he wished to go forward in the same direction, there was no place on which he could place his foot; and beneath were the waters of the river called the Indus. In former times men had chiselled paths along the rocks, and distributed ladders on the face of them, to the number altogether of seven hundred, at the bottom of which there was a suspension bridge of ropes, by which the river was crossed, its banks being there eighty paces apart. The place and arrangements are to be found in the Records of the Nine Interpreters, but neither Chang K‘een[1] nor Kan Ying[2] had reached the spot.

The monks asked Fâ-hien if it could be known when the Law of Buddha first went to the east. He replied, " When I asked the people of those countries about it, they all said that it had been handed down by their fathers from of old that, after the setting up of the image of Maitreya Bodhisattva, there were Śramans of India who crossed this river, carrying with them Sûtras and Books of Discipline. Now the image was set up rather more than three hundred years after the nirvâna of Buddha, which may be referred to the reign of king P‘ing of the Chow dynasty. According to this account we may say that the diffusion of our great doctrines in the East began from the setting up of this image. If it had not been through that Maitreya, the great spiritual master who is to be the successor of the Śâkya, who could have caused the ‘Three Precious

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[1] Chang K‘een, a minister of the emperor Woo of Han (B.C. 140-87), is celebrated as the first Chinese who " pierced the void," and penetrated to " the regions of the west," corresponding very much to the present Turkestan. Through him, by B.C. 115, a regular intercourse was established between China and the thirty-six kingdoms or states of that quarter.

[2] Less is known of Kan Ying than of Chang K‘een. Being sent in A.D. 88 by his patron Pan Châo on an embassy to the Roman empire, he only got as far as the Caspian sea, and returned to China. He extended, however, the knowledge of his countrymen with regard to the western regions.

Ones,'[3] to be proclaimed so far, and the people of those border lands to know our Law? We know of a truth that the opening of the way for such a mysterious propagation is not the work of man; and so the dream of the emperor Ming of Han had its proper cause."

CHAPTER VIII

Woo-chang, or Udyâna—Traces of Buddha

After crossing the river, the travellers immediately came to the kingdom of Woo-chang, which is indeed a part of North India. The people all use the language of Central India, "Central India" being what we should call the "Middle Kingdom." The food and clothes of the common people are the same as in that Central Kingdom. The Law of Buddha is very flourishing in Woo-chang. They call the places where the monks stay for a time or reside permanently Sanghârâmas; and of these there are in all five hundred, the monks being all students of the hînayâna. When stranger bhikshus[1] arrive at one of them, their wants are supplied for three days, after which they are told to find a resting-place for themselves.

There is a tradition that when Buddha came to North India, he came at once to this country, and that here he left a print of his foot, which is long or short according to the ideas of the beholder on the subject. It exists, and the same thing is true about it, at the present day. Here also are still to be seen the rock on which he dried his clothes, and the place where he converted the wicked dragon. The rock is fourteen cubits high, and more than twenty broad, with one side of it smooth.

Hwuy-king, Hwuy-tah, and Tâo-ching went on ahead towards the place of Buddha's shadow in the country of Nâgara; but Fâ-hien and the others remained in Woo-chang, and kept the summer retreat. That over, they descended south, and arrived in the country of Soo-ho-to.

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[3] "The precious Buddha," "the precious Law," and "the precious Monkhood"; Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha; the whole being equivalent to Buddhism.

[1] Bhikshu is the name for a monk as "living by alms," a mendicant. All bhikshus call themselves Sramans. Sometimes the two names are used together by our author.

CHAPTER IX

Soo-ho-to—Legends of Buddha

In that country also Buddhism is flourishing. There is in it the place where Śakra,* Ruler of Devas, in a former age, tried the Bodhisattva, by producing a hawk in pursuit of a dove, when the Bodhisattva cut off a piece of his own flesh, and with it ransomed the dove. After Buddha had attained to perfect wisdom, and in travelling about with his disciples arrived at this spot, he informed them that this was the place where he ransomed the dove with a piece of his own flesh. In this way the people of the country became aware of the fact, and on the spot reared a tope, adorned with layers of gold and silver plates.

CHAPTER X

Gandhâra—Legends of Buddha

The travellers, going downwards from this towards the east, in five days came to the country of Gandhâra, the place where Dharma-vivardhana, the son of Aśoka,[1] ruled. When Buddha was a Bodhisattva, he gave his eyes also for another man here; and at the spot they have also reared a large tope, adorned with layers of gold and silver plates. The people of the country were mostly students of the hînayâna.

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* Sakra is a common name for the Brahmanic Indra, adopted by Buddhism into the circle of its own great adherents;—it has been said, "because of his popularity." He is now the representative of the secular power, the valiant protector of the Buddhist body, but is looked upon as inferior to Sâkyamuni, and every Buddhist saint.

[1] Asoka is here mentioned for the first time—the Constantine of the Buddhist society, and famous for the number of vihâras and topes which he erected. He was the grandson of Chandragupta, a rude adventurer, who at one time was a refugee in the camp of Alexander the Great; and within about twenty years afterwards drove the Greeks out of India, having defeated Seleucus, the Greek ruler of the Indus provinces. His grandson was converted to Buddhism by the bold and patient demeanor of an Arhat whom he had ordered to be buried alive, and became a most zealous supporter of the new faith.

CHAPTER XI

Takshasilâ—Legends—The Four Great Topes

SEVEN days' journey from this to the east brought the travellers to the kingdom of Takshaśilâ, which means "the severed head" in the language of China. Here, when Buddha was a Bodhisattva, he gave away his head to a man; and from this circumstance the kingdom got its name.

Going on further for two days to the east, they came to the place where the Bodhisattva threw down his body to feed a starving tigress. In these two places also large topes have been built, both adorned with layers of all the precious substances. The kings, ministers, and peoples of the kingdoms around vie with one another in making offerings at them. The trains of those who come to scatter flowers and light lamps at them never cease. The nations of those quarters call those and the other two mentioned before "the four great topes."

CHAPTER XII

Buddha's Alms-bowl—Death of Hwuy-king

GOING southwards from Gândhâra, the travellers in four days arrived at the kingdom of Purushapura.[1] Formerly, when Buddha was travelling in this country with his disciples, he said to Ânanda,[2] "After my pari-nirvâna,[3] there will be a king named Kanishka, who shall on this spot build a tope."

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[1] The modern Peshâwur.

[2] A first cousin of Sâkyamuni, and born at the moment when he attained to Buddhaship. Under Buddha's teaching, Ânanda became an Arhat, and is famous for his strong and accurate memory; and he played an important part at the first council for the formation of the Buddhist canon. The friendship between Sâkyamuni and Ananda was very close and tender; and it is impossible to read much of what the dying Buddha said to him and of him, as related in the Mahâpari-nirvâna Sûtra, without being moved almost to tears. Ânanda is to reappear on earth as Buddha in another Kalpa.

[3] On his attaining to nirvâna, Sâkyamuni became the Buddha, and had no longer to mourn his being within the circle of transmigration, and could rejoice in an absolute freedom from passion, and a perfect purity. Still he continued to live on for forty-five years, till he attained to pari-nirvâna, and had done with all the life of sense and society, and had no more exercise of thought. He died; but whether he absolutely and entirely ceased to be, in any sense of the word being, it would be difficult to say. Probably he himself would not and could not have spoken definitely on the point. So far as our use of language is concerned, apart from any assured faith in and hope of immortality, his pari-nirvâna was his death.

This Kanishka was afterwards born into the world; and once, when he had gone forth to look about him, Śakra, Ruler of Devas, wishing to excite the idea in his mind, assumed the appearance of a little herd-boy, and was making a tope right in the way of the king, who asked what sort of a thing he was making. The boy said, "I am making a tope for Buddha." The king said, "Very good;" and immediately, right over the boy's tope, he proceeded to rear another, which was more than four hundred cubits high, and adorned with layers of all the precious substances. Of all the topes and temples which the travellers saw in their journeyings, there was not one comparable to this in solemn beauty and majestic grandeur. There is a current saying that this is the finest tope in Jambudvîpa.[4] When the king's tope was completed, the little tope of the boy came out from its side on the south, rather more than three cubits in height.

Buddha's alms-bowl is in this country. Formerly, a king of Yüeh-she raised a large force and invaded this country, wishing to carry the bowl away. Having subdued the kingdom, as he and his captains were sincere believers in the Law of Buddha, and wished to carry off the bowl, they proceeded to present their offerings on a great scale. When they had done so to the Three Precious Ones, he made a large elephant be grandly caparisoned, and placed the bowl upon it. But the elephant knelt down on the ground, and was unable to go forward. Again he caused a four-wheeled wagon to be prepared in which the bowl was put to be conveyed away. Eight elephants were then yoked to it, and dragged it with their united strength; but neither were they able to go forward. The king knew that the time for an association between himself and the bowl had not yet arrived, and was sad and deeply ashamed of himself. Forthwith he built a tope at the place and a monastery, and left a guard to watch the bowl, making all sorts of contributions.

There may be there more than seven hundred monks. When it is near mid-day, they bring out the bowl, and, along with the common people, make their various offerings to it, after which they take their mid-day meal. In the evening, at the time of incense, they bring the bowl out again. It may contain rather more than two pecks, and is of various colors, black predominating, with the seams that show its fourfold composition distinctly marked. Its thickness is about the fifth of an inch, and it has a bright and glossy lustre. When poor people throw into it a few flowers, it becomes immediately full, while some very rich people, wishing to make offering of many flowers, might not stop till they had thrown in hundreds, thousands, and myriads of bushels, and yet would not be able to fill it.[5]

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[4] Jambudvîpa is one of the four great continents of the universe, representing the inhabited world as fancied by the Buddhists, and so-called because it resembles in shape the leaves of the jambu tree.

Pâo-yun and Sang-king here merely made their offerings to the alms-bowl, and then resolved to go back. Hwuy-king, Hwuy-tah, and Tâo-ching had gone on before the rest to Nagâra, to make their offerings at the places of Buddha's shadow, tooth, and the flat-bone of his skull. There Hwuy-king fell ill, and Tâo-ching remained to look after him, while Hwuy-tah came alone to Purushapura, and saw the others, and then he with Pâo-yun and Sang-king took their way back to the land of Ts'in. Hwuy-king came to his end in the monastery of Buddha's alms-bowl, and on this Fâ-hien went forward alone towards the place of the flat-bone of Buddha's skull.[6]

CHAPTER XIII

Festival of Buddha's Skull-bone

Going west for sixteen yojanas,[1] he came to the city He-lo[2] in the borders of the country of Nagâra, where there is the flat-bone of Buddha's skull, deposited in a vihâra[3] adorned all over with gold-leaf and the seven sacred substances. The king of the country, revering and honoring the bone, and anxious lest it should be stolen away, has selected eight individuals, representing the great families in the kingdom, and committed to each a seal, with which he should seal its shrine and guard the relic. At early dawn these eight men come, and after each has inspected his seal, they open the door. This done, they wash their hands with scented water and bring out the bone, which they place outside the vihâra, on a lofty platform, where it is supported on a round pedestal of the seven precious substances, and covered with a bell of lapis lazuli, both adorned with rows of pearls. Its color is of a yellowish white, and it forms an imperfect circle twelve inches round, curving upwards to the centre. Every day, after it has been brought forth, the keepers of the vihâra ascend a high gallery, where they beat great drums, blow conches, and clash their copper cymbals. When the king hears them, he goes to the vihâra, and makes his offerings of flowers and incense. When he has done this, he and his attendants in order, one after another, raise the bone, place it for a moment on the top of their heads, and then depart, going out by the door on the west as they had entered by that on the east. The king every morning makes his offerings and performs his worship, and afterwards gives audience on the business of his government. The chiefs of the Vaiśyas[4] also make their offerings before they attend to their family affairs. Every day it is so, and there is no remissness in the observance of the custom. When all of the offerings are over, they replace the bone in the vihâra, where there is a vimoksha tope, of the seven precious substances, and rather more than five cubits high, sometimes open, sometimes shut, to contain it. In front of the door of the vihâra, there are parties who every morning sell flowers and incense, and those who wish to make offerings buy some of all kinds. The kings of various countries are also constantly sending messengers with offerings. The vihâra stands in a square of thirty paces, and though heaven should shake and earth be rent, this place would not move.

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[5] Compare the narrative in Luke's Gospel, xxi. 1-4.

[6] [This story of Hwuy-king's death differs from the account given in chapter xiv.—Editor.]

[1] Now in India, Fâ-hien used the Indian measure of distance; but it is not possible to determine exactly what its length then was. The estimates of it are very different, and vary from four and a half or five miles to seven, and sometimes more.

[2] The present Hidda, west of Peshâwur, and five miles south of Jellalabad.

[3] "The vihâra," says Hardy, "is the residence of a recluse or priest;" and so Davids—"the clean little hut where the mendicant lives."

Going on, north from this, for a yojana, Fâ-hien arrived at the capital of Nagâra, the place where the Bodhisattva once purchased with money five stalks of flowers, as an offering to the Dîpânkara Buddha. In the midst of the city there is also the tope of Buddha's tooth, where offerings are made in the same way as to the flat-bone of his skull.

A yojana to the northeast of the city brought him to the mouth of a valley, where there is Buddha's pewter staff; and a vihâra also has been built at which offerings are made. The staff is made of Gosirsha Chandana, and is quite sixteen or seventeen cubits long. It is contained in a wooden tube, and though a hundred or a thousand men were to try to lift it, they could not move it.

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[4] The Vaisyas, or the bourgeois caste of Hindu society, are described here as "resident scholars."

Entering the mouth of the valley, and going west, he found Buddha's Sanghâli,[5] where also there is reared a vihâra, and offerings are made. It is a custom of the country when there is a great drought, for the people to collect in crowds, bring out the robe, pay worship to it, and make offerings, on which there is immediately a great rain from the sky.

South of the city, half a yojana, there is a rock-cavern, in a great hill fronting the southwest; and here it was that Buddha left his shadow. Looking at it from a distance of more than ten paces, you seem to see Buddha's real form, with his complexion of gold, and his characteristic marks in their nicety, clearly and brightly displayed. The nearer you approach, however, the fainter it becomes, as if it were only in your fancy. When the kings from the regions all around have sent skilful artists to take a copy, none of them have been able to do so. Among the people of the country there is a saying current that "the thousand Buddhas must all leave their shadows here."

Rather more than four hundred paces west from the shadow, when Buddha was at the spot, he shaved off his hair and clipped his nails, and proceeded, along with his disciples, to build a tope seventy or eighty cubits high, to be a model for all future topes; and it is still existing. By the side of it there is a monastery, with more than seven hundred monks in it. At this place there are as many as a thousand topes of Arhans and Pratyeka Buddhas.

CHAPTER XIV

Crossing the Indus to the East

HAVING stayed there till the third month of winter, Fâ-hien and the two others, proceeding southwards, crossed the Little Snowy mountains. On them the snow lies accumulated both winter and summer. On the north side of the mountains, in the shade, they suddenly encountered a cold wind which made them shiver and become unable to speak. Hwuy-king could not go any farther. A white froth came from his mouth, and he said to Fâ-hien, "I cannot live any longer. Do you immediately go away, that we do not all die here"; and with these words he died. Fâ-hien stroked the corpse, and cried out piteously, "Our original plan has failed; it is fate. What can we do?" He then again exerted himself, and they succeeded in crossing to the south of the range, and arrived in the kingdom of Lo-e,[1] where there were nearly three thousand monks, students of both the mahâyâna and hînayâna. Here they stayed for the summer retreat,[2] and when that was over, they went on to the south, and ten days' journey brought them to the kingdom of Poh-nâ, where there are also more than three thousand monks, all students of the hînayâna. Proceeding from this place for three days, they again crossed the Indus, where the country on each side was low and level.

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[5] Or Sanghâti, the double or composite robe, part of a monk's attire, reaching from the shoulders to the knees, and fastened round the waist.

CHAPTER XV

Sympathy of Monks with the Pilgrims

AFTER they had crossed the river, there was a country named Pe-t'oo, where Buddhism was very flourishing, and the monks studied both the mahâyâna and hînayâna. When they saw their fellow-disciples from Ts'in passing along, they were moved with great pity and sympathy, and expressed themselves thus: "How is it that these men from a border-land should have learned to become monks, and come for the sake of our doctrines from such a distance in search of the Law of Buddha?" They supplied them with what they needed, and treated them in accordance with the rules of the Law.

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[1] Lo-e, or Rohi, or Afghanistan; only a portion of it can be intended.

[2] We are now therefore in A.D. 404.

CHAPTER XVI

Condition and Customs of Central India

From this place they travelled southeast, passing by a succession of very many monasteries, with a multitude of monks, who might be counted by myriads. After passing all these places, they came to a country named Ma-t'âou-lo. They still followed the course of the P'oo-na river, on the banks of which, left and right, there were twenty monasteries, which might contain three thousand monks; and here the Law of Buddha was still more flourishing. Everywhere, from the Sandy Desert, in all the countries of India, the kings had been firm believers in that Law. When they make their offerings to a community of monks, they take off their royal caps, and along with their relatives and ministers, supply them with food with their own hands. That done, the king has a carpet spread for himself on the ground, and sits down on it in front of the chairman;—they dare not presume to sit on couches in front of the community. The laws and ways, according to which the kings presented their offerings when Buddha was in the world, have been handed down to the present day.

All south from this is named the Middle Kingdom. In it the cold and heat are finely tempered, and there is neither hoarfrost nor snow. The people are numerous and happy; they have not to register their households, or attend to any magistrates and their rules; only those who cultivate the royal land have to pay a portion of the gain from it. If they want to go, they go; if they want to stay on, they stay. The king governs without decapitation or other corporal punishments. Criminals are simply fined, lightly or heavily, according to the circumstances of each case. Even in cases of repeated attempts at wicked rebellion, they only have their right hands cut off. The king's body-guards and attendants all have salaries. Throughout the whole country the people do not kill any living creature, nor drink intoxicating liquor, nor eat onions or garlic. The only exception is that of the Chandâlas. That is the name for those who are held to be wicked men, and live apart from others. When they enter the gate of a city or a market-place, they strike a piece of wood to make themselves known, so that men know and avoid them, and do not come into contact with them. In that country they do not keep pigs and fowls, and do not sell live cattle; in the markets there are no butchers' shops and no dealers in intoxicating drink. In buying and selling commodities they use cowries. Only the Chandâlas are fishermen and hunters, and sell flesh meat.

After Buddha attained to pari-nirvâna the kings of the various countries and the heads of the Vaiśyas built vihâras for the priests, and endowed them with fields, houses, gardens, and orchards, along with the resident populations and their cattle, the grants being engraved on plates of metal, so that afterwards they were handed down from king to king, without any one daring to annul them, and they remain even to the present time.

The regular business of the monks is to perform acts of meritorious virtue, and to recite their Sûtras and sit wrapped in meditation. When stranger monks arrive at any monastery, the old residents meet and receive them, carry for them their clothes and alms-bowl, give them water to wash their feet, oil with which to anoint them, and the liquid food permitted out of the regular hours.[1] When the stranger has enjoyed a very brief rest, they further ask the number of years that he has been a monk, after which he receives a sleeping apartment with its appurtenances, according to his regular order, and everything is done for him which the rules prescribe.

Where a community of monks resides, they erect topes to Śâriputtra,[2] to Mahâ-maudgalyâyana,[3] and to Ânanda, and also topes in honor of the Abhidharma,[4] the Vinaya,[4] and the Sûtras.[4] A month after the annual season of rest, the families which are looking out for blessing stimulate one another to make offerings to the monks, and send round to them the liquid food which may be taken out of the ordinary hours. All the monks come together in a great assembly, and preach the Law; after which offerings are presented at the tope of

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[1] No monk can eat solid food except between sunrise and noon, and total abstinence from intoxicating drinks is obligatory. Food eaten at any other part of the day is called vikâla, and forbidden; but a weary traveller might receive unseasonable refreshment, consisting of honey, butter, treacle, and sesamum oil.

[2] Sâriputtra was one of the principal disciples of Buddha, and indeed the most learned and ingenious of them all.

[3] Mugalan, the Singhalese name of this disciple, is more pronounceable. He also was one of the principal disciples, called Buddha's "left-hand attendant." He was distinguished for his power of vision, and his magic powers.

[4] The different parts of the tripitaka.

Śâriputtra, with all kinds of flowers and incense. All through the night lamps are kept burning, and skilful musicians are employed to perform.

When Śâriputtra was a great Brahman, he went to Buddha, and begged to be permitted to quit his family and become a monk. The great Mugalan and the great Kaśyapa also did the same. The bhikshunîs[5] for the most part make their offerings at the tope of Ânanda, because it was he who requested the World-honored one to allow females to quit their families and become nuns. The Śrâmaneras[6] mostly make their offerings to Râhula.[7] The professors of the Abhidharma make their offerings to it; those of the Vinaya to it. Every year there is one such offering, and each class has its own day for it. Students of the mahâyâna present offerings to the Prajñâ-pâramitâ, to Mañjuśrî, and to Kwan-she-yin. When the monks have done receiving their annual tribute from the harvests, the Heads of the Vaiśyas and all the Brahmans bring clothes and such other articles as the monks require for use, and distribute among them. The monks, having received them, also proceed to give portions to one another. From the nirvâna of Buddha, the forms of ceremony, laws, and rules, practised by the sacred communities, have been handed down from one generation to another without interruption.

From the place where the travellers crossed the Indus to South India, and on to the Southern Sea, a distance of forty or fifty thousand li, all is level plain. There are no large hills with streams among them; there are simply the waters of the rivers.

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[5] The bhikshunîs are the female monks or nuns, subject to the same rules as the bhikshus, and also to special ordinances of restraint.

[6] The Srâmaneras are the novices, male or female, who have vowed to observe the Shikshâpada, or ten commandments.

[7] The eldest son of Sâkyamuni by Yasodharâ. Converted to Buddhism, he followed his father as an attendant; and after Buddha's death became the founder of a philosophical realistic school (vaibhâshika). He is now revered as the patron saint of all novices, and is to be reborn as the eldest son of every future Buddha.

CHAPTER XVII

Legend of the Trayastrimsas Heaven

FROM this they proceeded southeast for eighteen yojanas, and found themselves in a kingdom called Sankâśya, at the place where Buddha came down, after ascending to the Trayastrimśas heaven,[1] and there preaching for three months his Law for the benefit of his mother.[2] Buddha had gone up to this heaven by his supernatural power, without letting his disciples know; but seven days before the completion of the three months he laid aside his invisibility, and Anuruddha,[3] with his heavenly eyes, saw the World-honored one, and immediately said to the honored one, the great Mugalan, "Do you go and salute the World-honored one." Mugalan forthwith went, and with head and face did homage at Buddha's feet. They then saluted and questioned each other, and when this was over, Buddha said to Mugalan, "Seven days after this I will go down to Jambudvîpa"; and thereupon Mugalan returned. At this time the great kings of eight countries with their ministers and people, not having seen Buddha for a long time, were all thirstily looking up for him, and had collected in clouds in this kingdom to wait for the World-honored one.

Then the bhikshunî Utpala thought in her heart, "To-day the kings, with their ministers and people, will all be meeting and welcoming Buddha. I am but a woman; how shall I succeed in being the first to see him?" Buddha immediately, by his spirit-like power, changed her into the appearance of a holy Chakravartti king, and she was the foremost of all in doing reverence to him.

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[1] The heaven of Indra or Sâkya, meaning "the heaven of thirty-three classes," a name which has been explained both historically and mythologically. "The description of it," says Eitel, "tallies in all respects with the Svarga of Brahmanic mythology. It is situated between the four peaks of the Meru, and consists of thirty-two cities of devas, eight on each of the four corners of the mountain. Indra's capital of Bellevue is in the centre. There he is enthroned, with a thousand heads and a thousand eyes, and four arms grasping the vajra, with his wife and 119,000 concubines. There he receives the monthly reports of the four Mahârâjas, concerning the progress of good and evil in the world," etc., etc.

[2] Buddha's mother, Mâyâ and Mahâmâyâ, died seven days after his birth.

[3] Anuruddha was a first cousin of Sâkyamuni, being the son of his uncle Amritodana. He is often mentioned in the account we have of Buddha's last moments. His special gift was the "heavenly eye," the first of the six "supernatural talents," the faculty of comprehending in one instantaneous view, or by intuition, all beings in all worlds.

As Buddha descended from his position aloft in the Trayastrimśas heaven, when he was coming down, there were made to appear three flights of precious steps. Buddha was on the middle flight, the steps of which were composed of the seven precious substances. The king of Brahma-loka[4] also made a flight of silver steps appear on the right side, where he was seen attending with a white chowry in his hand. Śakra, Ruler of Devas, made a flight of steps of purple gold on the left side, where he was seen attending and holding an umbrella of the seven precious substances. An innumerable multitude of the devas followed Buddha in his descent. When he was come down, the three flights all disappeared in the ground, excepting seven steps, which continued to be visible. Afterwards king Aśoka, wishing to know where their ends rested, sent men to dig and see. They went down to the yellow springs without reaching the bottom of the steps, and from this the king received an increase to his reverence and faith, and built a vihâra over the steps, with a standing image, sixteen cubits in height, right over the middle flight. Behind the vihâra he erected a stone pillar, about fifty cubits high, with a lion on the top of it.[5] Let into the pillar, on each of its four sides, there is an image of Buddha, inside and out shining and transparent, and pure as it were of lapis lazuli. Some teachers of another doctrine once disputed with the Śramanas about the right to this as a place of residence, and the latter were having the worst of the argument, when they took an oath on both sides on the condition that, if the place did indeed belong to the Śramanas, there should be some marvellous attestation of it. When these words had been spoken, the lion on the top gave a great roar, thus giving the proof; on which their opponents were frightened, bowed to the decision, and withdrew.

Through Buddha having for three months partaken of the food of heaven, his body emitted a heavenly fragrance, unlike that of an ordinary man. He went immediately and bathed; and afterwards, at the spot where he did so, a bathing-house was built, which is still existing. At the place where the bhikshunî Utpala was the first to do reverence to Buddha, a tope has now been built.

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[4] This was Brahma, the first person of the Brahmanical Trimurti, adopted by Buddhism, but placed in an inferior position, and surpassed by every Buddhist saint who attains to bodhi.

[5] A note of Mr. Beal says on this:—"General Cunningham, who visited the spot (1862), found a pillar, evidently of the age of Asoka, with a well-carved elephant on the top, which, however, was minus trunk and tail. He supposes this to be the pillar seen by Fâ-hien, who mistook the top of it for a lion. It is possible such a mistake may have been made, as in the account of one of the pillars at Srâvasti, Fâ-hien says an ox formed the capital, whilst Hsüan-chwang calls it an elephant."

At the places where Buddha, when he was in the world, cut his hair and nails, topes are erected; and where the three Buddhas[6] that preceded Śâkyamuni Buddha and he himself sat; where they walked, and where images of their persons were made. At all these places topes were made, and are still existing. At the place where Śakra, Ruler of the Devas, and the king of the Brahma-loka followed Buddha down from the Trayastrimśas heaven they have also raised a tope.

At this place the monks and nuns may be a thousand, who all receive their food from the common store, and pursue their studies, some of the mahâyâna and some of the hînayâna. Where they live, there is a white-eared dragon, which acts the part of dânapati to the community of these monks, causing abundant harvests in the country, and the enriching rains to come in season, without the occurrence of any calamities, so that the monks enjoy their repose and ease. In gratitude for its kindness, they have made for it a dragon-house, with a carpet for it to sit on, and appointed for it a diet of blessing, which they present for its nourishment. Every day they set apart three of their number to go to its house, and eat there. Whenever the summer retreat is ended, the dragon straightway changes its form, and appears as a small snake, with white spots at the side of its ears. As soon as the monks recognize it, they fill a copper vessel with cream, into which they put the creature, and then carry it round from the one who has the highest seat at their tables to him who has the lowest, when it appears as if saluting them. When it has been taken round, immediately it disappears; and every year it thus comes forth once. The country is very productive, and the people are prosperous, and happy beyond comparison. When people of other countries come to it, they are exceedingly attentive to them all, and supply them with what they need.

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[6] These three predecessors of Sâkyamuni were the three Buddhas of the present or Mahâ-bhadra Kalpa, of which he was the fourth, and Maitreya is to be the fifth and last. They were: (1) Krakuchanda, "he who readily solves all doubts"; a scion of the Kasyapa family. Human life reached in his time forty thousand years, and so many persons were converted by him. (2) Kanakamuni, "body radiant with the color of pure gold"; of the same family. Human life reached in his time thirty thousand years, and so many persons were converted by him. (3) Kasyapa, "swallower of light." Human life reached in his time twenty thousand years, and so many persons were converted by him.

Fifty yojanas northwest from the monastery there is another, called "The Great Heap." Great Heap was the name of a wicked demon, who was converted by Buddha, and men subsequently at this place reared a vihâra. When it was being made over to an Arhat by pouring water on his hands, some drops fell on the ground. They are still on the spot, and however they may be brushed away and removed, they continue to be visible, and cannot be made to disappear.

At this place there is also a tope to Buddha, where a good spirit constantly keeps all about it swept and watered, without any labor of man being required. A king of corrupt views once said, "Since you are able to do this, I will lead a multitude of troops and reside there till the dirt and filth has increased and accumulated, and see whether you can cleanse it away or not." The spirit thereupon raised a great wind, which blew the filth away, and made the place pure.

At this place there are many small topes, at which a man may keep counting a whole day without being able to know their exact number. If he be firmly bent on knowing it, he will place a man by the side of each tope. When this is done, proceeding to count the number of the men, whether they be many or few, he will not get to know the number.[7]

There is a monastery, containing perhaps six hundred or seven hundred monks, in which there is a place where a Pratyeka Buddha used to take his food. The nirvâna ground where he was burned after death is as large as a carriage wheel; and while grass grows all around, on this spot there is none. The ground also where he dried his clothes produces no grass, but the impression of them, where they lay on it, continues to the present day.

CHAPTER XVIII

Buddha's Subjects of Discourse

FÂ-HIEN stayed at the Dragon vihâra till after the summer retreat,[1] and then, travelling to the southeast for seven yojanas, he arrived at the city of Kanyâkubja, lying along the Ganges. There are two monasteries in it, the inmates of which are students of the hînayâna. At a distance from the city of six or seven li, on the west, on the northern bank of the Ganges, is a place where Buddha preached the Law to his disciples. It has been handed down that his subjects of discourse were such as "The bitterness and vanity of life as impermanent and uncertain," and that "The body is as a bubble or foam on the water." At this spot a tope was erected, and still exists.

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[7] This would seem to be absurd; but the writer evidently intended to convey the idea that there was something mysterious about the number of the topes.

[1] This was, probably, in A.D. 405.

Having crossed the Ganges, and gone south for three yojanas, the travellers arrived at a village named Â-le, containing places where Buddha preached the Law, where he sat, and where he walked, at all of which topes have been built.

CHAPTER XIX

Legend of Buddha's Danta-kâshtha

Going on from this to the southeast for three yojanas, they came to the great kingdom of Shâ-che. As you go out of the city of Shâ-che by the southern gate, on the east of the road is the place where Buddha, after he had chewed his willow branch, stuck it in the ground, when it forthwith grew up seven cubits, at which height it remained, neither increasing nor diminishing. The Brahmans, with their contrary doctrines, became angry and jealous. Sometimes they cut the tree down, sometimes they plucked it up, and cast it to a distance, but it grew again on the same spot as at first. Here also is the place where the four Buddhas walked and sat, and at which a tope was built that is still existing.

CHAPTER XX

The Jetavana Vihâra—Legends of Buddha

Going on from this to the south, for eight yojanas, the travellers came to the city of Śrâvastî in the kingdom of Kośala, in which the inhabitants were few and far between, amounting in all only to a few more than two hundred families; the city where king Prasenajit ruled, and the place of the old vihâra of

Mahâ-prajâpatî;[1] of the well and walls of the house of the Vaiśya head Sudatta;[2] and where the Angulimâlya[3] became an Arhat, and his body was afterwards burned on his attaining to pari-nirvâna. At all these places topes were subsequently erected, which are still existing in the city. The Brahmans, with their contrary doctrine, became full of hatred and envy in their hearts, and wished to destroy them, but there came from the heavens such a storm of crashing thunder and flashing lightning that they were not able in the end to effect their purpose.

As you go out from the city by the south gate, and one thousand two hundred paces from it, the Vaiśya head Sudatta built a vihâra, facing the south; and when the door was open, on each side of it there was a stone pillar, with the figure of a wheel on the top of that on the left, and the figure of an ox on the top of that on the right. On the left and right of the building the ponds of water clear and pure, the thickets of trees always luxuriant, and the numerous flowers of various hues, constituted a lovely scene, the whole forming what is called the Jetavana vihâra.

When Buddha went up to the Trayastrimśas heaven, and preached the Law for the benefit of his mother, after he had been absent for ninety days, Prasenajit, longing to see him, caused an image of him to be carved in Gośîrsha Chandana wood, and put in the place where he usually sat. When Buddha, on his return entered the vihâra, this image immediately left its place, and came forth to meet him. Buddha said to it, " Return to your seat. After I have attained to pari-nirvâna, you will serve as a pattern to the four classes of my disciples,"[4] and on this the image returned to its seat. This was the very first of all the images of Buddha, and that which men subsequently copied. Buddha then removed, and dwelt in a small vihâra on the south side of the other, a different place from that containing the image, and twenty paces distant from it.

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[1] Explained by " Path of Love," and " Lord of Life." Prajâpati was aunt and nurse of Sâkyamuni, the first woman admitted to the monkhood, and the first superior of the first Buddhistic convent. She is yet to become a Buddha.

[2] Sudatta, meaning " almsgiver," was the original name of Anâtha-pindika, a wealthy householder, or Vaisya head, of Srâvasti, famous for his liberality. Of his old house, only the well and walls remained at the time of Fâ-hien's visit to Srâvasti.

[3] The Angulimâlya were a sect or set of Sivaitic fanatics, who made assassination a religious act. The one of them here mentioned had joined them by the force of circumstances. Being converted by Buddha, he became a monk.

[4] Ârya, meaning " honorable," " venerable," is a title given only to those who have mastered the four spiritual truths:—(1) that " misery " is a necessary condition of all sentient existence; this is duhka: (2) that the " accumulation " of misery is caused by the passions; this is samudaya: (3) that the " extinction " of passion is possible; this is nirodha: and (4) that the " path " leads to the extinction of passion; which is mârga. According to their attainment of these truths, the Âryas, or followers of Buddha, are distinguished into four classes—Srotâpannas, Sakridâgâmins, Anâgâmins, and Arhats.

The Jetavana vihâra was originally of seven stories. The kings and people of the countries around vied with one another in their offerings, hanging up about it silken streamers and canopies, scattering flowers, burning incense, and lighting lamps, so as to make the night as bright as the day. This they did day after day without ceasing. It happened that a rat, carrying in its mouth the wick of a lamp, set one of the streamers or canopies on fire, which caught the vihâra, and the seven stories were all consumed. The kings, with their officers and people, were all very sad and distressed, supposing that the sandal-wood image had been burned; but lo! after four or five days, when the door of a small vihâra on the east was opened, there was immediately seen the original image. They were all greatly rejoiced, and co-operated in restoring the vihâra. When they had succeeded in completing two stories, they removed the image back to its former place.

When Fâ-hien and Tâo-ching first arrived at the Jetavana monastery, and thought how the World-honored one had formerly resided there for twenty-five years, painful reflections arose in their minds. Born in a border-land, along with their like-minded friends, they had travelled through so many kingdoms; some of those friends had returned to their own land, and some had died, proving the impermanence and uncertainty of life; and to-day they saw the place where Buddha had lived now unoccupied by him. They were melancholy through their pain of heart, and the crowd of monks came out, and asked them from what kingdom they were come. "We are come," they replied, "from the land of Han." "Strange," said the monks with a sigh, "that men of a border country should be able to come here in search of our Law!" Then they said to one another, "During all the time that we, preceptors and monks, have succeeded to one another, we have never seen men of Han, followers of our system, arrive here."

Four li to the northwest of the vihâra there is a grove called "The Getting of Eyes." Formerly there were five hundred blind men, who lived here in order that they might be near the vihâra. Buddha preached his Law to them, and they all got back their eyesight. Full of joy, they stuck their staves in the earth, and with their heads and faces on the ground, did reverence. The staves immediately began to grow, and they grew to be great. People made much of them, and no one dared to cut them down, so that they came to form a grove. It was in this way that it got its name, and most of the Jetavana monks, after they had taken their mid-day meal, went to the grove, and sat there in meditation.

Six or seven li northeast from the Jetavana, mother Vaiśakha built another vihâra, to which she invited Buddha and his monks, and which is still existing.

To each of the great residences for the monks at the Jetavana vihâra there were two gates, one facing the east and the other facing the north. The park containing the whole was the space of ground which the Vaiśaya head, Sudatta, purchased by covering it with gold coins. The vihâra was exactly in the centre. Here Buddha lived for a longer time than at any other place, preaching his Law and converting men. At the places where he walked and sat they also subsequently reared topes, each having its particular name; and here was the place where Sundari[5] murdered a person and then falsely charged Buddha with the crime. Outside the east gate of the Jetavana, at a distance of seventy paces to the north, on the west of the road, Buddha held a discussion with the advocates of the ninety-six schemes of erroneous doctrine, when the king and his great officers, the householders, and people were all assembled in crowds to hear it. Then a woman belonging to one of the erroneous systems, by name Chañchamana, prompted by the envious hatred in her heart, and having put on extra clothes in front of her person, so as to give her the appearance of being with child, falsely accused Buddha before all the assembly of having acted unlawfully towards her. On this, Śakra, Ruler of Devas, changed himself and some devas into white mice, which bit through the strings about her waist; and when this was done, the extra clothes which she wore dropped down on the ground. The earth at the same time was rent, and she went down alive into hell. This also is the place where Devadatta, trying with empoisoned claws to injure Buddha, went down alive into hell. Men subsequently set up marks to distinguish where both these events took place.

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[5] Hsüan-chwang does not give the name of this murderer; see in Julien's "Vie et Voyages de Hiouen-thsang"—"a heretical Brahman killed a woman and calumniated Buddha." See also the fuller account in Beal's "Records of Western Countries," where the murder is committed by several Brahmachârins. In this passage Beal makes Sundari to be the name of the murdered person. But the text cannot be so construed.

Further, at the place where the discussion took place, they reared a vihâra rather more than sixty cubits high, having in it an image of Buddha in a sitting posture. On the east of the road there was a devâlaya[6] of one of the contrary systems, called "The Shadow Covered," right opposite the vihâra on the place of discussion, with only the road between them, and also rather more than sixty cubits high. The reason why it was called "The Shadow Covered" was this: When the sun was in the west, the shadow of the vihâra of the World-honored one fell on the devâlaya of a contrary system; but when the sun was in the east, the shadow of that devâlaya was diverted to the north, and never fell on the vihâra of Buddha. The mal-believers regularly employed men to watch their devâlaya, to sweep and water all about it, to burn incense, light the lamps, and present offerings; but in the morning the lamps were found to have been suddenly removed, and in the vihâra of Buddha. The Brahmans were indignant, and said, "Those Śramanas take our lamps and use them for their own service of Buddha, but we will not stop our service for you!"[7] On that night the Brahmans themselves kept watch, when they saw the deva spirits which they served take the lamps and go three times round the vihâra of Buddha and present offerings. After this administration to Buddha they suddenly disappeared. The Brahmans thereupon knowing how great was the spiritual power of Buddha, forthwith left their families, and became monks. It has been handed down, that, near the time when these things occurred, around the Jetavana vihâra there were ninety-eight monasteries, in all of which there were monks residing, excepting only in one place which was vacant. In this Middle Kingdom there are ninety-six sorts of views, erroneous and different from our system, all of which recognize this world and the future world and the connection between them. Each has its multitude of followers, and they all beg their food: only they do not carry the alms-bowl. They also, moreover, seek to acquire the blessing of good deeds on unfrequented ways, setting up on the roadside houses of charity, where rooms, couches, beds, and food and drink are supplied to travellers, and also to monks, coming and going as guests, the only difference being in the time for which those parties remain.

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[6] A devâlaya is a place in which a deva is worshipped—a general name for all Brahmanical temples.

[7] Their speech was somewhat unconnected, but natural enough in the circumstances. Compare the whole account with the narrative in 1 Samuel v. about the Ark and Dagon, that "twice-battered god of Palestine."

There are also companies of the followers of Devadatta still existing. They regularly make offerings to the three previous Buddhas, but not to Sâkyamuni Buddha.

Four li southeast from the city of Srâvastî, a tope has been erected at the place where the World-honored one encountered king Virûdhaha, when he wished to attack the kingdom of Shay-e, and took his stand before him at the side of the road.

CHAPTER XXI

The Three Predecessors of Sâkyamuni

Fifty li to the west of the city brings the traveller to a town named Too-wei, the birthplace of Kâsyapa Buddha. At the place where he and his father met, and at that where he attained to pari-nirvâna, topes were erected. Over the entire relic of the whole body of him, the Kâsyapa Tathâgata, a great tope was also erected.

Going on southeast from the city of Srâvastî for twelve yojanas, the travellers came to a town named Na-pei-keâ, the birthplace of Krakuchanda Buddha. At the place where he and his father met, and at that where he attained to pari-nirvâna, topes were erected. Going north from here less than a yojana, they came to a town which had been the birthplace of Kanakamuni Buddha. At the place where he and his father met, and where he attained to pari-nirvâna, topes were erected.

CHAPTER XXII

Legends of Buddha's Birth

LESS than a yojana to the east from this brought them to the city of Kapilavastu; but in it there was neither king nor people. All was mound and desolation. Of inhabitants there were only some monks and a score or two of families of the common people. At the spot where stood the old palace of king Śuddhodana there have been made images of his eldest son and his mother; and at the places where that son appeared mounted on a white elephant when he entered his mother's womb, and where he turned his carriage round on seeing the sick man after he had gone out of the city by the eastern gate, topes have been erected. The places were also pointed out where the rishi Â-e inspected the marks of Buddhaship on the body of the heir-apparent when an infant; where, when he was in company with Nanda and others, on the elephant being struck down and drawn on one side, he tossed it away;[1] where he shot an arrow to the southeast, and it went a distance of thirty li, then entering the ground and making a spring to come forth, which men subsequently fashioned into a well from which travellers might drink; where, after he had attained to Wisdom, Buddha returned and saw the king, his father; where five hundred Śâkyas quitted their families and did reverence to Upâli[2] while the earth shook and moved in six different ways; where Buddha preached his Law to the devas, and the four deva kings and others kept the four doors of the hall, so that even the king, his father, could not enter; where Buddha sat under a nyagrodha tree, which is still standing, with his face to the east, and his aunt Mahâ-prajâpatî presented him with a Sanghâli; and where king Vaidûrya slew the seed of Śâkya, and they all in dying became Śrotâpannas.[3] A tope was erected at this last place, which is still existing.

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[1] The Lichchhavis of Vaisâlî had sent to the young prince a very fine elephant; but when it was near Kapilavastu, Devadatta, out of envy, killed it with a blow of his fist. Nanda (not Ânanda, but a half-brother of Siddhârtha), coming that way, saw the carcass lying on the road, and pulled it on one side; but the Bodhisattva, seeing it there, took it by the tail, and tossed it over seven fences and ditches, when the force of its fall made a great ditch.

[2] They did this, probably, to show their humility, for Upâli was only a Sûdra by birth, and had been a barber; so from the first did Buddhism assert its superiority to the conditions of rank and caste. Upâli was distinguished by his knowledge of the rules of discipline, and praised on that account by Buddha. He was one of the three leaders of the first synod, and the principal compiler of the original Vinaya books.

Several li northeast from the city was the king's field, where the heir-apparent sat under a tree, and looked at the ploughers.

Fifty li east from the city was a garden, named Lumbinî, where the queen entered the pond and bathed. Having come forth from the pond on the northern bank, after walking twenty paces, she lifted up her hand, laid hold of a branch of a tree, and, with her face to the east, gave birth to the heir-apparent. When he fell to the ground, he immediately walked seven paces. Two dragon-kings appeared and washed his body. At the place where they did so, there was immediately formed a well, and from it, as well as from the above pond, where the queen bathed, the monks even now constantly take the water, and drink it.

There are four places of regular and fixed occurrence in the history of all Buddhas: first, the place where they attained to perfect Wisdom and became Buddha; second, the place where they turned the wheel of the Law; third, the place where they preached the Law, discoursed of righteousness, and discomfited the advocates of erroneous doctrines; and fourth, the place where they came down, after going up to the Trayastrimśas heaven to preach the Law for the benefit of their mothers. Other places in connection with them became remarkable, according to the manifestations which were made at them at particular times.

The country of Kapilavastu is a great scene of empty desolation. The inhabitants are few and far between. On the roads people have to be on their guard against white elephants[4] and lions, and should not travel incautiously.

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[3] The Srotâpannas are the first class of saints, who are not to be reborn in a lower sphere, but attain to nirvâna after having been reborn seven times consecutively as men or devas. The Chinese editions state there were one thousand of the Sâkya seed. The general account is that they were five hundred, all maidens, who refused to take their place in king Vaidûrya's harem, and were in consequence taken to a pond, and had their hands and feet cut off. There Buddha came to them, had their wounds dressed, and preached to them the Law. They died in the faith, and were reborn in the region of the four Great Kings. Thence they came back and visited Buddha at Jetavana in the night, and there they obtained the reward of Srotâpanna.

[4] Fâ-hien does not say that he himself saw any of these white elephants, nor does he speak of the lions as of any particular color. We shall find by and by, in a note further on, that, to make them appear more terrible, they are spoken of as "black."

CHAPTER XXIII

Legends of Râma and its Tope

EAST from Buddha's birthplace, and at a distance of five yojanas, there is a kingdom called Râma. The king of this country, having obtained one portion of the relics of Buddha's body, returned with it and built over it a tope, named the Râma tope. By the side of it there was a pool, and in the pool a dragon, which constantly kept watch over the tope, and presented offerings at it day and night. When king Aśoka came forth into the world, he wished to destroy the eight topes over the relics, and to build instead of them eighty-four thousand topes.[1] After he had thrown down the seven others, he wished next to destroy this tope. But then the dragon showed itself, and took the king into its palace; when he had seen all the things provided for offerings, it said to him, " If you are able with your offerings to exceed these, you can destroy the tope, and take it all away. I will not contend with you." The king, however, knew that such appliances for offerings were not to be had anywhere in the world, and thereupon returned without carrying out his purpose.

Afterwards, the ground all about became overgrown with vegetation, and there was nobody to sprinkle and sweep about the tope; but a herd of elephants came regularly, which brought water with their trunks to water the ground, and various kinds of flowers and incense, which they presented at the tope. Once there came from one of the kingdoms a devotee to worship at the tope. When he encountered the elephants he was greatly alarmed, and screened himself among the trees; but when he saw them go through with the offerings in the most proper manner, the thought filled him with great sadness—that there should be no monastery here, the inmates of which might serve the tope, but the elephants have to do the watering and sweeping. Forthwith he gave up the great prohibitions by which he was bound, and resumed the status of a Śrâmanera. With his own hands he cleared away the grass and trees, put the place in good order, and made it pure and clean. By the power of his exhortations, he prevailed on the king of the country to form a residence for monks; and when that was done, he became head of the monastery. At the present day there are monks residing in it. This event is of recent occurrence; but in all the succession from that time till now, there has always been a Śrâmanera head of the establishment.

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[1] The bones of the human body are supposed to consist of eighty-four thousand atoms, and hence the legend of Asoka's wish to build eighty-four thousand topes, one over each atom of Sâkyamuni's skeleton.

CHAPTER XXIV

Where Buddha Renounced the World

East from here four yojanas, there is the place where the heir-apparent sent back Chandaka, with his white horse; and there also a tope was erected.

Four yojanas to the east from this, the travellers came to the Charcoal tope, where there is also a monastery.

Going on twelve yojanas, still to the east, they came to the city of Kuśanagara, on the north of which, between two trees, on the bank of the Nairañjanâ river, is the place where the World-honored one, with his head to the north, attained to pari-nirvâna and died. There also are the places where Subhadra,* the last of his converts, attained to Wisdom and became an Arhat; where in his coffin of gold they made offerings to the World-honored one for seven days, where the Vajrapâni laid aside his golden club, and where the eight kings divided the relics of the burnt body: at all these places were built topes and monasteries, all of which are now existing.

In the city the inhabitants are few and far between, comprising only the families belonging to the different societies of monks.

Going from this to the southeast for twelve yojanas, they came to the place where the Lichchhavis wished to follow Buddha to the place of his pari-nirvâna, and where, when he would not listen to them and they kept cleaving to him, unwilling to go away, he made to appear a large and deep ditch which they could not cross over, and gave them his alms-bowl, as a pledge of his regard, thus sending them back to their families. There a stone pillar was erected with an account of this event engraved upon it.

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* A Brahman of Benâres, said to have been one hundred and twenty years old, who came to learn from Buddha the very night he died. Ânanda would have repulsed him; but Buddha ordered him to be introduced; and then putting aside the ingenious but unimportant question which he propounded, preached to him the Law. The Brahman was converted and attained at once to Arhatship.

CHAPTER XXV

The Kingdom of Vaisâlî

EAST from this city ten yojanas, the travellers came to the kingdom of Vaiśâlî. North of the city so named is a large forest, having in it the double-galleried vihâra where Buddha dwelt, and the tope over half the body of Ânanda. Inside the city the woman Âmbapâlî[1] built a vihâra in honor of Buddha, which is now standing as it was at first. Three li south of the city, on the west of the road, is the garden which the same Âmbapâlî presented to Buddha, in which he might reside. When Buddha was about to attain to his pari-nirvâna, as he was quitting the city by the west gate, he turned round, and, beholding the city on his right, said to them, "Here I have taken my last walk." Men subsequently built a tope at this spot.

Three li northwest of the city there is a tope called, "Bows and weapons laid down." The reason why it got that name was this: The inferior wife of a king, whose country lay along the river Ganges, brought forth from her womb a ball of flesh. The superior wife, jealous of the other, said, "You have brought forth a thing of evil omen," and immediately it was put into a box of wood and thrown into the river. Farther down the stream another king was walking and looking about, when he saw the wooden box floating in the water. He had it brought to him, opened it, and found a thousand little boys, upright and complete, and each one different from the others. He took them and had them brought up. They grew tall and large, and very daring and strong, crushing all opposition in every expedition which they undertook. By and by they attacked the kingdom of their real father, who became in consequence greatly distressed and sad. His inferior wife asked what it was that made him so, and he replied, " That king has a thousand sons, daring and strong beyond compare, and he wishes with them to attack my kingdom; this is what makes me sad." The wife said, " You need not be sad and sorrowful. Only make a high gallery on the wall of the city on the east; and when the thieves come, I shall be able to make them retire." The king did as she said; and when the enemies came, she said to them from the tower, " You are my sons; why are you acting so unnaturally and rebelliously?" They replied, " Who are you that say you are our mother?" " If you do not believe me," she said, " look, all of you, towards me, and open your mouths." She then pressed her breasts with her two hands, and each sent forth five hundred jets of milk, which fell into the mouths of the thousand sons. The thieves thus knew that she was their mother, and laid down their bows and weapons. The two kings, the fathers, hereupon fell into reflection, and both got to be Pratyeka Buddhas. The tope of the two Pratyeka Buddhas is still existing.

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[1] Âmbapâlî, Âmrapâlî, or Âmradarikâ, "the guardian of the Âmra (probably the mango) tree," is famous in Buddhist annals. She was a courtesan. She had been in many nârakas or hells, was one hundred thousand times a female beggar, and ten thousand times a prostitute; but maintaining perfect continence during the period of Kâsyapa Buddha, Sakyamuni's predecessor, she had been born a devî, and finally appeared in earth under an Âmra tree in Vaisâlî. There again she fell into her old ways, and had a son by king Bimbisâra; but she was won over by Buddha to virtue and chastity, renounced the world, and attained to the state of an Arhat.

In a subsequent age, when the World-honored one had attained to perfect Wisdom and become Buddha, he said to his disciples, " This is the place where I in a former age laid down my bow and weapons."[2] It was thus that subsequently men got to know the fact, and raised the tope on this spot, which in this way received its name. The thousand little boys were the thousand Buddhas of this Bhadra-kalpa.[3]

It was by the side of the " Weapons-laid-down " tope that Buddha, having given up the idea of living longer, said to Ânanda, " In three months from this I will attain to pari-nirvâna "; and king Mâra[4] had so fascinated and stupefied Ânanda, that he was not able to ask Buddha to remain longer in this world.

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[2] Thus Sâkyamuni had been one of the thousand little boys who floated in the box in the Ganges. How long back the former age was we cannot tell. I suppose the tope of the two fathers who became Pratyeka Buddhas had been built like the one commemorating the laying down of weapons after Buddha had told his disciples of the strange events in the past.

[3] Bhadra-kalpa, " the Kalpa of worthies or sages." " This," says Eitel, " is a designation for a Kalpa of stability, so-called because one thousand Buddhas appear in the course of it. Our present period is a Bhadra-kalpa, and four Buddhas have already appeared. It is to last two hundred and thirty-six millions of years, but over one hundred and fifty-one millions have already elapsed."

[4] " The king of demons." The name Mâra is explained by " the murderer," " the destroyer of virtue," and similar appellations. He is the personification of lust, the god of love, sin, and death, the arch-enemy of goodness, residing in the heaven Paranirmita Vasavartin on

Three or four li east from this place there is a tope commemorating the following occurrence: A hundred years after the pari-nirvâna of Buddha, some Bhikshus of Vaiśâlî went wrong in the matter of the disciplinary rules in ten particulars, and appealed for their justification to what they said were the words of Buddha. Hereupon the Arhats and Bhikshus observant of the rules, to the number in all of seven hundred monks, examined afresh and collated the collection of disciplinary books.[5] Subsequently men built at this place the tope in question, which is still existing.

CHAPTER XXVI

Remarkable Death of Ânanda

FOUR yojanas on from this place to the east brought the travellers to the confluence of the five rivers. When Ânanda was going from Magadha to Vaiśâlî, wishing his pari-nirvâna to take place there, the devas informed king Ajâtaśatru[1] of it, and the king immediately pursued him, in his own grand carriage, with a body of soldiers, and had reached the river. On the other hand, the Lichchhavis of Vaiśâlî had heard that Ânanda was coming to their city, and they on their part came to meet him. In this way, they all arrived together at the river, and Ânanda considered that, if he went forward, king Ajâtaśatru would be very angry, while, if he went back, the Lichchhavis would resent his conduct. He thereupon in the very middle of the river burnt his body in a fiery ecstasy of Samâdhi,[2] and his pari-nirvâna was attained. He divided his

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the top of the Kâmadhâtu. He assumes different forms, especially monstrous ones, to tempt or frighten the saints, or sends his daughters, or inspires wicked men like Devadatta or the Nirgranthas to do his work. He is often represented with one hundred arms, and riding on an elephant.

[5] Or the Vinaya-pitaka. The meeting referred to was an important one, and is generally spoken of as the second Great Council of the Buddhist Church. The first Council was that held at Râjagriha, shortly after Buddha's death, under the presidency of Kâsyapa—say about B.C. 410. The second was that spoken of here—say about B.C. 300.

[1] He was the son of king Bimbisâra, who was one of the first royal converts to Buddhism. Ajasat murdered his father, or at least wrought his death; and was at first opposed to Sakyamuni, and a favorer of Devadotta. When converted, he became famous for his liberality in almsgiving.

[2] "Samâdhi," says Eitel, "signifies the highest pitch of abstract, ecstatic meditation; a state of absolute indifference to all influences from within or without; a state of torpor of both the material and spiritual forces of vitality; a sort of terrestrial Nirvâna, consistently culminating in total destruction of life."

body into two parts, leaving one part on each bank; so that each of the two kings got one part as a sacred relic, and took it back to his own capital, and there raised a tope over it.

CHAPTER XXVII

King Asoka's Spirit-built Palace and Halls

HAVING crossed the river, and descended south for a yojana, the travellers came to the town of Pâtaliputtra,[1] in the kingdom of Magadha, the city where king Aśoka ruled. The royal palace and halls in the midst of the city, which exist now as of old, were all made by spirits which he employed, and which piled up the stones, reared the walls and gates, and executed the elegant carving and inlaid sculpture-work—in a way which no human hands of this world could accomplish.

King Aśoka had a younger brother who had attained to be an Arhat, and resided on Gridhra-kûta hill, finding his delight in solitude and quiet. The king, who sincerely reverenced him, wished and begged him to come and live in his family, where he could supply all his wants. The other, however, through his delight in the stillness of the mountain, was unwilling to accept the invitation, on which the king said to him, "Only accept my invitation, and I will make a hill for you inside the city." Accordingly, he provided the materials of a feast, called to him the spirits, and announced to them, "To-morrow you will all receive my invitation; but as there are no mats for you to sit on, let each one bring his own seat." Next day the spirits came, each one bringing with him a great rock, like a wall, four or five paces square, for a seat. When their sitting was over, the king made them form a hill with the large stones piled on one another, and also at the foot of the hill, with five large square stones, to make an apartment, which might be more than thirty cubits long, twenty cubits wide, and more than ten cubits high.

In this city there had resided a great Brahman, named Râdha-sâmi, a professor of the mahâyâna, of clear discernment and much wisdom, who understood everything, living by himself in spotless purity. The king of the country honored and reverenced him, and served him as his teacher. If he went to inquire for and greet him, the king did not presume to sit down alongside of him; and if, in his love and reverence, he took hold of his hand, as soon as he let it go, the Brahman made haste to pour water on it and wash it. He might be more than fifty years old, and all the kingdom looked up to him. By means of this one man, the Law of Buddha was widely made known, and the followers of other doctrines did not find it in their power to persecute the body of monks in any way.

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[1] The modern Patna. The Sanscrit name means "The city of flowers." It is the Indian Florence.

By the side of the tope of Aśoka, there has been made a mahâyâna monastery, very grand and beautiful; there is also a hînayâna one; the two together containing six hundred or seven hundred monks. The rules of demeanor and the scholastic arrangements in them are worthy of observation.

Shamans of the highest virtue from all quarters, and students, inquirers wishing to find out truth and the grounds of it, all resort to these monasteries. There also resides in this monastery a Brahman teacher, whose name also is Mañjuśrî, whom the Shamans of greatest virtue in the kingdom, and the mahâyâna Bhikshus honor and look up to.

The cities and towns of this country are the greatest of all in the Middle Kingdom. The inhabitants are rich and prosperous, and vie with one another in the practice of benevolence and righteousness. Every year on the eighth day of the second month they celebrate a procession of images. They make a four-wheeled car, and on it erect a structure of five stories by means of bamboos tied together. This is supported by a king-post, with poles and lances slanting from it, and is rather more than twenty cubits high, having the shape of a tope. White and silk-like cloth of hair is wrapped all round it, which is then painted in various colors. They make figures of devas, with gold, silver, and lapis lazuli grandly blended and having silken streamers and canopies hung out over them. On the four sides are niches, with a Buddha seated in each, and a Bodhisattva standing in attendance on him. There may be twenty cars, all grand and imposing, but each one different from the others. On the day mentioned, the monks and laity within the borders all come together; they have singers and skilful musicians; they pay their devotions with flowers and incense. The Brahmans come and invite the Buddhas to enter the city. These do so in order, and remain two nights in it. All through the night they keep lamps burning, have skilful music, and present offerings. This is the practice in all the other kingdoms as well. The Heads of the Vaiśya families in them establish in the cities houses for dispensing charity and medicines. All the poor and destitute in the country, orphans, widowers, and childless men, maimed people and cripples, and all who are diseased, go to those houses, and are provided with every kind of help, and doctors examine their diseases. They get the food and medicines which their cases require, and are made to feel at ease; and when they are better, they go away of themselves.

When king Aśoka destroyed the seven topes, intending to make eighty-four thousand, the first which he made was the great tope, more than three li to the south of this city. In front of this there is a footprint of Buddha, where a vihâra has been built. The door of it faces the north, and on the south of it there is a stone pillar, fourteen or fifteen cubits in circumference, and more than thirty cubits high, on which there is an inscription, saying, "Aśoka gave the Jambudvipa to the general body of all the monks, and then redeemed it from them with money. This he did three times." North from the tope three hundred or four hundred paces, king Aśoka built the city of Ne-le. In it there is a stone pillar, which also is more than thirty feet high, with a lion on the top of it. On the pillar there is an inscription recording the things which led to the building of Ne-le, with the number of the year, the day, and the month.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Râjagriha, New and Old—Legends Connected with It

The travellers went on from this to the southeast for nine yojanas, and came to a small solitary rocky hill, at the head or end of which was an apartment of stone, facing the south—the place where Buddha sat, when Śakra, Ruler of Devas, brought the deva-musician, Pañchaśikha, to give pleasure to him by playing on his lute. Śakra then asked Buddha about forty-two subjects, tracing the questions out with his finger one by one on the rock. The prints of his tracing are still there; and here also there is a monastery.

A yojana southwest from this place brought them to the village of Nâla, where Śâriputtra was born, and to which also he returned, and attained here his pari-nirvâna. Over the spot where his body was burned there was built a tope, which is still in existence.

Another yojana to the west brought them to New Râjagriha—the new city which was built by king Ajâtaśatru. There were two monasteries in it. Three hundred paces outside the west gate, king Ajâtaśatru, having obtained one portion of the relics of Buddha, built over them a tope, high, large, grand, and beautiful. Leaving the city by the south gate, and proceeding south four li, one enters a valley, and comes to a circular space formed by five hills, which stand all round it, and have the appearance of the suburban wall of a city. Here was the old city of king Bimbisâra; from east to west about five or six li, and from north to south seven or eight. It was here that Śâriputtra and Maudgalyâyana first saw Upasena;* that the Nirgrantha made a pit of fire and poisoned the rice, and then invited Buddha to eat with him; that king Ajâtaśatru made a black elephant intoxicated with liquor, wishing him to injure Buddha; and that at the northeast corner of the city in a large curving space Jîvaka built a vihâra in the garden of Âmbapâlî, and invited Buddha with his one thousand two hundred and fifty disciples to it, that he might there make his offerings to support them. These places are still there as of old, but inside the city all is emptiness and desolation; no man dwells in it.

CHAPTER XXIX

Fâ-Hien Passes a Night on Gridhra-kûta Hill

ENTERING the valley, and keeping along the mountains on the southeast, after ascending fifteen li, the travellers came to mount Gridhra-kûta. Three li before you reach the top, there is a cavern in the rocks, facing the south, in which Buddha sat in meditation. Thirty paces to the northwest there is another, where Ânanda was sitting in meditation, when the deva Mâra

* One of the five first followers of Sâkyamuni.

Piśuna, having assumed the form of a large vulture, took his place in front of the cavern, and frightened the disciple. Then Buddha, by his mysterious, supernatural power, made a cleft in the rock, introduced his hand, and stroked Ânanda's shoulder, so that his fear immediately passed away. The footprints of the bird and the cleft for Buddha's hand are still there, and hence comes the name of "The Hill of the Vulture Cavern."

In front of the cavern there are the places where the four Buddhas sat. There are caverns also of the Arhats, one where each sat and meditated, amounting to several hundred in all. At the place where in front of his rocky apartment Buddha was walking from east to west in meditation, and Devadatta, from among the beetling cliffs on the north of the mountain, threw a rock across, and hurt Buddha's toes, the rock is still there.

The hall where Buddha preached his Law has been destroyed, and only the foundations of the brick walls remain. On this hill the peak is beautifully green, and rises grandly up; it is the highest of all the five hills. In the New City Fâ-hien bought incense-sticks, flowers, oil and lamps, and hired two bhikshus, long resident at the place, to carry them to the peak. When he himself got to it, he made his offerings with the flowers and incense, and lighted the lamps when the darkness began to come on. He felt melancholy, but restrained his tears and said, "Here Buddha delivered the Śûrângama Sûtra. I, Fâ-hien, was born when I could not meet with Buddha; and now I only see the footprints which he has left, and the place where he lived, and nothing more." With this, in front of the rock cavern, he chanted the Śûrângama Sûtra, remained there over the night, and then returned towards the New City.

CHAPTER XXX

Srataparna Cave, or Cave of the First Council

Out from the old city, after walking over three hundred paces, on the west of the road, the travellers found the Karanda Bamboo garden, where the old vihâra is still in existence, with a company of monks, who keep the ground about it swept and watered.

North of the vihâra two or three li there was the Śmaśânam, which name means in Chinese "the field of graves into which the dead are thrown."

As they kept along the mountain on the south, and went west for three hundred paces, they found a dwelling among the rocks, named the Pippala cave, in which Buddha regularly sat in meditation after taking his mid-day meal.

Going on still to the west for five or six li, on the north of the hill, in the shade, they found the cavern called Śrataparna,[1] the place where, after the nirvâna of Buddha, five hundred Arhats collected the Sûtras. When they brought the Sûtras forth, three lofty seats had been prepared and grandly ornamented. Śâriputtra occupied the one on the left, and Maudgalyâyana that on the right. Of the number of five hundred one was wanting. Mahâkaśyapa was president on the middle seat. Ânanda was then outside the door, and could not get in. At the place there was subsequently raised a tope, which is still existing.

Along the sides of the hill, there are also a very great many cells among the rocks, where the various Arhans sat and meditated. As you leave the old city on the north, and go down east for three li, there is the rock dwelling of Devadatta, and at a distance of fifty paces from it there is a large, square, black rock. Formerly there was a bhikshu, who, as he walked backwards and forwards upon it, thought with himself:—"This body is impermanent, a thing of bitterness and vanity, and which cannot be looked on as pure. I am weary of this body, and troubled by it as an evil." With this he grasped a knife, and was about to kill himself. But he thought again:—"The World-honored one laid down a prohibition against one's killing himself."[2] Further it occurred to him:—"Yes, he did; but I now only wish to kill three poisonous thieves." Immediately with the knife he cut his throat. With the first gash into the flesh he attained the state of a Śrotâpanna; when he had gone half through, he attained to be an Anâgâmin; and when he had cut right through, he was an Arhat, and attained to pari-nirvâna, and died.

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[1] A very great place in the annals of Buddhism. The Council in the Srataparna cave did not come together fortuitously, but appears to have been convoked by the older members to settle the rules and doctrines of the order. The cave was prepared for the occasion by king Ajâtasatru.

[2] Buddha made a law forbidding the monks to commit suicide. He prohibited any one from discoursing on the miseries of life in such a manner as to cause desperation.

CHAPTER XXXI

Sâkyamuni's Attaining to the Buddhaship

From this place, after travelling to the west for four yojanas, the pilgrims came to the city of Gayâ; but inside the city all was emptiness and desolation. Going on again to the south for twenty li, they arrived at the place where the Bodhisattva for six years practised with himself painful austerities. All around was forest.

Three li west from here they came to the place where, when Buddha had gone into the water to bathe, a deva bent down the branch of a tree, by means of which he succeeded in getting out of the pool.

Two li north from this was the place where the Grâmika girls presented to Buddha the rice-gruel made with milk; and two li north from this was the place where, seated on a rock under a great tree, and facing the east, he ate the gruel. The tree and the rock are there at the present day. The rock may be six cubits in breadth and length, and rather more than two cubits in height. In Central India the cold and heat are so equally tempered that trees live for several thousand and even for ten thousand years.

Half a yojana from this place to the northeast there was a cavern in the rocks, into which the Bodhisattva entered, and sat cross-legged with his face to the west. As he did so, he said to himself, "If I am to attain to perfect wisdom and become Buddha, let there be a supernatural attestation of it." On the wall of the rock there appeared immediately the shadow of a Buddha, rather more than three feet in length, which is still bright at the present day. At this moment heaven and earth were greatly moved, and devas in the air spoke plainly, "This is not the place where any Buddha of the past, or he that is to come, has attained, or will attain, to perfect Wisdom. Less than half a yojana from this to the southwest will bring you to the patra tree, where all past Buddhas have attained, and all to come must attain, to perfect Wisdom." When they had spoken these words, they immediately led the way forward to the place, singing as they did so. As they thus went away, the Bodhisattva arose and walked after them. At a distance of thirty paces from the tree, a deva gave him the grass of lucky omen, which he received and went on. After he had proceeded fifteen paces, five hundred green birds came flying towards him, went round him thrice, and disappeared. The Bodhisattva went forward to the patra tree, placed the kuśa grass at the foot of it, and sat down with his face to the east. Then king Mâra sent three beautiful young ladies, who came from the north, to tempt him, while he himself came from the south to do the same. The Bodhisattva put his toes down on the ground, and the demon soldiers retired and dispersed, and the three young ladies were changed into old grandmothers.

At the place mentioned above of the six years' painful austerities, and at all these other places, men subsequently reared topes and set up images, which all exist at the present day.

Where Buddha, after attaining to perfect Wisdom, for seven days contemplated the tree, and experienced the joy of vimukti; where, under the patra tree, he walked to and fro from west to east for seven days; where the devas made a hall appear, composed of the seven precious substances, and presented offerings to him for seven days; where the blind dragon Muchilinda[1] encircled him for seven days; where he sat under the nyagrodha tree, on a square rock, with his face to the east, and Brahma-deva came and made his request to him; where the four deva kings brought to him their alms-bowls; where the five hundred merchants presented to him the roasted flour and honey; and where he converted the brothers Kaśyapa and their thousand disciples;—at all these places topes were reared.

At the place where Buddha attained to perfect Wisdom, there are three monasteries, in all of which there are monks residing. The families of their people around supply the societies of these monks with an abundant sufficiency of what they require, so that there is no lack or stint. The disciplinary rules are strictly observed by them. The laws regulating their demeanor in sitting, rising, and entering when the others are assembled, are those which have been practised by all the saints since Buddha was in the world down to the present day. The places of the four great topes have been fixed, and handed down without break, since Buddha attained to nirvâna. Those four great topes are those at the places where Buddha was born; where he attained to Wisdom; where he began to move the wheel of his Law; and where he attained to pari-nirvâna.

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[1] Called also Mahâ, or the Great Muchilinda. Eitel says: "A nâga king, the tutelary deity of a lake near which Sâkyamuni once sat for seven days absorbed in meditation, whilst the king guarded him."

CHAPTER XXXII

Legend of King Asoka in a Former Birth

When king Aśoka, in a former birth, was a little boy and playing on the road, he met Kaśyapa Buddha walking. The stranger begged food, and the boy pleasantly took a handful of earth and gave it to him. The Buddha took the earth, and returned it to the ground on which he was walking; but because of this the boy received the recompense of becoming a king of the iron wheel, to rule over Jambudvipa. Once when he was making a judicial tour of inspection through Jambudvîpa, he saw, between the iron circuit of the two hills, a naraka for the punishment of wicked men. Having thereupon asked his ministers what sort of a thing it was, they replied, "It belongs to Yama,[1] king of demons, for punishing wicked people." The king thought within himself:—"Even the king of demons is able to make a naraka in which to deal with wicked men; why should not I, who am the lord of men, make a naraka in which to deal with wicked men?" He forthwith asked his ministers who could make for him a naraka and preside over the punishment of wicked people in it. They replied that it was only a man of extreme wickedness who could make it; and the king thereupon sent officers to seek everywhere for such a bad man; and they saw by the side of a pond a man tall and strong, with a black countenance, yellow hair, and green eyes, hooking up the fish with his feet, while he called to him birds and beasts, and, when they came, then shot and

[1] Yama was originally the Âryan god of the dead, living in a heaven above the world, the regent of the south; but Brahmanism transferred his abode to hell. Both views have been retained by Buddhism. The Yama of the text is the "regent of the narakas, residing south of Jambudvipa, outside the Chakravâlas (the double circuit of mountains above), in a palace built of brass and iron. He has a sister who controls all the female culprits, as he exclusively deals with the male sex. Three times, however, in every twenty-four hours, a demon pours boiling copper into Yama's mouth, and squeezes it down his throat, causing him unspeakable pain." Such, however, is the wonderful "transrotation of births," that when Yama's sins have been expiated, he is to be reborn as Buddha, under the name of "The Universal King."

killed them, so that not one escaped. Having got this man, they took him to the king, who secretly charged him, " You must make a square enclosure with high walls. Plant in it all kinds of flowers and fruits; make good ponds in it for bathing; make it grand and imposing in every way, so that men shall look to it with thirsting desire; make its gates strong and sure; and when any one enters, instantly seize him and punish him as a sinner, not allowing him to get out. Even if I should enter, punish me as a sinner in the same way, and do not let me go. I now appoint you master of that naraka."

Soon after this a bhikshu, pursuing his regular course of begging his food, entered the gate of the place. When the lictors of the naraka saw him, they were about to subject him to their tortures; but he, frightened, begged them to allow him a moment in which to eat his mid-day meal. Immediately after, there came in another man, whom they thrust into a mortar and pounded till a red froth overflowed. As the bhikshu looked on, there came to him the thought of the impermanence, the painful suffering and inanity of this body, and how it is but as a bubble and as foam; and instantly he attained to Arhatship. Immediately after, the lictors seized him, and threw him into a caldron of boiling water. There was a look of joyful satisfaction, however, in the bhikshu's countenance. The fire was extinguished, and the water became cold. In the middle of the caldron there rose up a lotus flower, with the bhikshu seated on it. The lictors at once went and reported to the king that there was a marvellous occurrence in the naraka, and wished him to go and see it; but the king said, " I formerly made such an agreement that now I dare not go to the place." The lictors said, " This is not a small matter. Your Majesty ought to go quickly. Let your former agreement be altered." The king thereupon followed them, and entered the naraka, when the bhikshu preached the Law to him, and he believed, and was made free. Forthwith he demolished the naraka, and repented of all the evil which he had formerly done. From this time he believed in and honored the Three Precious Ones, and constantly went to a patra tree, repenting under it, with self-reproach, of his errors, and accepting the eight rules of abstinence.

The queen asked where the king was constantly going to, and the ministers replied that he was constantly to be seen under such and such a patra tree. She watched for a time when the king was not there, and then sent men to cut the tree down. When the king came, and saw what had been done, he swooned away with sorrow, and fell to the ground. His ministers sprinkled water on his face, and after a considerable time he revived. He then built all round the stump with bricks, and poured a hundred pitchers of cows' milk on the roots; and as he lay with his four limbs spread out on the ground, he took this oath, "If the tree do not live, I will never rise from this." When he had uttered this oath, the tree immediately began to grow from the roots, and it has continued to grow till now, when it is nearly one hundred cubits in height.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Kasyapa Buddha's Skeleton on Mount Gurupada

THE travellers, going on from this three li to the south, came to a mountain named Gurupada, inside which Mahâkaśyapa even now is. He made a cleft, and went down into it, though the place where he entered would not now admit a man. Having gone down very far, there was a hole on one side, and there the complete body of Kaśyapa still abides. Outside the hole at which he entered is the earth with which he had washed his hands. If the people living thereabouts have a sore on their heads, they plaster on it some of the earth from this, and feel immediately easier. On this mountain, now as of old, there are Arhats abiding. Devotees of our Law from the various countries in that quarter go year by year to the mountain, and present offerings to Kaśyapa; and to those whose hearts are strong in faith there come Arhats at night, and talk with them, discussing and explaining their doubts, and disappearing suddenly afterwards.

On this hill hazels grow luxuriantly; and there are many lions, tigers, and wolves, so that people should not travel incautiously.

CHAPTER XXXIV

On the Way Returning to Patna

FÂ-HIEN returned from here towards Pâtaliputtra, keeping along the course of the Ganges and descending in the direction of the west. After going ten yojanas he found a vihâra, named "The Wilderness"—a place where Buddha had dwelt, and where there are monks now.

Pursuing the same course, and going still to the west, he arrived, after twelve yojanas, at the city of Vârânasî in the kingdom of Kâśî. Rather more than ten li to the northeast of the city, he found the vihâra in the park of "The rishi's Deer-wild."[1] In this park there formerly resided a Pratyeka Buddha, with whom the deer were regularly in the habit of stopping for the night. When the World-honored one was about to attain to perfect Wisdom, the devas sang in the sky, "The son of king Śuddhodana, having quitted his family and studied the Path of Wisdom, will now in seven days become Buddha." The Pratyeka Buddha heard their words, and immediately attained to nirvâna; and hence this place was named "The Park of the rishi's Deer-wild." After the World-honored one had attained to perfect Wisdom, men built the vihâra in it.

Buddha wished to convert Kaundinya and his four companions; but they, being aware of his intention, said to one another, "This Śramana Gotama[2] for six years continued in the practice of painful austerities, eating daily only a single hemp-seed, and one grain of rice, without attaining to the Path of Wisdom; how much less will he do so now that he has entered again among men, and is giving the reins to the indulgence of his body, his speech, and his thoughts! What has he to do with the Path of Wisdom? To-day, when he comes to us, let us be on our guard not to speak with him." At the places where the five men all rose up, and respectfully saluted Buddha, when he came to them; where, sixty paces north from this, he sat with his face to the east, and first turned the wheel of the Law, converting Kaundinya and the four others; where, twenty paces further to the north, he delivered his prophecy concerning Maitreya; and where, at a distance of fifty paces to the south, the dragon Elâpattra asked him, "When shall I get free from this nâga body?"—at all these places topes were reared, and are still existing. In the park there are two monasteries, in both of which there are monks residing.

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[1] "The rishi," says Eitel, "is a man whose bodily frame has undergone a certain transformation by dint of meditation and asceticism, so that he is, for an indefinite period, exempt from decrepitude, age, and death. As this period is believed to extend far beyond the usual duration of human life, such persons are called, and popularly believed to be, immortals." Rishis are divided into various classes; and rishi-ism is spoken of as a seventh path of transrotation, and rishis are referred to as the seventh class of sentient beings.

[2] This is the only instance in Fâ-hien's text where the Bodhisattva or Buddha is called by the surname "Gotama." For the most part our traveller uses Buddha as a proper name, though it properly means "The Enlightened." He uses also the combinations "Sâkya Buddha," which means "The Buddha of the Sâkya tribe," and "Sâkyamuni," which means "The Sâkya sage." This last is the most common designation of the Buddha in China. Among other Buddhistic peoples "Gotama" and "Gotama Buddha" are the more frequent designations.

When you go northwest from the vihâra of the Deer-wild park for thirteen yojanas, there is a kingdom named Kauśâmbî. Its vihâra is named Ghochiravana—a place where Buddha formerly resided. Now, as of old, there is a company of monks there, most of whom are students of the hînayâna.

East from this, when you have travelled eight yojanas, is the place where Buddha converted the evil demon. There, and where he walked in meditation and sat at the place which was his regular abode, there have been topes erected. There is also a monastery, which may contain more than a hundred monks.

CHAPTER XXXV

Dakshina, and the Pigeon Monastery

SOUTH from this two hundred yojanas, there is a country named Dakshina, where there is a monastery dedicated to the by-gone Kaśyapa Buddha, and which has been hewn out from a large hill of rock. It consists in all of five stories;—the lowest, having the form of an elephant, with five hundred apartments in the rock; the second, having the form of a lion, with four hundred apartments; the third, having the form of a horse, with three hundred apartments; the fourth, having the form of an ox, with two hundred apartments; and the fifth, having the form of a pigeon, with one hundred apartments. At the very top there is a spring, the water of which, always in front of the apartments in the rock, goes round among the rooms, now circling, now curving, till in this way it arrives at the lowest story, having followed the shape of the structure, and flows out there at the door. Everywhere in the apartments of the monks, the rock has been pierced so as to form windows for the admission of light, so that they are all bright, without any being left in darkness. At the four corners of the tiers of apartments, the rock has been hewn so as to form steps for ascending to the top of each. The men of the present day, being of small size, and going up step by step, manage to get to the top; but in a former age they did so at one step. Because of this, the monastery is called Paravata, that being the Indian name for a pigeon. There are always Arhats residing in it.

The country about is a tract of uncultivated hillocks, without inhabitants. At a very long distance from the hill there are villages, where the people all have bad and erroneous views, and do not know the Śramanas of the Law of Buddha, Brahmanas, or devotees of any of the other and different schools. The people of that country are constantly seeing men on the wing, who come and enter this monastery. On one occasion, when devotees of various countries came to perform their worship at it, the people of those villages said to them, " Why do you not fly? The devotees whom we have seen hereabouts all fly "; and the strangers answered, on the spur of the moment, " Our wings are not yet fully formed."

The kingdom of Dakshina is out of the way, and perilous to traverse. There are difficulties in connection with the roads; but those who know how to manage such difficulties and wish to proceed should bring with them money and various articles, and give them to the king. He will then send men to escort them. These will, at different stages, pass them over to others, who will show them the shortest routes. Fâ-hien, however, was after all unable to go there; but having received the above accounts from men of the country, he has narrated them.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Fâ-Hien's Indian Studies

FROM Vârânasî the travellers went back east to Pâtaliputtra. Fâ-hien's original object had been to search for copies of the Vinaya. In the various kingdoms of North India, however, he had found one master transmitting orally the rules to another, but no written copies which he could transcribe. He had therefore travelled far and come on to Central India. Here, in the mahâyâna monastery, he found a copy of the Vinaya, containing the Mahâsânghikâ[1] rules—those which were observed in the first Great Council, while Buddha was still in the world. The original copy was handed down in the Jetavana vihâra. As to the other eighteen schools, each one has the views and decisions of its own masters. Those agree with this in the general meaning, but they have small and trivial differences, as when one opens and another shuts. This copy of the rules, however, is the most complete, with the fullest explanations.[2]

He further got a transcript of the rules in six or seven thousand gâthas,[3] being the sarvâstivâdâh[4] rules—those which are observed by the communities of monks in the land of Ts'in; which also have all been handed down orally from master to master without being committed to writing. In the community here, moreover, he got the Samyuktâbhi-dharma-hridaya-śâstra, containing about six or seven thousand gâthas; he also got a Sûtra of two thousand five hundred gâthas; one chapter of the Pari-nirvâna-vaipulya Sûtra, of about five thousand gâthas; and the Mahâsânghikâ Abhidharma.

In consequence of this success in his quest Fâ-hien stayed here for three years, learning Sanscrit books and the Sanscrit speech, and writing out the Vinaya rules. When Tâo-ching arrived in the Central Kingdom, and saw the rules observed by the Śramanas, and the dignified demeanor in their societies which he remarked under all occurring circumstances, he sadly called to mind in what a mutilated and imperfect condition the rules were among the monkish communities in the land of Ts'in, and made the following aspiration: "From this time forth till I come to the state of Buddha, let me not be born in a frontier-land." He remained accordingly in India, and did not return to the land of Han. Fâ-hien, however, whose original purpose had been to secure the introduction of the complete Vinaya rules into the land of Han, returned there alone.

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[1] Mahâsânghikâ simply means "the Great Assembly," that is, of monks.

[2] It was afterwards translated by Fâ-hien into Chinese.

[3] A gâtha is a stanza, generally consisting of a few, commonly of two, lines somewhat metrically arranged.

[4] "A branch," says Eitel, "of the great vaibhâshika school, asserting the reality of all visible phenomena, and claiming the authority of Râhula."

CHAPTER XXXVII

Fâ-hien's Stay in Champâ and Tâmaliptî

FOLLOWING the course of the Ganges, and descending eastward for eighteen yojanas, he found on the southern bank the great kingdom of Champâ, with topes reared at the places where Buddha walked in meditation by his vihâra, and where he and the three Buddhas, his predecessors, sat. There were monks residing at them all. Continuing his journey east for nearly fifty yojanas, he came to the country of Tâmaliptî, the capital of which is a seaport. In the country there are twenty-two monasteries, at all of which there are monks residing. The Law of Buddha is also flourishing in it. Here Fá-hien stayed two years, writing out his Sûtras, and drawing pictures of images.

After this he embarked in a large merchant-vessel, and went floating over the sea to the southwest. It was the beginning of winter, and the wind was favorable; and, after fourteen days, sailing day and night, they came to the country of Singhala. The people said that it was distant from Tâmaliptî about seven hundred yojanas.

The kingdom is on a large island, extending from east to west fifty yojanas, and from north to south thirty. Left and right from it there are as many as one hundred small islands, distant from one another ten, twenty, or even two hundred li; but all subject to the large island. Most of them produce pearls and precious stones of various kinds; there is one which produces the pure and brilliant pearl—an island which would form a square of about ten li. The king employs men to watch and protect it, and requires three out of every ten pearls which the collectors find.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

At Ceylon—Feats of Buddha—His Statue in Jade

The country originally had no human inhabitants, but was occupied only by spirits and nâgas, with which merchants of various countries carried on a trade. When the trafficking was taking place, the spirits did not show themselves. They simply set forth their precious commodities, with labels of the price attached to them; while the merchants made their purchases according to the price; and took the things away.

Through the coming and going of the merchants in this way, when they went away, the people of their various countries heard how pleasant the land was, and flocked to it in numbers till it became a great nation. The climate is temperate and attractive, without any difference of summer and winter. The vegetation is always luxuriant. Cultivation proceeds whenever men think fit: there are no fixed seasons for it.

When Buddha came to this country, wishing to transform the wicked nâgas by his supernatural power, he planted one foot at the north of the royal city, and the other on the top of a mountain,[1] the two being fifteen yojanas apart. Over the footprint at the north of the city the king built a large tope, four hundred cubits high, grandly adorned with gold and silver, and finished with a combination of all the precious substances. By the side of the tope he further built a monastery, called the Abhayagiri, where there are now five thousand monks. There is in it a hall of Buddha, adorned with carved and inlaid work of gold and silver, and rich in the seven precious substances, in which there is an image of Buddha in green jade, more than twenty cubits in height, glittering all over with those substances, and having an appearance of solemn dignity which words cannot express. In the palm of the right hand there is a priceless pearl. Several years had now elapsed since Fâ-hien left the land of Han; the men with whom he had been in intercourse had all been of regions strange to him; his eyes had not rested on an old and familiar hill or river, plant or tree: his fellow-travellers, moreover, had been separated from him, some by death, and others flowing off in different directions; no face or shadow was now with him but his own, and a constant sadness was in his heart. Suddenly one day, when by the side of this image of jade, he saw a merchant presenting as his offering a fan of white silk;[2] and the tears of sorrow involuntarily filled his eyes and fell down.

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[1] This would be what is known as "Adam's peak," having, according to Hardy, the three names of Selesumano, Samastakûta, and Samanila. There is an indentation on the top of it, a superficial hollow, 5 feet 3¾ inches long, and 2½ feet wide. The Hindus regard it as the footprint of Siva; the Mohammedans, as that of Adam; and the Buddhists, as in the text—as having been made by Buddha.

A former king of the country had sent to Central India and got a slip of the patra tree, which he planted by the side of the hall of Buddha, where a tree grew up to the height of about two hundred cubits. As it bent on one side towards the south-east, the king, fearing it would fall, propped it with a post eight or nine spans around. The tree began to grow at the very heart of the prop, where it met the trunk; a shoot pierced through the post, and went down to the ground, where it entered and formed roots, that rose to the surface and were about four spans round. Although the post was split in the middle, the outer portions kept hold of the shoot, and people did not remove them. Beneath the tree there has been built a vihâra, in which there is an image of Buddha seated, which the monks and commonalty reverence and look up to without ever becoming wearied. In the city there has been reared also the vihâra of Buddha's tooth, in which, as well as on the other, the seven precious substances have been employed.

The king practises the Brahmanical purifications, and the sincerity of the faith and reverence of the population inside the city are also great. Since the establishment of government in the kingdom there has been no famine or scarcity, no revolution or disorder. In the treasuries of the monkish communities there are many precious stones, and the priceless manis. One of the kings once entered one of those treasuries, and when he looked all round and saw the priceless pearls, his covetous greed was excited, and he wished to take them to himself by force. In three days, however, he came to himself, and immediately went and bowed his head to the ground in the midst of the monks, to show his repentance of the evil thought. As a sequel to this, he informed the monks of what had been in his mind, and desired them to make a regulation that from that day forth the king should not be allowed to enter the treasury and see what it contained, and that no bhikshu should enter it till after he had been in orders for a period of full forty years.

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[2] We naturally suppose that the merchant-offerer was a Chinese, as indeed the Chinese texts say, and the fan such as Fâ-hien had seen and used in his native land.

In the city there are many Vaiśya elders and Sabæan merchants, whose houses are stately and beautiful. The lanes and passages are kept in good order. At the heads of the four principal streets there have been built preaching halls, where, on the eighth, fourteenth, and fifteenth days of the month, they spread carpets, and set forth a pulpit, while the monks and commonalty from all quarters come together to hear the Law. The people say that in the kingdom there may be altogether sixty thousand monks, who get their food from their common stores. The king, besides, prepares elsewhere in the city a common supply of food for five or six thousand more. When any want, they take their great bowls, and go to the place of distribution, and take as much as the vessels will hold, all returning with them full.

The tooth of Buddha is always brought forth in the middle of the third month. Ten days beforehand the king grandly caparisons a large elephant, on which he mounts a man who can speak distinctly, and is dressed in royal robes, to beat a large drum, and make the following proclamation: "The Bodhisattva, during three Asankhyeya-kalpas,[3] manifested his activity, and did not spare his own life. He gave up kingdom, city, wife, and son; he plucked out his eyes and gave them to another; he cut off a piece of his flesh to ransom the life of a dove; he cut off his head and gave it as an alms; he gave his body to feed a starving tigress; he grudged not his marrow and brains. In many such ways as these did he undergo pain for the sake of all living. And so it was, that, having become Buddha, he continued in the world for forty-five years, preaching his Law, teaching and transforming, so that those who had no rest found rest, and the unconverted were converted. When his connection with the living was completed, he attained to pari-nirvâna and died. Since that event, for one thousand four hundred and ninety-seven years, the light of the world has gone out, and all living things have had long-continued sadness. Behold! ten days after this, Buddha's tooth will be brought forth, and taken to the Abhayagiri-vihâra. Let all and each, whether monks or laics, who wish to amass merit for themselves, make the roads smooth and in good condition, grandly adorn the lanes and by-ways, and provide abundant store of flowers and incense to be used as offerings to it."

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[3] A Kalpa, we have seen, denotes a great period of time; a period during which a physical universe is formed and destroyed. Asankhyeya denotes the highest sum for which a conventional term exists—according to Chinese calculations equal to one followed by seventeen ciphers; according to Thibetan and Singhalese, equal to one followed by ninety-seven ciphers. Every Mahâ-kalpa consists of four Asankhyeyakalpas.

When this proclamation is over, the king exhibits, so as to line both sides of the road, the five hundred different bodily forms in which the Bodhisattva has in the course of his history appeared:—here as Sudâna, there as Sâma; now as the king of elephants, and then as a stag or a horse. All these figures are brightly colored and grandly executed, looking as if they were alive. After this the tooth of Buddha is brought forth, and is carried along in the middle of the road. Everywhere on the way offerings are presented to it, and thus it arrives at the hall of Buddha in the Abhayagiri-vihâra. There monks and laics are collected in crowds. They burn incense, light lamps, and perform all the prescribed services, day and night without ceasing, till ninety days have been completed, when the tooth is returned to the vihâra within the city. On fast-days the door of that vihâra is opened, and the forms of ceremonial reverence are observed according to the rules.

Forty li to the east of the Abhayagiri-vihâra there is a hill, with a vihâra on it, called the Chaitya, where there may be two thousand monks. Among them there is a Śramana of great virtue, named Dharma-gupta, honored and looked up to by all the kingdom. He has lived for more than forty years in an apartment of stone, constantly showing such gentleness of heart, that he has brought snakes and rats to stop together in the same room, without doing one another any harm.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Cremation of an Arhat—Sermon of a Devotee

South of the city seven li there is a vihâra, called the Mahâvihâra, where three thousand monks reside. There had been among them a Śramana, of such lofty virtue, and so holy and pure in his observance of the disciplinary rules, that the people all surmised that he was an Arhat. When he drew near his end, the king came to examine into the point; and having assembled the monks according to rule, asked whether the bhikshu had attained to the full degree of Wisdom. They answered in the affirmative, saying that he was an Arhat. The king accordingly, when he died, buried him after the fashion of an Arhat, as the regular rules prescribed. Four or five li east from the vihâra there was reared a great pile of firewood, which might be more than thirty cubits square, and the same in height. Near the top were laid sandal, aloe, and other kinds of fragrant wood.

On the four sides of the pile they made steps by which to ascend it. With clean white hair-cloth, almost like silk, they wrapped the body round and round. They made a large carriage-frame, in form like our funeral car, but without the dragons and fishes.

At the time of the cremation, the king and the people, in multitudes from all quarters, collected together, and presented offerings of flowers and incense. While they were following the car to the burial-ground, the king himself presented flowers and incense. When this was finished, the car was lifted on the pile, all over which oil of sweet basil was poured, and then a light was applied. While the fire was blazing, every one, with a reverent heart, pulled off his upper garment, and threw it, with his feather-fan and umbrella, from a distance into the midst of the flames, to assist the burning. When the cremation was over, they collected and preserved the bones, and proceeded to erect a tope. Fâ-hien had not arrived in time to see the distinguished Shaman alive, and only saw his burial.

At that time the king, who was a sincere believer in the Law of Buddha and wished to build a new vihâra for the monks, first convoked a great assembly. After giving the monks a meal of rice, and presenting his offerings on the occasion, he selected a pair of first-rate oxen, the horns of which were grandly decorated with gold, silver, and the precious substances. A golden plough had been provided, and the king himself turned up a furrow on the four sides of the ground within which the building was to be. He then endowed the community of the monks with the population, fields, and houses, writing the grant on plates of metal, to the effect that from that time onwards, from generation to generation, no one should venture to annul or alter it.

In this country Fâ-hien heard an Indian devotee, who was reciting a Sûtra from the pulpit, say: "Buddha's alms-bowl was at first in Vaiśâlî, and now it is in Gandhâra. After so many hundred years (he gave, when Fâ-hien heard him, the exact number of years, but he has forgotten it), it will go to Western Tukhâra; after so many hundred years, to Khoten; after so many hundred years, to Kharachar; after so many hundred years, to the land of Han; after so many hundred years, it will come to Sinhala; and after so many hundred years, it will return to Central India. After that, it will ascend to the Tushita heaven; and when the Bodhisattva Maitreya sees it, he will say with a sigh, 'The alms-bowl of Śâkyamuni Buddha is come"; and with all the devas he will present to it flowers and incense for seven days. When these have expired, it will return to Jambudvîpa, where it will be received by the king of the sea nâgas, and taken into his nâga palace. When Maitreya shall be about to attain to perfect Wisdom and become Buddha, it will again separate into four bowls, which will return to the top of mount Anna, whence they came. After Maitreya has become Buddha, the four deva kings will again think of the Buddha with their bowls as they did in the case of the previous Buddha. The thousand Buddhas of this Bhadra-kalpa, indeed, will all use the same alms-bowl; and when the bowl has disappeared, the Law of Buddha will go on gradually to be extinguished. After that extinction has taken place, the life of man will be shortened, till it is only a period of five years. During this period of a five years' life, rice, butter, and oil will all vanish away, and men will become exceedingly wicked. The grass and trees which they lay hold of will change into swords and clubs, with which they will hurt, cut, and kill one another. Those among them on whom there is blessing will withdraw from society among the hills; and when the wicked have exterminated one another, they will again come forth, and say among themselves, 'The men of former times enjoyed a very great longevity; but through becoming exceedingly wicked, and doing all lawless things, the length of our life has been shortened and reduced even to five years. Let us now unite together in the practice of what is good, cherishing a gentle and sympathizing heart, and carefully cultivating good faith and righteousness. When each one in this way practises that faith and righteousness, life will go on to double its length till it reaches eighty thousand years. When Maitreya appears in the world, and begins to turn the wheel of this Law, he will in the first place save those among the disciples of the Law left by the Sâkya who have quitted their families, and those who have accepted the three Refuges, undertaken the five Prohibitions and the eight Abstinences, and given offerings to the Three Precious Ones; secondly and thirdly, he will save those between whom and conversion there is a connection transmitted from the past.' "*

Such was the discourse, and Fâ-hien wished to write it down as a portion of doctrine; but the man said, "This is taken from no Sûtra, it is only the utterance of my own mind."

CHAPTER XL

After Two Years Fâ-hien Takes Ship for China

FÂ-HIEN abode in this country two years; and, in addition to his acquisitions in Patna, succeeded in getting a copy of the Vinaya-pitaka of the Mahiśâsakâh school; the Dirghâgama and Samyuktâgama Sûtras; and also the Samyukta-sañchaya-pitaka;—all being works unknown in the land of Han. Having obtained these Sanscrit works, he took passage in a large merchantman, on board of which there were more than two hundred men, and to which was attached by a rope a smaller vessel, as a provision against damage or injury to the large one from the perils of the navigation. With a favorable wind, they proceeded eastward for three days, and then they encountered a great wind. The vessel sprang a leak and the water came in. The merchants wished to go to the smaller vessel; but the men on board it, fearing that too many would come, cut the connecting rope. The merchants were greatly alarmed, feeling their risk of instant death. Afraid that the vessel would fill, they took their bulky goods and threw them into the water. Fâ-hien also took his pitcher and washing-basin, with some other articles, and cast them into the sea; but fearing that the merchants would cast overboard his books and images, he could only think with all his heart of Kwan-she-yin, and commit his life to the protection of the church of the land of Han, saying in effect, "I have travelled far in search of our Law. Let me, by your dread and supernatural power, return from my wanderings, and reach my resting-place!"

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* That is, those whose Karma in the past should be rewarded by such conversion in the present.

In this way the tempest continued day and night, till on the thirteenth day the ship was carried to the side of an island, where, on the ebbing of the tide, the place of the leak was discovered, and it was stopped, on which the voyage was resumed. On the sea hereabouts there are many pirates, to meet with whom is speedy death. The great ocean spreads out, a boundless expanse. There is no knowing east or west; only by observing the sun, moon, and stars was it possible to go forward. If the weather were dark and rainy, the ship went as she was carried by the wind, without any definite course. In the darkness of the night, only the great waves were to be seen, breaking on one another, and emitting a brightness like that of fire, with huge turtles and other monsters of the deep all about. The merchants were full of terror, not knowing where they were going. The sea was deep and bottomless, and there was no place where they could drop anchor and stop. But when the sky became clear, they could tell east and west, and the ship again went forward in the right direction. If she had come on any hidden rock, there would have been no way of escape.

After proceeding in this way for rather more than ninety days, they arrived at a country called Java-dvîpa, where various forms of error and Brahmanism are flourishing, while Buddhism in it is not worth speaking of. After staying there for five months, Fâ-hien again embarked in another large merchantman, which also had on board more than two hundred men. They carried provisions for fifty days, and commenced the voyage on the sixteenth day of the fourth month.

Fâ-hien kept his retreat on board the ship. They took a course to the northeast, intending to fetch Kwang-chow. After more than a month, when the night-drum had sounded the second watch, they encountered a black wind and tempestuous rain, which threw the merchants and passengers into consternation. Fâ-hien again, with all his heart, directed his thoughts to Kwan-she-yin and the monkish communities of the land of Han; and, through their dread and mysterious protection, was preserved to daybreak. After daybreak, the Brahmans deliberated together and said, "It is having this Śramana on board which has occasioned our misfortune and brought us this great and bitter suffering. Let us land the bhikshu and place him on some island-shore. We must not for the sake of one man allow ourselves to be exposed to such imminent peril." A patron of Fâ-hien, however, said to them, "If you land the bhikshu, you must at the same time land me; and if you do not, then you must kill me. If you land this Śramana, when I get to the land of Han, I will go to the king, and inform against you. The king also reveres and believes the Law of Buddha, and honors the bhikshus." The merchants hereupon were perplexed, and did not dare immediately to land Fâ-hien.

At this time the sky continued very dark and gloomy, and the sailing-masters looked at one another and made mistakes. More than seventy days passed from their leaving Java, and the provisions and water were nearly exhausted. They used the salt-water of the sea for cooking, and carefully divided the fresh water, each man getting two pints. Soon the whole was nearly gone, and the merchants took counsel and said, "At the ordinary rate of sailing we ought to have reached Kwang-chow, and now the time is passed by many days;—must we not have held a wrong course?" Immediately they directed the ship to the northwest, looking out for land; and after sailing day and night for twelve days, they reached the shore on the south of mount Lâo, on the borders of the prefecture of Ch'ang-kwang, and immediately got good water and vegetables. They had passed through many perils and hardships, and had been in a state of anxious apprehension for many days together; and now suddenly arriving at this shore, and seeing those well-known vegetables, the lei and kwoh,[1] they knew indeed that it was the land of Han. Not seeing, however, any inhabitants nor any traces of them, they did not know whereabouts they were. Some said that they had not yet got to Kwang-chow, and others that they had passed it. Unable to come to a definite conclusion, some of them got into a small boat and entered a creek, to look for someone of whom they might ask what the place was. They found two hunters, whom they brought back with them, and then called on Fâ-hien to act as interpreter and question them. Fâ-hien first spoke assuringly to them, and then slowly and distinctly asked them, "Who are you?" They replied, "We are disciples of Buddha." He then asked, "What are you looking for among these hills?" They began to lie,[2] and said, "To-morrow is the fifteenth day of the seventh month. We wanted to get some peaches to present to Buddha." He asked further, "What country is this?" They replied, "This is the border of the prefecture of Ch'ang-kwang, a part of Ts'ing-chow under the ruling House of Ts'in." When they heard this, the merchants were glad, immediately asked for a portion of their money and goods, and sent men to Ch'ang-kwang city.

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[1] What these vegetables exactly were it is difficult to say; and there are different readings of the characters for them. Williams' Dictionary, under kwoh, brings the two names together in a phrase, but the rendering of it is simply "a soup of simples."

The prefect Le E was a reverent believer in the Law of Buddha. When he heard that a Śramana had arrived in a ship across the sea, bringing with him books and images, he immediately came to the sea-shore with an escort to meet the traveller, and receive the books and images, and took them back with him to the seat of his government. On this the merchants went back in the direction of Yang-chow; but when Fâ-hien arrived at Ts'ing-chow, the prefect there begged him to remain with him for a winter and a summer. After the summer retreat was ended, Fâ-hien, having been separated for a long time from his fellows, wished to hurry to Ch'ang-gan; but as the business which he had in hand was important, he went south to the Capital; and at an interview with the masters there exhibited the Sûtras and the collection of the Vinaya which he had procured.

After Fâ-hien set out from Ch'ang-gan, it took him six years to reach Central India; stoppages there extended over six years; and on his return it took him three years to reach Ts'ing-chow. The countries through which he passed were a few under thirty. From the sandy desert westwards on to India, the beauty of the dignified demeanor of the monkhood and of the transforming influence of the Law was beyond the power of language fully to describe; and reflecting how our masters had not heard any complete account of them, he therefore went on without regarding his own poor life, or the dangers to be encountered on the sea upon his return, thus incurring hardships and difficulties in a double form. He was fortunate enough, through the dread power of the three Honored Ones, to receive help and protection in his perils; and therefore he wrote out an account of his experiences, that worthy readers might share with him in what he had heard and said.

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[2] It is likely that these men were really hunters; and, when brought before Fâ-hien, because he was a Sramana, they thought they would please him by saying they were disciples of Buddha. But what had disciples of Buddha to do with hunting and taking life? They were caught in their own trap, and said they were looking for peaches.

CONCLUSION

By an Unknown Writer.

It was in the year Keah-yin, the twelfth year of the period E-he of the Eastern Ts'in dynasty, the year-star being in Virgo-Libra, in the summer, at the close of the period of retreat, that I met the devotee Fâ-hien. On his arrival I lodged him with myself in the winter study, and there, in our meetings for conversation, I asked him again and again about his travels. The man was modest and complaisant, and answered readily according to the truth. I thereupon advised him to enter into details where he had at first only given a summary, and he proceeded to relate all things in order from the beginning to the end. He said himself, "When I look back on what I have gone through, my heart is involuntarily moved, and the perspiration flows forth. That I encountered danger and trod the most perilous places, without thinking of or sparing myself, was because I had a definite aim, and thought of nothing but to do my best in my simplicity and straightforwardness. Thus it was that I exposed my life where death seemed inevitable, if I might accomplish but a ten-thousandth part of what I hoped." These words affected me in turn, and I thought:—This man is one of those who have seldom been seen from ancient times to the present. Since the Great Doctrine flowed on to the East there has been no one to be compared with Hien in his forgetfulness of self and search for the Law. Henceforth I know that the influence of sincerity finds no obstacle, however great, which it does not overcome, and that force of will does not fail to accomplish whatever service it undertakes. Does not the accomplishing of such service arise from forgetting and disregarding what is generally considered as important, and attaching importance to what is generally forgotten?

THE SORROWS OF HAN

[*Translated into English by John Francis Davis*]

INTRODUCTION

"THE Sorrows of Han" is considered by Chinese scholars to be one of the largest tragedies in the whole range of the Chinese drama, which is very voluminous. Although, properly speaking, there are no theatres in China, the Chinese are passionately fond of dramatic representations. Chinese acting is much admired and praised by travellers who are competent to follow the dialogue. The stage is generally a temporary erection improvised in a market-place, and the stage arrangements are of the most primitive character; no scenery is employed, and the actors introduce themselves in a sort of prologue, in which they state the name and character they represent in the drama. They also indicate the place where they are in the story, or the house which they have entered. Yet the Chinese stage has many points in common with that of Ancient Greece. It is supported and controlled by government, and has something of a religious and national character, being particularly employed for popular amusement in the celebration of religious festivals. Only two actors are allowed to occupy the stage at the same time, and this is another point in common with the early Greek drama. The plots or stories of the Chinese plays are simple and effective, and Voltaire is known to have taken the plot of a Chinese drama, as Molière took a comedy of Plautus, and applied it in writing a drama for the modern French stage. "The Sorrows of Hán" belongs to the famous collection entitled "The Hundred Plays of the Yuen Dynasty." It is divided into acts and is made up of alternate prose and verse. The movement of the drama is good, and the dénouement arranged with considerable skill.

E. W.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

THE following drama was selected from the "Hundred Plays of Yuen," which has already supplied to Europe two specimens of the Chinese stage—the first, called the "Orphan of Chaou," translated by Père Premare; and the second, entitled an "Heir in Old Age," by the author of the present version. "The Sorrows of Han" is historical, and relates to one of the most interesting periods of the Chinese annals, when the growing effeminacy of the court, and consequent weakness of the government, emboldened the Tartars in their aggressions, and first gave rise to the temporizing and impolitic system of propitiating those barbarians by tribute, which long after produced the downfall of the empire and the establishment of the Mongol dominion.

The moral of the piece is evidently to expose the evil consequences of luxury, effeminacy, and supineness in the sovereign.

> "When love was all an easy monarch's care,
> Seldom at council—never in a war."

The hero, or rather the chief personage, of the drama, came to the throne very near the beginning of the Christian era, about B.C. 42. The fate of the Lady Chaoukeun is a favorite incident in history, of which painters, poets, and romancers frequently avail themselves; her "Verdant Lamb" is said to exist at the present day, and to remain green all the year round, while the vegetation of the desert in which it stands is parched by the summer sun.

In selecting this single specimen from among so many, the translator was influenced by the consideration of its remarkable accordance with our own canons of criticism. The Chinese themselves make no regular classification of comedy and tragedy; but we are quite at liberty to give the latter title to a play which so completely answers to the European definition. The unity of action is complete, and the unities of time and place much less violated than they frequently are on our own stage. The grandeur and gravity of the subject, the rank and dignity of the personages, the tragical catastrophe, and the strict award of poetical justice, might satisfy the most rigid admirer of Grecian rules. The translator has thought it necessary to adhere to the original by distinguishing the first act (or Proëm) from the four which follow it: but the distinction is purely nominal, and the piece consists, to all intents and purposes, of five acts. It is remarkable that this peculiar division holds true with regard to a large number of the "Hundred Plays of Yuen."

The reader will doubtless be struck by the apparent shortness of the drama which is here presented to him; but the original is eked out, in common with all Chinese plays, by an irregular operatic species of song, which the principal character occasionally chants forth in unison with a louder or a softer accompaniment of music, as may best suit the sentiment or action of the moment. Some passages have been embodied in our version: but the translator did not give all, for the same reasons that prompted Père Premare to give none—"they are full of allusions to things unfamiliar to us, and figures of speech very difficult for us to observe." They are frequently, moreover, mere repetitions or amplifications of the prose parts; and being intended more for the ear than the eye, are rather adapted to the stage than to the closet.

His judgment may perhaps be swayed by partiality towards the subject of his own labors; but the translator cannot help thinking the plot and incidents of "The Sorrows of Han" superior to those of the "Orphan of Chaou"—though the genius of Voltaire contrived to make the last the ground-work of an excellent French tragedy. Far is he, however, from entertaining the presumptuous expectation that a destiny of equal splendor awaits the present drama; and he will be quite satisfied if the reader has patience to read it to the end, and then pronounces it to be a somewhat curious sample of a very foreign literature.

JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

YUENTE, Emperor of China of the Dynasty Han.
HANCHENYU, K'han of the Tartars.
MAOUYENSHOW, a worthless Minister of the Emperor.
SHANGSHOO (a title), President of the Imperial Council.
CHANGSHEE (a title), Officer in waiting.
FANSHE (a title), Envoy of the K'han.
CHAOUKEUN, Lady, raised to be Princess of Han.
Tartar Soldiers, Female Attendants, Eunuchs.

The Scene is laid in the Tartar Camp on the Frontiers; and in the Palace of Han.

THE SORROWS OF HAN[*]

PROLOGUE

Enter Hanchenyu, K'han[†] *of the Tartars, reciting four verses.*

K'HAN. The autumnal gale blows wildly through the grass, amidst our woolen tents.
And the moon of night, shining on the rude huts, hears the lament of the mournful pipe:
The countless hosts, with their bended horns, obey me as their leader.
Our tribes are ten distinguished friends of the family of Han. I am Hanchenyu, the old inhabitant of the sandy waste; the sole ruler of the northern regions. The wild chase is our trade; battle and conquest our chief occupation. The Emperor Wunwong retired before our Eastern tribes; Weikeang trembled at us, and sued for our friendship. The ancient title of our chiefs has in the course of time been changed to that which I now bear. When the two races of Tsin and Han contended in battle, and filled the empire with tumult, our tribes were in full power: numberless was the host of armed warriors with their bended horns. For seven days my ancestor hemmed in with his forces the Emperor Kaoute; until, by the contrivance of the minister, a treaty was concluded, and the Princesses of China were yielded in marriage to our K'hans. Since the time of Hoeyte and the Empress Leuhow,[‡] each successive generation has adhered to the established rule, and sought our alliance with its daughters. In the reign of the late

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[*] Han Koong Tsew, literally "Autumn in the Palace of Han"; but in Chinese, Autumn is emblematic of Sorrow, as Spring is of Joy, and may therefore be rendered by what it represents.

[†] In Chinese, Ko-han.

[‡] The mother of Hoeyte, a bold and able woman, who ruled for her son, the second emperor of Han.

Emperor Seuente, my brothers contended with myself for the rule of our nation, and its power was weakened until the tribes elected me as their chief. I am a real descendant of the empire of Han. I command a hundred thousand armed warriors. We have moved to the South, and approached the border, claiming an alliance with the Imperial race. Yesterday I despatched an envoy with tributary presents to demand a princess in marriage; but know not if the Emperor will ratify the engagement with the customary oaths. The fineness of the season has drawn away our chiefs on a hunting excursion amidst the sandy steppes. May they meet with success, for we Tartars have no fields—our bows and arrows are our sole means of subsistence.

Enter Minister of Han, reciting verses.

MINISTER. Let a man have the heart of a kite, and the talons of an eagle.
Let him deceive his superiors, and oppress those below him;
Let him enlist flattery, insinuation, profligacy, and avarice on his side,
And he will find them a lasting assistance through life.
I am no other than Maouyenshow, a minister of the sovereign of Han. By a hundred arts of specious flattery and address I have deceived the Emperor, until he places his whole delight in me alone. My words he listens to; and he follows my counsel. Within the precincts of the palace, as without them, who is there but bows before me—who is there but trembles at my approach? But observe the chief art which I have learned: It is this: to persuade the Emperor to keep aloof from his wise counsellors, and seek all his pleasures amidst the women of his palace. Thus it is that I strengthen my power and greatness. But, in the midst of my lucubrations —Here comes the Emperor.

Enter Emperor Yuente, attended by Eunuchs and Women.

EMPEROR [*recites verses*]. During the ten generations that have succeeded our acquisition of Empire, my race has alone possessed the four hundred districts of the world. Long have the frontiers been bound in tranquillity by the ties of mutual oaths.

And our pillow has been undisturbed by grief or anxiety. Behold in us the Emperor Yuente, of the race of Han. Our ancestor Kaoute emerged from a private station, and raised his family by extinguishing the dynasty of Tsin, and slaughtering their race. Ten generations have passed away since he left this inheritance to us. The four boundaries of the empire have been tranquil; the eight regions at rest! But not through our personal merits; we have wholly depended on the exertions of our civil and military rulers. On the demise of our late father, the female inmates of the palace were all dispersed, and our harem is now solitary and untenanted; but how shall this be endured!

MINISTER. Consider, sir, that even the thriving husbandman may desire to change his partner; then why not your Majesty, whose title is the Law of Heaven, whose possessions are the whole world! May I advise that commissioners be despatched to search throughout the empire for all of whatever rank that is most beautiful between the ages of fifteen and twenty, for the peopling of the inner palace.

EMPEROR. You say well. We appoint you at once our minister of selection, and will invest you with a written authority. Search diligently through our realms; and when you have selected the most worthy, let us be provided with portraits of each, as a means of fixing our choice. By the merits of your services, you may supply us with an occasion of rewarding you on your return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIRST

MINISTER [*repeats verses*]. The huge ingots of yellow gold I appropriate to myself.
I heed not the seas of blood which flow by perverting the laws.
During life I am determined to have abundance of riches; what care I for the curses of mankind after my death? Having received the Emperor's commission to search far and wide for the most beautiful damsels, I have fixed upon ninety and nine. Their families were glad to invite my selection by rich gifts, and the treasure that I have amassed is not small. On arriving yesterday at a district pertaining to Chingtoo city, I met with a maiden, daughter of one Wongchang. The brightness of her charms was piercing as an arrow. She was perfectly beautiful—and doubtless unparalleled in the whole empire. But, unfortunately, her father is a cultivator of the land, not possessed of much wealth. When I insisted on a hundred ounces of gold to secure her being the chief object of the imperial choice, they first pleaded their poverty—and then, relying on her extraordinary beauty, rejected my offers altogether. I therefore left them. [*Considers awhile.*] But no!——I have a better plan. [*He knits his brows and matures his scheme.*] I will disfigure her portrait in such a manner that when it reaches the Emperor it shall secure her being doomed to neglected seclusion. Thus I shall contrive to make her unhappy for life—Base is the man who delights not in revenge! [*Exit.*

Night.—Enter the Lady Chaoukeun, with two female attendants.

CHAOUKEUN [*recites verses*]. Though raised to be an inhabitant of the imperial dwelling

I have long been here without the good fortune to see my prince.
This beautiful night must I pass in lonely solitude,
With no companion but my lute to solace my retirement.
I am a native of Chingtoo city; and my father's occupation is husbandry. My mother dreamed on the day I was born that the light of the moon shone on her bosom, but was soon cast low to the earth.* I was just eighteen years of age when chosen as an inhabitant of the imperial palace; but the minister Maouyenshow, disappointed in the treasure which he demanded on my account, disfigured my portrait in such a manner as to keep me out of the Emperor's presence; and now I live in neglected solitude. While at home, I learned a little music, and could play a few airs on the lute. Thus sorrowing in the stillness of midnight, let me practise one of my songs to dispel my griefs. [*Begins to play on the lute.*

Enter Emperor, attended by a Eunuch, carrying a light.

EMPEROR. Since the beauties were selected to grace our palace, we have not yet discovered a worthy object on whom to fix our preference. Vexed and disappointed, we pass this day of leisure roaming in search of her who may be destined for our imperial choice. [*Hears the lute.*] Is not that some lady's lute?

ATTENDANT. It is.—I hasten to advise her of your Majesty's approach.

EMPEROR. No, hold! Keeper of the yellow gate, discover to what part of our palace that lady pertains; and bid her approach our presence; but beware lest you alarm her.

ATTENDANT [*approaches in the direction of the sound, and speaks*]. What lady plays there? The Emperor comes! approach to meet him. [*Lady advances.*

EMPEROR. Keeper of the yellow gate, see that the light burns brightly within your gauze † lamp, and hold it nearer to us.

LADY [*approaching*]. Had your handmaid but known it was your Majesty, she would have been less tardy; forgive, then, this delay.

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* Boding a short but fatal distinction to her offspring.

† Instead of glass, to defend it from the wind.

EMPEROR. Truly this is a very perfect beauty! From what quarter come such superior charms?

LADY. My name is Chaonkeun: my father cultivates at Chingtoo the fields which he has derived from his family. Born in an humble station, I am ignorant of the manners that befit a palace.

EMPEROR. But with such uncommon attractions, what chance has kept you from our sight?

LADY. When I was chosen by the minister Maouyenshow, he demanded of my father an amount of treasure which our poverty could not supply; he therefore disfigured my portrait, by representing a scar under the eyes, and caused me to be consigned to seclusion and neglect.

EMPEROR. Keeper of the yellow gate, bring us that picture, that we may view it. [*Sees the picture.*] Ah, how has he dimmed the purity of the gem, bright as the waves in autumn. [*To the attendant.*] Transmit our pleasure to the officer of the guard, to behead Maouyenshow and report to us his execution.

LADY. My parents, sir, are subject to the tax* in our native district. Let me entreat your Majesty to remit their contributions and extend favor towards them!

EMPEROR. That shall readily be done. Approach and hear our imperial pleasure. We create you a Princess of our palace.

LADY. How unworthy is your handmaid of such gracious distinction! [*Goes through the form of returning thanks.*] Early to-morrow I attend your Majesty's commands in this place. The Emperor is gone: let the attendants close the doors:—I will retire to rest. [*Exit.*

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* The principal taxes in China are the land-tax, customs, salt monopoly, and personal service; which last is the source of much oppression to the lowest orders, who have nothing but their labor to contribute.

ACT SECOND

Enter K'han of the Tartars, at the head of his Tribes.

K'han. I lately sent an envoy to the sovereign of Han, with the demand of a princess in marriage; but the Emperor has returned a refusal, under the plea that the princess is yet too young. This answer gives me great trouble. Had he not plenty of ladies in his palace, of whom he might have sent me one? The difference was of little consequence.* Let me recall my envoy with all speed, for I must invade the South with out forces. And yet I am unwilling to break a truce of so many years' standing! We must see how matters turn out, and be guided by the event.

Enter Minister of Han.

Minister. The severity with which I extorted money, in the selection of beauties for the palace, led me to disfigure the picture of Chaoukeun, and consign her to neglected seclusion. But the Emperor fell in with her, obtained the truth, and condemned me to lose my head. I contrived to make my escape—though I have no home to receive me. I will take this true portrait of Chaoukeun and show it to the Tartar K'han, persuading him to demand her from the Emperor, who will no doubt be obliged to yield her up. A long journey has brought me to this spot, and from the troops of men and horses I conclude I have reached the Tartar camp. [*Addresses himself to somebody.*] Leader, inform King Hanchenyu that a great minister of the empire of Han is come to wait on him.

K'han [*on being informed*]. Command him to approach. [*Seeing Maouyenshow.*] What person are you?

Minister. I am a minister of Han. In the western palace of the Emperor is a lady, named Chaoukeun, of rare and surpassing charms. When your envoy, great king, came to demand a princess, this lady would have answered the summons, but the Emperor of Han could not bring himself to part with her, and refused to yield her up. I repeatedly renewed my bitter reproaches, and asked how he could bear, for the sake of a woman's beauty, to implicate the welfare of two nations. For this the Emperor would have beheaded me; and I therefore escaped with the portrait of the lady, which I present, great king, to yourself. Should you send away an envoy with the picture to demand her, she must certainly be delivered up. Here is the portrait. [*Hands it up.*

---

* The honor of the imperial alliance being the chief object.

K'HAN. Whence could so beautiful a female have appeared in the world! If I can only obtain her, my wishes are complete. Immediately shall an envoy be despatched, and my ministers prepare a letter to the Emperor of Han, demanding her in marriage as the condition of peace. Should he refuse, I will presently invade the South: his hills and rivers shall be exposed to ravage. Our warriors will commence by hunting, as they proceed on their way; and thus gradually entering the frontiers, I shall be ready to act as may best suit the occasion. [*Exit.*

The Palace of Han. Enter Lady, attended by females.

PRINCESS. A long period has elapsed since I had to thank his Majesty for his choice. The Emperor's fondness for me is so great, that he has still neglected to hold a court. I hear he is now gone to the hall of audience, and will therefore ornament myself at my toilet and be ready to wait on him at his return. [*Stands opposite a mirror.*

Enter Emperor.

EMPEROR. Since we first met with Chaoukeun in the western palace, we have been as it were deranged and intoxicated; a long interval has elapsed since we held a court; and on entering the hall of audience this day, we waited not until the assembly had dispersed, but returned hither to obtain a sight of her. [*Perceiving the Princess.*] Let us not alarm her, but observe in secret what she is doing.

[*Comes close behind and looks over her.*] Reflected in that round mirror, she resembles the Lady in the Moon.*

Enter President, and an Officer in waiting.

PRESIDENT [*recites verses*]. Ministers should devote themselves to the regulation of the empire;
They should be occupied with public cares in the hall of government.
But they do nought but attend at the banquets in the palace.
When have they employed a single day in the service of their prince?

This day, when the audience was concluded, an envoy arrived from the Tartars to demand Chaoukeun in marriage, as the only condition of peace. It is my duty to report this to his Majesty, who has retired to his western palace. Here I must enter. [*Perceiving the Emperor.*] I report to your Majesty that Hanchenyu, the leader of the northern foreigners, sends an envoy to declare that Maouyenshow has presented to him the portrait of the princess, and that he demands her in marriage as the only condition of peace. If refused, he will invade the South with a great power, and our rivers and hills will be exposed to rapine.

EMPEROR. In vain do we maintain and send forth armies; vain are the crowds of civil and military officers about our palace! Which of them will drive back for us these foreign troops? They are all afraid of the Tartar swords and arrows! But if they cannot exert themselves to expel the barbarians, why call for the princess to propitiate them?

PRESIDENT. The foreigners say that through your Majesty's devoted fondness for the princess, the affairs of your empire are falling into ruin. They declare that if the government does not yield her up, they will put their army in motion, and subdue the country. Your servant reflects, that Chow-wong † who lost his empire and life entirely through his blind devotion to Takee, is a fit example to warn your Majesty. Our army is weak, and needs the talents of a fit general. Should we oppose the Tartars, and be defeated, what will remain to us? Let your Majesty give up your fondness for the princess, to save your people.

---

* Changngo, the goddess of the moon, gives her name to the finely curved eyebrows of the Chinese ladies, which are compared to the lunar crescent when only a day or two old.

† Chow-wong was the last of the Shang dynasty, and infamous by his debaucheries and cruelties, in concert with his empress Takee, the Theodora of Chinese history.

OFFICER. The envoy waits without for an audience.

EMPEROR. Well; command that he approach us.

Enter Envoy.

ENVOY. Hanchenyu, K'han of the Tartars, sends me, his minister, to state before the great Sovereign of Han, that the Northern tribes and the Southern empire have long been bound in peace by mutual alliances; but that envoys being twice sent to demand a princess, his requisitions have been refused. The late minister, Maouyenshow, took with him the portrait of a beautiful lady, and presented it to the K'han, who now sends me, his envoy, on purpose to demand the Lady Chaoukeun, and no other, as the only condition of peace between the two nations. Should your Majesty refuse, the K'han has a countless army of brave warriors, and will forthwith invade the South to try the chances of war. I trust your Majesty will not err in your decision.

EMPEROR. The envoy may retire to repose himself in his lodging. [*Exit the Envoy.*] Let our civil and military officers consult, and report to us the best mode of causing the foreign troops to retire, without yielding up the princess to propitiate them. They take advantage of the compliant softness of her temper. Were the Empress Leuhow alive —let her utter a word—which of them would dare to be of a different opinion? It would seem that, for the future, instead of men for ministers, we need only have fair women to keep our empire in peace.

PRINCESS. In return for your Majesty's bounties, it is your handmaid's duty to brave death to serve you. I can cheerfully enter into this foreign alliance, for the sake of producing peace, and shall leave behind me a name still green in history.—But my affection for your Majesty, how am I to lay aside!

EMPEROR. Alas, I * know too well that I can do no more than yourself!

---

* The imperial pronoun "Tchin," *me*, is with very good taste supplied by *I* in these impassioned passages.

PRESIDENT. I entreat your Majesty to sacrifice your love, and think of the security of your Dynasty. Hasten, sir, to send the princess on her way!

EMPEROR. Let her this day advance a stage on her journey, and be presented to the envoy.—To-morrow we will repair as far as the bridge of Pahling, and give her a parting feast.

PRESIDENT. Alas! Sir, this may not be! It will draw on us the contempt of these barbarians.

EMPEROR. We have complied with all our minister's propositions—shall they not, then, accede to ours? Be it as it may, we will witness her departure—and then return home to hate the traitor Maouyenshow!

PRESIDENT. Unwillingly we advise that the princess be sacrificed for the sake of peace; but the envoy is instructed to insist upon her alone—and from ancient times, how often hath a nation suffered for a woman's beauty!

PRINCESS. Though I go into exile for the nation's good, yet ill can I bear to part from your Majesty! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Enter Envoy, escorting the Princess, with a band of music.

PRINCESS. Thus was I, in spite of the treachery of Maouyenshow, who disfigured my portrait, seen and exalted by his Majesty; but the traitor presented a truer likeness to the Tartar king, who comes at the head of an army to demand me, with a threat of seizing the country. There is no remedy—I must be yielded up to propitiate the invaders! How shall I bear the rigors—the winds and frosts of that foreign land! It has been said of old, that "surpassing beauty is often coupled with an unhappy fate." Let me grieve, then, without entertaining fruitless resentment at the effects of my own attractions.

Enter Emperor, attended by his several officers.

EMPEROR. This day we take leave of the princess at Pahling bridge! [*To his ministers.*] Can ye not devise a way to send out these foreign troops, without yielding up the princess for the sake of peace? [*Descends from his horse and seems to grieve with Chaoukeun.*] Let our attendants delay awhile, till we have conferred the parting cup.

ENVOY. Lady, let us urge you to proceed on your way—the sky darkens, and night is coming on.

PRINCESS. Alas! when shall I again behold your Majesty? I will take off my robes of distinction and leave them behind me. To-day in the palace of Han—to-morrow I shall be espoused to a stranger. I cease to wear these splendid vestments—they shall no longer adorn my beauty in the eyes of men.

ENVOY. Again let us urge you, princess, to depart; we have delayed but too long already!

EMPEROR. 'Tis done!—Princess, when you are gone, let your thoughts forbear to dwell with sorrow and resentment upon us! [*They part.*] And am I the great Monarch of the line of Han?

PRESIDENT. Let your Majesty cease to dwell with such grief upon this subject!

EMPEROR. She is gone! In vain have we maintained those armed heroes on the frontier.* Mention but swords and spears, and they tremble at their hearts like a young deer. The princess has this day performed what belonged to themselves: and yet they affect the semblance of men!

PRESIDENT. Your Majesty is entreated to return to the palace: dwell not so bitterly, Sir, on her memory:—allow her to depart!

EMPEROR. Did I not think of her, I had a heart of iron—a heart of iron! The tears of my grief stream in thousand channels—this evening shall her likeness be suspended in the palace, where I will sacrifice to it—and tapers with their silver lights shall illuminate her chamber.

PRESIDENT. Let your Majesty return to the palace—the princess is already far distant! [*Exeunt.*

The Tartar Camp. Enter K'han at the head of his tribes, leading in the Princess.

K'HAN. The Emperor of Han having now, in observance of old treaties, yielded up to me the Lady Chaoukeun in marriage, I take her as my rightful queen. The two nations shall enjoy the benefits of peace. [*To his generals.*] Leaders, transmit my commands to the army to strike our encampment, and proceed to the north. [*They march.*

The river Amoor.† *Tartar army on its march.*

PRINCESS. What place is this?

ENVOY. It is the River of the Black Dragon, the frontier of the Tartar territories and those of China. This southern shore is the Emperor's; on the northern side commences our Tartar dominion.

PRINCESS [*to the K'han*]. Great King, I take a cup of wine, and pour a libation towards the South—my last farewell to the Emperor—[*pours the libation*] of Han, this life is finished. I await thee in the next!

---

* It may be observed that the great wall is never once expressly mentioned through this drama. The expression used is Pēensih, the border, or frontier. The wall had existed two hundred years at this time, but the real frontier was beyond it.

† Or Saghalien, which falls into the sea of Ochotsk.

[*Throws herself into the river. The K'han, in great consternation, endeavors to save her, but in vain.*

K'HAN. Alas! alas!—so determined was her purpose against this foreign alliance—she has thrown herself into the stream, and perished! 'Tis done, and remediless! Let her sepulchre be on this river's bank, and be it called "the verdant tomb." * She is no more; and vain has been our enmity with the dynasty of Han! The traitor Maouyenshow was the author of all this misery. [*To an officer.*] Take Maouyenshow and let him be delivered over to the Emperor for punishment. I will return to our former friendship with the dynasty of Han. We will renew and long preserve the sentiments of relationship. The traitor disfigured the portrait to injure Chaoukeun—then deserted his sovereign, and stole over to me, whom he prevailed on to demand the lady in marriage. How little did I think that she would thus precipitate herself into the stream, and perish!—In vain did my spirit melt at the sight of her! But if I detained this profligate and traitorous rebel, he would certainly prove to us a root of misfortune: it is better to deliver him for his reward to the Emperor of Han, with whom I will renew, and long retain, our old feelings of friendship and amity. [*Exeunt.*

---

* Said to exist now and to be green all the year.

ACT FOURTH

Enter Emperor, with an attendant.

EMPEROR. Since the princess was yielded to the Tartars, we have not held an audience. The lonely silence of night but increases our melancholy! We take the picture of that fair one and suspend it here, as some small solace to our griefs. [*To the attendant.*] Keeper of the yellow gate, behold, the incense in yonder vase is burnt out: hasten then to add some more. Though we cannot see her, we may at least retain this shadow; and, while life remains, betoken our regard. But oppressed and weary, we would fain take a little repose.

[*Lies down to sleep. The Princess appears before him in a vision.*[*]

PRINCESS. Delivered over as a captive to appease the barbarians, they would have conveyed me to their Northern country: but I took an occasion to elude them and have escaped back. Is not this the Emperor, my sovereign? Sir, behold me again restored.

[*A Tartar soldier appears in the vision.*

SOLDIER. While I chanced to sleep, the lady, our captive, has made her escape, and returned home. In eager pursuit of her, I have reached the imperial palace.—Is not this she?

[*Carries her off. The Emperor starts from his sleep.*

EMPEROR. We just saw the Princess returned—but alas, how quickly has she vanished! In bright day she answered not to our call—but when morning dawned on our troubled sleep, a vision presented her in this spot. [*Hears the wild fowl's*[†] *cry.*] Hark, the passing fowl screamed twice or thrice!—Can it know there is no one so desolate as I? [*Cries repeated.*] Perhaps worn out and weak, hungry and emaciated, they bewail at once the broad nets of the South and the tough bows of the North. [*Cries repeated.*] The screams of those water-birds but increase our melancholy.

---

[*] There is nothing in this more extravagant than the similar vision in the tragedy of Richard III.

[†] Yengo, a species of wild goose, is the emblem in China of intersexual attachment and fidelity, being said never to pair again after the loss of its mate. An image of it is worshipped by newly married couples.

ATTENDANT. Let your Majesty cease this sorrow, and have some regard to your sacred* person.

EMPEROR. My sorrows are beyond control. Cease to upbraid this excess of feeling, since ye are all subject to the same. Yon doleful cry is not the note of the swallow on the carved rafters, nor the song of the variegated bird upon the blossoming tree. The princess has abandoned her home! Know ye in what place she grieves, listening like me to the screams of the wild bird?

Enter President.

PRESIDENT. This day after the close of the morning council, a foreign envoy appeared, bringing with him the fettered traitor Maouyenshow. He announces that the renegade, by deserting his allegiance, led to the breach of truce, and occasioned all these calamities. The princess is no more! and the K'han wishes for peace and friendship between the two nations. The envoy attends, with reverence, your imperial decision.

EMPEROR. Then strike off the traitor's head, and be it presented as an offering to the shade of the princess! Let a fit banquet be got ready for the envoy, preparatory to his return. [*Recites these verses.*

At the fall of the leaf, when the wild-fowl's cry was heard in the recesses of the palace.
Sad dreams returned to our lonely pillow; we thought of her through the night:
Her verdant tomb remains—but where shall we seek herself?
The perfidious painter's head shall atone for the beauty which he wronged.

---

* Literally, "dragon person." The emperor's throne is often called the "dragon seat."

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ARABIAN LITERATURE

COMPRISING
ARABIAN POETRY
THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR
AND
ARABIAN NIGHTS

WITH CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES BY
EPIPHANIUS WILSON, A.M.

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Fac-simile example of Oriental Printing and Engraving

THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR

[*Translation by Étienne Delécluse and Epiphanius Wilson*]

INTRODUCTION

THE romantic figure of Antar, or Antarah, takes the same place in Arabian literature as that of Achilles among the Greeks. The Cid in Spain, Orlando in Italy, and Arthur in England, are similar examples of national ideals put forth by poets and romance writers as embodiments of a certain half-mythic age of chivalry, when personal valor, prudence, generosity, and high feeling gave the warrior an admitted preëminence among his fellows. The literature of Arabia is indeed rich in novels and tales. The "Thousand and One Nights" is of world-wide reputation, but the "Romance of Antar" is much less artificial, more expressive of high moral principles, and certainly superior in literary style to the fantastic recitals of the coffee house and bazaar, in which Sinbad and Morgiana figure. A true picture of Bedouin society, in the centuries before Mohammed had conquered the Arabian peninsula, is given us in the charming episodes of Antar. We see the encampments of the tribe, the camels yielding milk and flesh for food, the women friends and councillors of their husbands, the boys inured to arms from early days, the careful breeding of horses, the songs of poet and minstrel stirring all hearts, the mail-clad lines of warriors with lance and sword, the supreme power of the King—often dealing out justice with stern, sudden, and inflexible ferocity. Among these surroundings Antar appears, a dazzling and irresistible warrior and a poet of wonderful power. The Arab classics, in years long before Mohammed had taken the Kaaba and made it the talisman of his creed, were hung in the little shrine where the black volcanic stone was kept. They were known as Maallakat, or Suspended Books, which had the same meaning among Arabian literati as the term classic bore among the Italian scholars of the Renaissance. Numbered with these books of the Kaaba were the poems of Antar, who was thus the Taliessin of Arabian chivalry.

It is indeed necessary to recollect that in reading the episodes of Antar we have been taken back to the heroic age in the Arabian peninsula. War is considered the noblest occupation of a man, and Khaled despises the love of a noble maiden "from pride in his passion for war." Antar has his famous horse as the Cid had his Babieca, and his irresistible sword as Arthur his Excalibur. The wealth of chiefs and kings consists in horses and camels; there is no mention of money or jewelry. When a wager is made the stakes are a hundred camels. The commercial spirit of the Arabian Nights is wanting in this spirited romance of chivalry. The Arabs had sunk to a race of mere traders when Aladdin became possessed of his lamp, and the trickery, greed, and avarice of pedlers and merchants are exhibited in incident after incident of the "Thousand and One Nights." War is despised or feared, courage less to be relied upon than astute knavery, and one of the facts that strikes us is the general frivolity, dishonesty, and cruelty which prevail through the tales of Bagdad. The opposite is the case with Antar. Natural passion has full play, but nobility of character is taken seriously, and generosity and sensibility of heart are portrayed with truthfulness and naïveté. Of course the whole romance is a collection of many romantic stories: it has no epic unity. It will remind the reader of the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory, rather than of the "Iliad." We have chosen the most striking of these episodes as best calculated to serve as genuine specimens of Arabian literature. They will transport the modern reader into a new world—which is yet the old, long vanished world of pastoral simplicity and warlike enthusiasm, in primitive Arabia. But the novelty lies in the plot of the tales. Djaida and Khaled, Antar and Ibla, and the race between Shidoub and the great racers Dahir and Ghabra, bring before our eyes with singular freshness the character of a civilization, a domestic life, a political system, which were not wanting in refinement, purity, and justice. The conception of such a dramatic personage as Antar would be original in the highest degree, if it were not based upon historic fact. Antar is a more real personage than Arthur, and quite as real and historic as the Cid. Yet his adventures remind us very much of those which run through the story of the Round Table.

The Arabs, in the days of romance, were a collection of tribes and families whose tents and villages were spread along the Red Sea, between Egypt and the Indian Ocean. There were some tribes more powerful than others, and the result of their tyranny was often bitter war. There was no central monarchy, no priesthood, and no written law. The only stable and independent unit was the family. Domestic life with its purest virtues constituted the strong point amongst the Arabian tribes, where gentleness, free obedience, and forbearance were conspicuous. Each tribe bore the name of its first ancestor, and from him and his successors came down a traditionary, unwritten law, the violation of which was considered the most heinous of offences. There was no settled religion before the conquest of Mohammed; each tribe and each family worshipped whom they would—celestial spirits, sun and moon, or certain idols. In the account given in Antar of the Council of War, the ancients, or old men of the tribe, came forth with idols or amulets round their necks, and the whole account of the council, in which the bard as well as the orator addressed the people, is strictly accurate in historic details. The custom of infanticide in the case of female children was perfectly authorized among the Arabs, and illustrates the motive of the pretty episode of Khaled and Djaida. War was individual and personal among the Arabs, and murder was atoned for by murder, or by the price of a certain number of camels. Raising of horses, peaceful contests in arms, or poetic competitions where each bard recited in public his compositions, formed their amusements. They were very sensible to the charms of music, poetry and oratory, and as a general rule the Arab chieftain was brave, generous, and munificent.

All these historic facts are fully reflected in the highly emotional tale of " Antar," which is the greatest of all the national romances of Arabia. It would scarcely be possible to fix upon any individual writer as its author, for it has been edited over and over again by Arabian scribes, each adding his own glosses and enriching it with incidents. Its original date may have been the sixth century of our era, about five hundred years before the production of the " Thousand and One Nights."

E. W.

THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR

THE EARLY FORTUNES OF ANTAR

AT the time the "Romance of Antar" opens, the most powerful and the best governed of the Bedouin tribes were those of the Absians and the Adnamians. King Zoheir, chief of the Absians, was firmly established upon his throne, so that the kings of other nations, who were subject to him, paid him tribute. The whole of Arabia in short became subject to the Absians, so that all the chiefs of other tribes and all inhabitants of the desert dreaded their power and depredations.

Under these circumstances, and as a consequence of a flagrant act of tyranny on the part of Zoheir, several chieftains, among whom was Shedad, a son of Zoheir, seceded from the Absian tribe, and set out to seek adventures, to attack other tribes, and to carry off their cattle and treasure. These chieftains arrived at the dwelling-place of a certain tribe, named Djezila, whom they fought with and pillaged. Amongst their booty was a black woman of extraordinary beauty, the mother of two children. Her name was Zebiba; her elder son was Djaris; her younger Shidoub. Shedad became passionately enamoured of this woman, and yielded all the rest of his share in the booty in order to obtain possession of her and her two children. He dwelt in the fields with this negress, whose sons took care of the cattle. In course of time Zebiba bore a son to Shedad. This child was born tawny as an elephant; his eyes were bleared, his head thick with hair, his features hard and fixed. The corners of his mouth drooped, his eyes started from his head, his bones were hard, his feet long; he had ears of prodigious size, and his glance flashed like fire. In other respects he resembled Shedad, who was transported with delight at the sight of his son, whom he named Antar.

Meanwhile the child waxed in strength, and his name soon became known. Then the companions of Shedad wished to dispute the possession of the boy with him, and King Zoheir was informed of the matter. He demanded that the boy should be brought into his presence, and Shedad complied. As soon as the king caught sight of this extraordinary child, he uttered a cry of astonishment, and flung him a piece of goat's flesh. At the same moment a dog, who happened to be in the tent, seized the meat and ran off with it. But Antar, filled with rage, pursued the animal, and, violently taking hold of him, drew his jaws apart, splitting the throat down to the shoulders, and thus recovered the meat. King Zoheir, in amazement, deferred the matter to the Cadi, who confirmed Shedad's possession of Zebiba, and her three children, Djaris, Shidoub, and Antar.

Shedad therefore provided a home for Zebiba, in order that his sons might be educated in their business of tending the herds. It was at this time that Antar began to develop his strength of body, his courage, and intelligence. When he was ten years of age he slew a wolf which threatened to attack the herds committed to his charge. Although brutal, headstrong, and passionate, he early exhibited a love of justice, and a disposition to protect the weak, especially women. He put to death a slave who beat an old woman, his slave and companion; and this action, although at first misunderstood, eventually gained the admiration of King Zoheir, who treated Antar with distinction, because of his nobility of character. In consequence of this action, which had been so much applauded by King Zoheir, the young Arab women and their mothers hung round Antar to learn the details of this courageous deed, and to congratulate him on his magnanimity.

Among the young women was Ibla, daughter of Malek, the son of Zoheir. Ibla, fair as the full moon, was somewhat younger than Antar. She was accustomed to banter him in a familiar way, feeling that he was her slave. " And you," she said to him, " you, born so low, how dared you kill the slave of a prince? What provocation can you have against him? " " Mistress," replied Antar, " I struck that slave because he deserved it, for he had insulted a poor woman. He knocked her down, and made her the laughing stock of all the servants." " Of course you were right," answered Ibla, with a smile, " and we were all delighted that you escaped from the adventure safe and sound. Because of the service you have rendered us by your conduct, our mothers look upon you as a son, and we as a brother."

From that moment Antar made the service of women his special duty above all others. At that time the Arabian ladies had the habit of drinking camel's milk morning and evening, and it was especially the duty of those who waited upon them to milk the camels, and to cool it in the wind before offering it to them. Antar had been for some time released from this duty, when one morning he entered the dwelling of his uncle Malek, and found there his aunt, engaged in combing the hair of her daughter Ibla, whose ringlets, black as the night, floated over her shoulders. Antar was struck with surprise, and Ibla, as soon as she knew that he had seen her, fled and left him with his eyes fixed abstractedly on her disappearing form.

It was from this incident that the love of Antar for the daughter of his uncle took its origin. He saw how Ibla shone in society, and his passion grew to such an extent that he ventured to sound her praises, and to express the feeling she excited in him by writing verses which, while they gained the admiration of the multitude, incurred also the envy of the chieftains. Moreover his father could not pardon the presumption of Antar, who, born a slave, had dared to cast eyes on his free-born cousin.

When therefore he slew a slave who had slandered him, his father ordered him to be flogged, and sent away to watch over the cattle in the pastures. He had now before him a fresh opportunity for exhibiting his prodigious strength and invincible courage. A lion attempted to attack the herds committed to his care. He killed it at the very moment that his father Shedad, enraged against him, had come, accompanied by his brother, to do him ill. But a mingled feeling of admiration and fear held their hands, and in the evening, when Antar returned from the pastures, his father and his uncle made him seat himself at dinner with them, while the rest of the attendants stood behind them.

Meanwhile King Zoheir was called upon a warlike expedition against the tribe of Temin. All his warriors followed him; the women alone remained behind. Shedad entrusted them to the protection of Antar, who pledged his life for their safety. During the absence of the warriors, Semiah, the lawful wife of Shedad, conceived the idea of giving an entertainment on the bank of the lake Zatoulizard. Ibla attended it with her mother, and Antar witnessed all the amusements in which his beloved took part. His passion for her became intensified. He was once tempted to violate the modesty of love by the violence of desire, but, at that moment, he saw a great cloud of dust rise in the distance; the shouts of war were heard; and suddenly the warriors of the tribe of Cathan appeared on the scene, and, descending on the pleasure-seekers, carried off the women, including Ibla. Antar, being unarmed, ran after one of the horsemen, seized him, strangled and threw him to the ground. Then he put on the armor of the vanquished foe, attacked and put to flight the tribe of Cathan, rescued the women, and obtained a booty of twenty-five horses. From that moment Semiah, the wife of Shedad, who hitherto had a pronounced aversion to Antar, conceived a sincere affection for him.

King Zoheir, meantime, had returned victorious from his expedition. Shedad returned at the same moment, and went to visit his herds. Seeing Antar surrounded by horses which he did not know, and mounted upon a fine black courser, he asked, "Where did these animals, and particularly this superb horse, come from?" Then Antar, not willing to betray the imprudence of Semiah, declared that, as the Cathanians had left their horses behind them, he had seized them. Shedad was indignant, and treated Antar as a robber, reproached him for his wickedness, and after repeatedly telling him how wrong it was to rouse discord among the Arabs, struck him with his whip, with such violence as to draw blood. Then Semiah, distressed by the sight of this unjust treatment, took off her veil, letting her hair fall over her shoulders, took Antar into her arms and told all that had happened and how she and all the other women of her tribe were indebted to this hero for their honor and liberty. Shedad could not restrain his tenderness on learning the magnanimity of his son's silence. Soon afterwards King Zoheir, to whom this incident had been related, summoned Antar into his presence, and declared that a man who could exhibit such courage and generosity was bound to become preëminent among his companions. All the chieftains who surrounded the king congratulated Antar, and one of his friends, in order to give the court a complete idea of this young man's remarkable gifts, asked him to recite some of his verses.

In compliance with this request he recited a poem in praise of warriors and war, and the king and all the court manifested their delight. Zoheir bade Antar approach, gave him a robe of honor, and thanked him. That evening Antar departed with his father Shedad, his heart full of joy over the honors which had been lavished on him, and his love for Ibla still more heightened.

In spite of the indisputable virtues of Antar, in spite of the great services he had rendered the Absians, the chieftains of this tribe still regarded him as merely a common slave and tender of cattle. The beginning of his rise to favor excited a feeling of keen hatred, and caused many plots to be laid against him. A series of intrigues was entered upon, the aim of which was the death of the hero. But each attack upon his reputation and his life redounded to his benefit, and furnished him with an opportunity of putting his enemies to silence and defeat. For by his generosity and magnanimity, even his envious foes felt themselves under obligation to him. On each of his triumphs the mutual love between himself and Ibla went on increasing.

After the performance of many feats as a horseman, Antar came into possession of a famous horse named Abjer, and a sword of marvellous temper, Djamy—and every time he appeared on the field of combat, as well as when he returned victorious from the fight, he made a poetic address, finishing with the words, "I am the lover of Ibla." At the conclusion of a war in which he had performed prodigies of valor, King Zoheir gave him the surname of Alboufauris, which means, "The Father of Horsemen."

The greater grew his name, the more highly he was honored by King Zoheir, so much the more did the hatred of the chieftains and the love of Ibla towards him increase. But it came to pass that Ibla was asked in marriage by Amarah, a stupid youth, puffed up by his wealth and lineage. Antar, on hearing the news, was transported with rage, and attacked his young rival with such violence that all the Arabian chiefs begged of Zoheir to punish the aggressor. The king left to Shedad, Antar's father, the pronouncing of sentence. Shedad had, like the others, viewed the rise of Antar, the black slave, to favor, with jealous eye, and sent him back to the pastures to keep the herds.

It was at this point that the greatness of Antar's character appeared in its full dimensions. The hero submitted with resignation to the orders of his father, "to whom," he said, "he owed obedience as to his master, since he was his slave"; and he swore to him, in the presence of witnesses, not to mount horse, nor engage in battle, without his permission. Tears flowed from his eyes, and before departing for the pastures he went to see his mother Zebiba, and to talk with her concerning Ibla. "Ibla?" said his mother—"but a moment ago she was here beside me, and said to me, 'Comfort the heart of Antar, and tell him from me, that even should my father torture me to death in trying to change my mind, I would not desire nor ask for other husband than Antar.'"

These words of Ibla filled with rapture the heart of Antar, as he started for the pastures in company with his brothers, Djaris and Shidoub.

At this time the tribe of Abs, which Zoheir ruled over, was at war with that of Tex, on account of the carrying off of Anima, daughter of the chief of the Tex, a man known as "The Drinker of Blood." Animated by the desire to take vengeance and recover his daughter, this chief and his army fell upon the Absians like a thunderbolt. The Absians were defeated, and their women, among whom was Ibla, taken prisoners. All pride was then, in this time of need, laid aside, and to their assistance Antar was summoned. But before acting Antar laid down his conditions, and stipulated that, in case he succeeded in subduing the foe and recovering the women, Ibla should be given him in marriage. Malek, the father of Ibla, and Shedad, the father of Antar, assented, and bound themselves by an oath to fulfil these conditions and to reinstate Antar in all the honors and dignities belonging to him.

Antar was victorious. He rescued Ibla, and received grateful expressions of gratitude from his beloved, while King Zoheir gave him the kiss of royal honor. Everything seemed to unite in fulfilling the hopes of Antar. But at the very moment in which he was honored by royal felicitations, several chieftains, indignant at the elevation of a black slave, employed every means to prevent his marriage with Ibla, and to force him to undertake enterprises which would prove fatal to him.

Shedad, his father, and Malek, the father of Ibla, connived at these plots. They demanded of Antar, who was of that trusting disposition which belongs to generous and brave men, that he give as a wedding present to his bride, a thousand camels, of a particular breed, not to be found excepting on the borders of the Persian kingdom. The hero made no remark on hearing this treacherous demand, and was so eager to please Ibla, that he took no count of the difficulties to be undergone. He set off and soon found himself engaged in conflict with a large army of Persians, who made him prisoner, and led him off with the view of bringing him into the presence of their king. There he was taken, bound and on horseback, when at that instant, the news came that a fierce lion of extraordinary size was ravaging the country. It was alleged that even armed men fled before it. Antar, who was on the point of being put to death, asked the King of Persia to cause his arms at least to be unbound, and to let him confront the lion. His prayer was granted; he rushed upon the savage creature, and transfixed it with his lance. Nor was this the only service he did the King of Persia, who in gratitude for many others, not only gave Antar the thousand camels he was looking for, but loaded him with treasures, with which to do homage to Ibla.

On his return Antar was received with a rapturous welcome by the Absian tribe. But the hostile and the envious continued to plot against him. They still aimed at preventing his marriage, and compassing his death. Amarah, who aspired to Ibla's hand, backed by all the chieftains hostile to Antar, renewed his suit and pretensions. Ibla was carried off from her house among the Absians, and taken to another tribe. Then Antar set out in search of her, and at length rescued her; their mutual love was intensified by this reunion. By a series of wiles and intrigues skilfully conducted, the chiefs who surrounded Ibla persuaded her to demand still further dowry from Antar. She spoke of Khaled and Djaida, whose history has already been related; she said, in presence of Antar, that that young warrior girl would not consent to marry Khaled, saving on the condition that her camel's bridle be held by the daughter of Moawich. This word was sufficient for Antar, and he promised to Ibla that Djaida should hold the bridle of her camel on her wedding day; and more than that, the head of Khaled should be slung round the neck of the warrior girl.

Thus the hero, constantly loving and beloved by Ibla, incessantly deceived by the cunningly devised obstacles raised by his foes, sustained his reputation for greatness of character and strength of arm, submitted with resignation to the severest tests, and passed victoriously through them all. After the death of King Zoheir, whom he avenged, he undertook to assist Cais, Zoheir's son, in all his enterprises, and after a long series of adventures which tired the patience, love, and courage of Antar, this hero, recognized as chief among Arabian chieftains, obtained the great reward of his long struggles and mighty toils, by marriage to his well-loved Ibla.

KHALED AND DJAIDA

MOHARIB and Zahir were brothers, of the same father and mother; the Arabs call them " brothers germane." Both were renowned for courage and daring. But Moharib was chief of the tribe, and Zahir, being subject to his authority, was no more than his minister, giving him counsel and advice. Now it happened that a violent dispute arose between them. Zahir subsequently retired to his tent, in profound sorrow, and not knowing what course to take. " What is the matter with you?" asked his wife, " Why are you so troubled? What has happened to you? Has any one displeased or insulted you—the greatest of Arab chiefs?" " What am I to do?" replied Zahir; " the man who has injured me is one whom I cannot lay hands on, or do him wrong; he is my companion in the bosom of my family, my brother in the world. Ah, if it had been any one but he, I would have shown him what sort of a man he was at odds with, and have made an example of him before all the chiefs of our tribes!" " Leave him; let him enjoy his possessions alone," cried his wife, and, in order to persuade her husband to take this course, she recited verses from a poet of the time, which dissuade a man from tolerating an insult even at the hands of his parents.

Zahir assented to the advice of his wife. He made all preparations for departure, struck his tents, loaded his camels, and started off on the road towards the camp of the Saad tribe, with whom he was in alliance. Yet in spite of all, he felt a keen pang at separating himself from his brother—and thus he spoke: " On starting on a journey which removes me from you, I shall be a thousand years on the way, and each year will carry me a thousand leagues. . . . . Even though the favors you heap upon me be worth a thousand Egypts, and each of these Egypts had a thousand Niles, all those favors would be despised. I shall be contented with little so long as I am far from you. Away from you, I shall recite this distich, which is worth more than a necklace of fine pearls: 'When a man is wronged on the soil of his tribe, there is nothing left him but to leave it; you, who have so wickedly injured me, before long shall feel the power of the kindly divinity, for he is your judge and mine, he is unchangeable and eternal."

Zahir continued his journey, until he reached the Saad tribe, when he dismounted from his horse. He was cordially received and was pressed to take up his abode with them. His wife was at that time soon to become a mother, and he said to her: "If a son is given to us, he will be right welcome; but if it be a daughter, conceal her sex and let people think we have a male child, so that my brother may have no reason to crow over us." When her time came Zahir's wife brought into the world a daughter. They agreed that her name should be actually Djaida, but that publicly she should be known as Djonder, that people might take her for a boy. In order to promote this belief, they kept up feasting and entertainment early and late for many days.

About the same time Moharib, the other brother, had a son born to him, whom he named Khaled (The Eternal). He chose this name in gratitude to God, because, since his brother's departure, his affairs had prospered well.

The two children eventually reached full age, and their renown was widespread among the Arabs. Zahir had taught his daughter to ride on horseback, and had trained her in all the accomplishments fitting to a warrior bold and daring. He accustomed her to the severest toils, and the most perilous enterprises. When he went to war, he put her among the other Arabs of the tribe, and in the midst of these horsemen she soon took her rank as one of the most valiant of them. Thus it came to pass that she eclipsed all her comrades, and would even attack the lions in their dens. At last her name became an object of terror; when she had overcome a champion she never failed to cry out: "I am Djonder, son of Zahir, horseman of the tribes."

Her cousin Khaled, on the other hand, distinguished himself equally by his brilliant courage. His father Moharib, a wise and prudent chief, had built houses of entertainment for strangers; all horsemen found a welcome there. Khaled had been brought up in the midst of warriors. In this school his spirit had been formed, here he had learned to ride, and at last had become an intrepid warrior, and a redoubtable hero. It was soon perceived by the rest of the army that his spirit and valor were unconquerable.

Eventually he heard tell of his cousin Djonder, and his desire to see and know him and to witness his skill in arms became extreme. But he could not satisfy this desire because of the dislike which his father showed for his cousin, the son of his uncle. This curiosity of Khaled continued unsatisfied until the death of his father Moharib, which put him in possession of rank, wealth, and lands. He followed the example of his father in entertaining strangers, protecting the weak and unfortunate, and giving raiment to the naked. He continued also to scour the plains on horseback with his warriors, and in this way waxed greater in bodily strength and courage. After some time, gathering together a number of rich gifts, he started, in company with his mother, to visit his uncle. He did not draw rein until he reached the dwelling of Zahir, who was delighted to see him, and made magnificent preparations for his entertainment; for the uncle had heard tell on many occasions of his nephew's worth and valor. Khaled also visited his cousin. He saluted her, pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, thinking she was a young man. He felt the greatest pleasure in her company, and remained ten days with his uncle, regularly taking part in the jousts and contests of the horsemen and warriors. As for his cousin, the moment she had seen how handsome and valiant Khaled was, she had fallen violently in love with him. Her sleep left her; she could not eat; and her love grew to such a pitch that feeling her heart completely lost to him, she spoke to her mother and said: "O mother, should my cousin leave without taking me in his company, I shall die of grief at his absence." Then her mother was touched with pity for her, and uttered no reproaches, feeling that they would be in vain. "Djaida," she said, "conceal your feelings, and restrain yourself from grief. You have done nothing improper, for your cousin is the man of your choice, and is of your own blood. Like him, you are fair and attractive; like him, brave and skilful in horsemanship. To-morrow morning, when his mother approaches us, I will reveal to her the whole matter; we will soon afterwards give you to him in marriage, and finally we will all return to our own country."

The wife of Zahir waited patiently until the following morning, when the mother of Khaled arrived. She then presented her daughter, whose head she uncovered, so as to allow the hair to fall to her shoulders. At the sight of such charms the mother of Khaled was beyond measure astonished, and exclaimed: "What! is not this your son Djonder?" "No! it is Djaida—she the moon of beauty, at last has risen." Then she told her all that had passed between herself and her husband, and how and why they had concealed the sex of their child. "Dear kinswoman," replied the mother of Khaled, still quite surprised, "among all the daughters of Arabia who have been celebrated for their beauty I have never seen one more lovely than this one. What is her name?" "I have already told you that it is Djaida, and my especial purpose in telling you the secret is to offer you all these charms, for I ardently desire to marry my daughter to your son, so that we may all be able to return to our own land." The mother of Khaled at once assented to this proposal, and said: "The possession of Djaida will doubtless render my son very happy." She at once rose and went out to look for Khaled, and communicated to him all she had seen and learned, not failing to extol especially the charms of Djaida. "By the faith of an Arab," said she, "never, my son, have I seen in the desert, or in any city, a girl such as your cousin; I do not except the most beautiful. Nothing is so perfect as she is, nothing more lovely and attractive. Make haste, my son, to see your uncle and ask him for his daughter in marriage. You will be happy indeed if he grants your prayer: Go, my son, and do not waste time in winning her."

When Khaled had heard these words, he cast his eyes to the ground, and remained for some time thoughtful and gloomy. Then he replied: "My mother, I cannot remain here any longer. I must return home amid my horsemen and troops. I have no intention of saying anything more to my cousin; I am convinced that she is a person whose temper and ideas of life are uncertain; her character and manner of speech are utterly destitute of stability and propriety. I have always been accustomed to live amid warriors, on whom I spend my wealth, and with whom I win a soldier's renown. As for my cousin's love for me, it is the weakness of a woman, of a young girl." He then donned his armor, mounted his horse, bade his uncle farewell, and announced his intention of leaving at once. "What means this haste?" cried Zahir. "I can remain here no longer," answered Khaled, and, putting his horse to a gallop, he flung himself into the depths of the wilderness. His mother, after relating to Djaida the conversation she held with her son, mounted a camel and made her way towards her own country.

The soul of Djaida felt keenly this indignity. She brooded over it—sleepless and without appetite. Some days afterwards, as her father was preparing with his horsemen to make a foray against his foes, his glance fell on Djaida, and seeing how altered she was in face, and dejected in spirit, he refrained from saying anything, thinking and hoping that she would surely become herself again after a short time.

Scarcely was Zahir out of sight of his tents, when Djaida, who felt herself like to die, and whose frame of mind was quite unsupportable, said to her mother: "Mother, I feel that I am dying, and that this miserable Khaled is still in the vigor of life. I should like, if God gives me the power, to make him taste the fury of death, the bitterness of its pang and torture." So saying, she rose like a lioness, put on her armor, and mounted her horse, telling her mother she was going on a hunting expedition. Swiftly, and without stopping, she traversed rocks and mountains, her excitement increasing as she approached the dwelling-place of her cousin. As she was disguised, she entered, unrecognized, into the tent where strangers were received. Her visor was, however, lowered, like that of a horseman of Hijaz. Slaves and servants received her, offered her hospitality, comporting themselves towards her as to one of the guests, and the most noble personages of the land. That night Djaida took rest; but the following day she joined the military exercises, challenged many cavaliers, and exhibited so much address and bravery, that she produced great astonishment among the spectators. Long before noon the horsemen of her cousin were compelled to acknowledge her superiority over themselves. Khaled wished to witness her prowess, and, surprised at the sight of so much skill, he offered to match himself with her. Djaida entered the contest with him, and then both of them joining in combat tried, one after another, all the methods of attack and defence, until the shadows of night came on. When they separated both were unhurt, and none could say who was the victor. Thus Djaida, while rousing the admiration of the spectators, saw the annoyance they felt on finding their chief equalled in fight by so skilful an opponent. Khaled ordered his antagonist to be treated with all the care and honor imaginable, then retired to his tent, his mind filled with thoughts of his conflict. Djaida remained three days at her cousin's habitation. Every morning she presented herself on the ground of combat, and remained under arms until night. She enjoyed it greatly, still keeping her *incognito*, whilst Khaled, on the other hand, made no enquiries, and asked no questions of her, as to who she was and to what tribe she might belong.

On the morning of the fourth day, while Khaled, according to his custom, rode over the plain, and passed close to the tents reserved for strangers, he saw Djaida mounting her horse. He saluted her, and she returned his salute. " Noble Arab," said Khaled, " I should like to ask you one question. Up to this moment I have failed in courtesy towards you, but, I now beg of you, in the name of that God who has endowed you with such great dexterity in arms, tell me, who are you, and to what noble princes are you allied? For I have never met your equal among brave cavaliers. Answer me, I beseech you, for I am dying to learn." Djaida smiled, and raising her visor, replied: " Khaled, I am a woman, and not a warrior. I am your cousin Djaida, who offered herself to you, and wished to give herself to you; but you refused her—from the pride you felt in your passion for arms." As she spoke she turned her horse suddenly, stuck spurs into him, and dashed off at full gallop towards her own country.

Khaled filled with confusion withdrew to his tent, not knowing what to do, nor what would be the end of the passionate love which he suddenly felt rise within him. He was seized with disgust for all these warlike habits and tastes, which had reduced him to the melancholy plight in which he found himself. His distaste for women was changed into love. He sent for his mother and related to her all that had occurred. " My son," she said, " all these circumstances should render Djaida still dearer to you. Wait patiently a little, until I have been able to go and ask her of her mother." She straightway mounted her camel, and started through the desert on the tracks of Djaida, who immediately on her arrival home had told her mother all that had happened. As soon as the mother of Khaled had arrived, she flung herself into the arms of her kinswoman and demanded Djaida in marriage for her son, for Zahir had not yet returned from his foray. When Djaida heard from her mother the request of Khaled, she said, " This shall never be, though I be forced to drink the cup of death. That which occurred at his tents was brought about by me to quench the fire of my grief and unhappiness, and soothe the anguish of my heart."

At these words the mother of Khaled, defeated of her object, went back to her son, who was tortured by the most cruel anxiety. He rose suddenly to his feet, for his love had reached the point of desperation, and asked with inquietude what were the feelings of his cousin. When he learned the answer of Djaida his distress became overwhelming, for her refusal only increased his passion. " What is to be done, my mother," he exclaimed. " I see no way of escaping from this embarrassment," she replied, " excepting you assemble all your horsemen from among the Arab sheiks, and from among those with whom you are on friendly terms. Wait until your uncle returns from the campaign, and then, surrounded by your followers, go to him, and in the presence of the assembled warriors, demand of him his daughter in marriage. If he deny that he has a daughter, tell him all that has happened, and urge him until he gives way to your demand." This advice, and the plan proposed moderated the grief of Khaled. As soon as he learned that his uncle had returned home, he assembled all the chiefs of his family and told his story to them. All of them were very much astonished, and Madi Kereb, one of the Khaled's bravest companions, could not help saying: " This is a strange affair; we have always heard say that your uncle had a son named Djonder, but now the truth is known. You are certainly the man who has most right to the daughter of your uncle. It is therefore our best course to present ourselves in a body and prostrate ourselves before him, asking him to return to his family and not to give his daughter to a stranger." Khaled, without hearing any more, took with him a hundred of his bravest horsemen, being those who had been brought up with Moharib and Zahir from their childhood, and, having provided themselves with presents even more costly than those they had taken before, they started off, and marched on until they came to the tribe of Saad. Khaled began by complimenting his uncle on his happy return from war, but no one could be more astonished than Zahir at this second visit, especially when he saw his nephew accompanied by all the chieftains of his family. It never for a moment occurred to him that his daughter Djaida had anything to do with Khaled's return, but thought that his nephew merely wished to persuade him to return to his native territory. He offered them every hospitality, provided them with tents and entertained them magnificently. He ordered camels and sheep to be killed, and gave a banquet; he furnished his guests with all things needful and proper for three days. On the fourth day Khaled arose, and after thanking his uncle for all his attentions, asked him for his daughter in marriage, and begged him to return to his own land. Zahir denied that he had any child but his son Djonder, but Khaled told him all that he had learned, and all that had passed between himself and Djaida. At these words Zahir was overcome with shame and turned his eyes to the ground. He remained for some moments plunged in thought, and after reflecting that the affair must needs proceed from bad to worse, he addressed those present in the following words: "Kinsmen, I will no longer delay acknowledging this secret; therefore to end the matter, she shall be married to her cousin as soon as possible, for, of all the men I know, he is most worthy of her." He offered his hand to Khaled, who immediately clasped it in presence of the chiefs who were witnesses to the contract. The dowry was fixed at five hundred brown black-eyed camels, and a thousand camels loaded with the choicest products of Yemen. The tribe of Saad, in the midst of which Zahir had lived, were excluded from all part in this incident.

But when Zahir had asked his daughter's consent to this arrangement, Djaida was overwhelmed with confusion at the course her father had taken. Since he let his daughter clearly understand that he did not wish her to remain unmarried, she at last replied: "My father, if my cousin desires to have me in marriage, I shall not enter into his tent until he undertakes to slaughter at my wedding a thousand camels, out of those which belong to Gheshem, son of Malik, surnamed "The Brandisher of Spears." Kahled agreed to this condition; but the sheiks and the warriors did not leave Zahir before he had collected all his possessions for transportation to his own country. No sooner were these preparations completed than Khaled marched forth at the head of a thousand horsemen, with whose assistance he subdued the tribe of Aamir. Having thrice wounded "The Brandisher of Spears," and slain a great number of his champions, he carried off their goods and brought back from their country even a richer spoil than Djaida had demanded. Loaded with booty he returned, and was intoxicated with success. But when he asked that a day should be fixed for the wedding, Djaida begged him to approach, and said to him: "If you desire that I become your wife, fulfil first of all my wishes, and keep the engagement I make with you. This is my demand: I wish that on the day of my marriage, some nobleman's daughter, a free-born woman, hold the bridle of my camel; she must be the daughter of a prince of the highest rank, so that I may be the most honored of all the daughters of Arabia." Khaled consented, and prepared to carry out her wishes. That very day he started with his horsemen, and traversed plains and valleys, searching the land of Ymer, even till he reached the country of Hijar and the hills of Sand. In this place he attacked the tribe-family of Moawich, son of Mizal. He burst upon them like a rain-storm, and cutting a way with his sword through the opposing horsemen, he took prisoner Amima, daughter of Moawich, at the very moment when she was betaking herself to flight.

After having accomplished feats which rendered futile the resistance of the most experienced heroes, after having scattered all the tribes in flight, and carried off all the wealth of all the Arabs in that country, he returned home. But he did not wish to come near his tents until he had first gathered in all the wealth which he had left at different points and places in the desert.

The young maidens marched before him sounding their cymbals and other instruments of music. All the tribe rejoiced; and when Khaled appeared, he distributed clothing to the widows and orphans, and invited his companions and friends to the feast he was preparing for his wedding. All the Arabs of the country came in a crowd to the marriage. He caused them to be regaled with abundance of flesh and wine. But while all the guests abandoned themselves to feasting and pleasure, Khaled, accompanied by ten slaves, prepared to scour the wild and marshy places of the land, in order to attack hand to hand in their caverns the lions and lionesses and their cubs, and bear them slain to the tents, in order to provide meat for all those who attended the festival.

Djaida had been informed of this design. She disguised herself in coat of mail, mounted her horse, and left the tents; as three days of festivities still remained, she hastily followed Khaled into the desert, and met him face to face in a cavern. She flung herself upon him with the impetuosity of a wild beast, and attacked him furiously, crying aloud, "Arab! dismount from your horse, take off your coat of mail, and your armor; if you hesitate to do so, I will run this lance through your heart." Khaled was resolved at once to resist her in this demand. They engaged in furious combat. The struggle lasted for more than an hour, when the warrior saw in the eyes of his adversary an expression which alarmed him. He remounted his horse, and having wheeled round his steed from the place of combat, exclaimed: "By the faith of an Arab, I adjure you to tell me what horseman of the desert you are; for I feel that your attack and the violence of your blows are irresistible. In fact, you have prevented me from accomplishing that which I had intended, and all that I had eagerly desired to do." At these words Djaida raised her visor, thus permitting him to see her face. "Khaled," she cried, "is it necessary for the girl you love to attack wild beasts, in order that the daughters of Arabia may learn that this is not the exclusive privilege of a warrior?" At this cutting rebuke Khaled was overcome with shame. "By the faith of an Arab," he replied, "no one but you can overcome me; but is there anyone in this country who has challenged you, or are you come hither merely to prove to me the extent of your valor?" "By the faith of an Arab," replied Djaida, "I came into this desert solely for the purpose of helping you to hunt wild beasts, and in order that your warriors might not reproach you for choosing me as your wife." At these words Khaled felt thrilled with surprise and admiration, that such spirit and resolution should have been exhibited in the conduct of Djaida.

Then both of them dismounted from their horses and entered into a cavern. There Khaled seized two ferocious wild beasts, and Djaida attacked and carried off a lion and two lionesses. After these exploits they exchanged congratulations, and Djaida felt happy to be with Khaled. "Meanwhile," she said, "I shall not permit you to leave our tents until after our marriage." She immediately left him in haste and betook herself to her own dwelling.

Khaled proceeded to rejoin the slaves whom he had left a little way off, and ordered them to carry to the tents the beasts he had slain. Trembling with fright at the view of what Khaled had done, they extolled him with admiration above all other champions of the land.

The feasts meanwhile went on, and all who came were welcomed with magnificence. The maidens sounded their cymbals; the slaves waved their swords in the air, and the young girls sang from morn till evening. It was in the midst of such rejoicings that Djaida and Khaled were married. Amima, the daughter of Moawich, held the reins of the young bride's camel, and men and women alike extolled the glory of Djaida.

THE ABSIANS AND FAZAREANS

KING CAIS, chief of the Absians, distrusting the evil designs of Hadifah, the chief of the tribe of Fazarah, had sent out his slaves in every direction to look after Antar. One of these slaves on his return said to the king: "As for Antar, I have not even heard his name; but as I passed by the tribe of Tenim, I slept one night in the tents of the tribe Byah. There I saw a colt of remarkable beauty. He belonged to a man named Jahir, son of Awef. I have never seen a colt so fine and swift." This recital made a profound impression upon Cais. And in truth this young animal was the wonder of the world, and never had a handsomer horse been reared among the Arabs. He was in all points high-bred and renowned for race and lineage, for his sire was Ocab and his dam Helweh, and these were horses regarded by the Arabs as quicker than lightning. All the tribes admired their points, and the tribe of Byah had become celebrated above all others, because of the mare and stallion which pertained to it.

As for this fine colt, one day, when his sire Ocab had been put out on pasture, he was being led by the daughter of Jahir along the side of a lake at noonday, and there he saw the mare Helweh, who was tethered close to the tent of her master. He immediately began to neigh, and slipped his halter. The young girl in her embarrassment let him go, and for modesty took refuge in the tent of a friend. The stallion remained on the spot until the girl returned. She seized the halter and took him to the stables.

But her father discerned the anxiety which she could not conceal. He questioned her, and she told him what had happened. He became furious with rage on hearing her story, for he was naturally choleric; he ran among the tents, flinging off his turban, and crying at the top of his voice, while all the Arabs crowded round him, "Tribe of Byah, tribe of Byah! Kinsmen and friends, hear me." Then he related what his daughter had told him. " I cannot permit," he added, " that the blood of my horse should be blended with that of Helweh; yet I am not willing to sell him for the most costly sheep and camels; and if I cannot otherwise prevent Helweh from bearing a colt to my stallion, I shall be glad if some one will put the mare to death." " By all means," cried his listeners, " do as you please, for we can have no objection." Such were the usual terms of Arabian courtesy.

Nevertheless, Helweh, in course of time, bore a fine colt, whose birth brought great joy to her master. He named the young horse Dahir. The colt waxed in strength and beauty, until he actually excelled his sire Ocab. His chest was broad, his neck long, his hoofs hard, his nostrils widely expanded. His tail swept the ground, and he was of the gentlest temper; in short, he was the most perfect creature ever seen. Being reared with the greatest care, his shape was perfect as the archway of a royal palace. When the mare Helweh, followed by her colt, was one day moving along the shore of a lake, Ocab's owner chanced to see them. He seized the young horse, and took him home with him, leaving his mother in grief for his difference. " As for Jahir," he said, " this colt belongs to me, and I have more right to him than anyone else."

The news of the colt's disappearance soon reached his owner's ears. He assembled the chiefs of the tribe, and told them what had happened. They sent to Jahir, and he was reproached bitterly. " Jahir," they said, " you have not suffered, yet have done injustice, in that you carried off that which belonged to another man." " Say no more," answered Jahir, " and spare me these reproaches, for, by the faith of an Arab, I will not return the colt, unless compelled by main force. I will declare war against you first." At that moment the tribe was not prepared for a quarrel; and several of them said to Jahir: " We are too much attached to you to push things to such an extreme as that; we are your allies and kinsmen. We will not fight with you, though an idol of gold were at stake." Then Kerim, son of Wahrab (the latter being the owner of the mare and colt, a man renowned among the Arabs for his generosity), seeing the obstinacy of Jahir, said to him: " Cousin, the colt is certainly yours, and belongs to you; as for the mare here, accept her as a present from my hand, so that mother and colt will not be separated, and no one will be able to accuse me of wronging a kinsman."

The tribe highly applauded this act, and Jahir was so humiliated by the generosity with which he had been treated, that he returned mare and colt to Kerim, adding to the gift a pair of male and a pair of female camels.

Dahir soon became a horse of absolute perfection in every point, and when his master Kerim undertook to race him with another horse, he rode the animal himself, and was in the habit of saying to his antagonist, " Even should you pass me like an arrow, I could catch you up, and distance you," and in fact this always happened.

As soon as King Cais heard tell of this horse, he became beside himself with longing and mortification, and his sleep left him. He sent to Kerim, offering to buy the horse for as much gold or silver as the owner demanded, and adding that the price would be forwarded without delay. This message enraged Kerim. " Is not this Cais a fool, or a man of no understanding? " he exclaimed. " Does he think I am a man of traffic—a horse-dealer, who cannot mount the horses he owns? I swear by the faith of an Arab that if he had asked for Dahir, as a present, I would have sent the horse, and a troop of camels besides: but if he thinks of obtaining him by bidding a price, he will never have him; even were I bound to drink the cup of death."

The messenger returned to Cais, and gave him the answer of Kerim, at which the latter was much annoyed. " Am I a king over the tribes of Abs, of Adnan, of Fazarah, and of Dibyan," he exclaimed, " and yet a common Arab dares to oppose me! " He summoned his people and his warriors. Immediately there was the flash of armor, of coats of mail, and swords and helmets appeared amid the tents; the champions mounted their steeds, shook their spears, and marched forth against the tribe of Byah. As soon as they reached their enemy's territory they overran the pastures, and gathered an immense booty in cattle, which Cais divided among his followers. They next made for the tents and surprised the dwellers there, who were not prepared for such an attack: Kerim being absent with his warriors on an expedition of the same sort. Cais at the head of the Absians, pushing his way into the dwellings, carried off the wives and daughters of his foe.

As for Dahir, he was tethered to one of the tent-pegs, for Kerim never used him as a charger, for fear some harm might befall him, or he might be killed. One of the slaves who had been left in the encampment, and had been among the first to see the approach of the Absians, went up to Dahir for the purpose of breaking the line by which he was hobbled. This he failed to accomplish, but mounting him, and digging his heels into his flanks, he forced the horse, although he was hobbled, to rush off prancing like a fawn, until he reached the desert. It was in vain that the Absians pursued him; they could not even catch up with the trail of dust that he left behind him.

As soon as Cais perceived Dahir, he recognized him, and the desire of possessing him became intensified. He hurried on, but his chagrin was great, as he perceived that, do what he would, he never could catch up with him. At last the slave, perceiving that he had quite out-distanced the Absians, dismounted, untied the feet of Dahir, leapt again into the saddle, and galloped off. Cais, who had kept up the pursuit, gained ground during this stop, and coming within ear-shot of the slave, shouted out, "Stop, Arab, there is no cause for fear; you have my protection; by the faith of a noble Arab, I swear it." At these words the slave stopped. "Do you intend to sell that horse?" said King Cais to him, "for in that case you have the most eager buyer of all the Arabian tribesmen." "I do not wish to sell him, sire," replied the slave, "excepting at one price, the restoration of all the booty." "I will buy him then," the King answered, and he clasped the hand of the Arab as pledge of the bargain. The slave dismounted from the young horse, and delivered him over to King Cais, and the latter overjoyed at having his wish, leapt on to his back, and set out to rejoin the Absians, whom he commanded to restore all the booty which they had taken. His order was executed to the letter. King Cais, enchanted at the success of his enterprise, and at the possession of Dahir, returned home. So great was his fondness for the horse that he groomed and fed him with his own hands. Soon as Hadifah, chief of the tribe of Fazarah, heard that Cais had possession of Dahir, jealousy filled his heart. In concert with other chiefs he plotted the death of this beautiful horse.

Now it came to pass that at this time Hadifah gave a great feast, and Carwash, kinsman of King Cais, was present. At the end of the meal, and while the wine circulated freely the course of conversation turned to the most famous chiefs of the time. The subject being exhausted, the guests began to speak about their most celebrated horses, and next, of the journeys made by them in the desert. " Kinsmen," said Carwash, " none of you ever saw a horse like Dahir, which belongs to my ally Cais. It is vain to seek his equal; his pace is absolutely terrifying. He chases away sorrow from the heart of him who beholds him, and protects like a strong tower the man who mounts him." Carwash did not stop here, but continued to praise, in the highest and most distinguished language, the horse Dahir, until all of the tribe of Fazarah and of the family of Zyad, felt their hearts swell with rage. " Do you hear him, brother?" said Haml to Hadifah; " come, that is enough," he added, turning towards Carwash. " All that you have said about Dahir is absolute nonsense—for at present there are no horses better or finer than mine, and those of my brother."

With these words he ordered his slaves to bring his horses and parade them before Carwash. This was done. " Come, Carwash, look at that horse." " He is not worth the hay you feed him on," said the other. Then those of Hadifah were led out; among them was a mare, named Ghabra, and a stallion called Marik. " Now look at these," said Hadifah. " They are not worth the hay they eat," replied Carwash. Hadifah, filled with indignation at these words: " What, not even Ghabra?" " Not even Ghabra, or all the horses in the world," repeated Carwash. " Would you like to make a bet for us with King Cais?" " Certainly," answered Carwash—" I will wager that Dahir will beat all the horses of the tribe of Fazarah, even if he carries a hundred weight of stone on his back." They discussed the matter for a long time, the one affirming the other denying the statements, until Hadifah closed the altercation by saying, " I hold to the wager, on condition that the winner takes from the loser as many male and female camels as he chooses." " You are going to play me a nice trick," said Carwash, " and for my part I tell you plainly that I won't bet more than twenty camels; the man whose horse loses shall pay this forfeit." The matter was arranged accordingly. They sat at table until nightfall, and then rested.

The next day Carwash left his tent at early morn, went to the tribe of Abs, to find Cais, whom he told about the wager. " You were wrong," said Cais. " You might have made a bet with anyone excepting Hadifah, who is a man of tricks and treachery. If you have made the wager, you will have to declare it off." Cais waited until certain persons who were with him had retired, then he at once took horse, and repaired to the tribe of Fazarah, where everybody was taking their morning meal in their tents. Cais dismounted, took off his arms, and seating himself among them began to eat with them, like a noble Arab. "Cousin," said Hadifah to him jokingly, "What large mouthfuls you take; heaven preserve me from having an appetite like yours." "It is true," said Cais, "that I am dying of hunger, but by Him who abides always, and will abide forever, I came not here merely to eat your victuals. My intention is to annul the wager which was yesterday made between you and my kinsman Carwash. I beg of you to cancel this bet, for all that is uttered over cups and flagons is of no serious account, and ought to be forgotten." "I would have you to know," was the answer, "that I will not withdraw from the challenge, unless you forfeit the camels which are staked. If you accept this condition, I shall be perfectly indifferent to everything else. Nevertheless, if you wish it, I will seize the camels by force, or, if it be your good pleasure, I will waive every claim, save as a debt of honor." In spite of all that Cais could say, Hadifah remained firm in his resolution, and as his brother began to deride Cais, the latter lost his temper, and with a face blazing with wrath he asked of Hadifah, "What stake did you offer in your wager with my cousin?" "Twenty she-camels," said Hadifah. "As for this first wager," answered Cais, "I cancel it, and propose another one in its stead: I will bet thirty camels." "And I forty," replied Hadifah. "I make it fifty," was the retort of Cais. "Sixty," quickly added the other; and they continued raising the terms of the wager, until the number of camels staked was one hundred. The contract of the bet was deposited in the hands of a man named Sabic, son of Wahhab, and in the presence of a crowd of youths and old men. "What shall be the length of the race?" asked Hadifah of Cais. "One hundred bow shots," replied Cais, "and we have an archer here, Ayas, the son of Mansour, who will measure the ground." Ayas was in fact the strongest and most accomplished archer then living among the Arabs. King Cais, by choosing Ayas, wished the course to be made long, knowing the endurance of his horse, and the longer distance Dahir had to travel, the more he gained speed, from the increased excitement of his spirit. " Well now, we had better fix the day for the race," said Cais to Hadifah. " Forty days will be required," replied Hadifah, " to bring the horses into condition." " You are right," said Cais, and they agreed that the horses should be trained for forty days, that the race should take place by the lake Zatalirsad, and that the horse that first reached the goal should be declared winner. All these preliminaries having been arranged, Cais returned to his tents.

Meanwhile one of the horsemen of the tribe of Fazarah said to his neighbors: " Kinsmen, you may rest assured that there is going to be a breach between the tribe of Abs and that of Fazarah, as a result of this race between Dahir and Ghabra. The two tribes, you must know, will be mutually estranged, for King Cais has been there in person; now he is a prince and the son of a prince. He has made every effort to cancel the bet, but Hadifah would by no means consent. All this is the beginning of a broil, which may be followed by a war, possibly lasting fifty years, and many a one will fall in the struggle."

Hadifah hearing this prediction, said: " I don't trouble myself much about the matter, and your suggestion seems to me absurd." " O Hadifah," exclaimed Ayas, " I am going to tell you what will be the result of all your obstinacy towards Cais." Then he recited some verses, with the following meaning: " In thee, O Hadifah, there is no beauty; and in the purity of Cais there is not a single blot. How sincere and honest was his counsels, although they were lacking in prudence and dignity. Make a wager with a man who does not possess even an ass, and whose father has never been rich enough to buy a horse. Let Cais alone; he has wealth, lands, horses, a proud spirit, and he is the owner of this Dahir, who is always first on the day of a race, whether he is resting or running—this Dahir, a steed whose feet even appear through the obscurity of night like burning brands." " Ayas," replied Hadifah, " do you think I would break my word? I will take the camels of Cais, and will not permit my name to be inscribed among the number of those who have been vanquished. Let things run their course."

As soon as King Cais had regained his tents he hastened to tell his slaves to begin the training of his horses, and to pay especial attention to Dahir. Then he told his kinsmen all that had taken place between himself and Hadifah. Antar was present at this recital, and as he took great interest in all that concerned the king, he said, " Cais, calm your fears, keep your eyes well open, run the race, and have no fear. For, by the faith of an Arab, if Hadifah makes any trouble or misunderstanding, I will kill him, as well as the whole tribe of Fazarah."

The conversation on this subject continued until they reached the tents, which Antar declined to enter before seeing Dahir. He walked several times round this animal, and saw at a glance that the horse actually possessed qualities which astonished any one who saw him.

Hadifah quickly learned the return of Antar, and knew that the hero was encouraging King Cais to run the race. Haml, Hadifah's brother, had also heard the news, and in the distress which he felt remarked to Hadifah, " I fear lest Antar should fall upon me, or some one of the family of Beder, and kill us, and thus render us disgraced. Give up this race, or we are ruined. Let me go to King Cais, and I will not leave him until he promises to come to you and cancel the contract." " Do as you please," answered Hadifah. Thereupon Haml took horse, and went immediately to King Cais. He found him with his uncle Assyed, a wise and prudent man. Haml approached Cais, saluted him by kissing his hand, and after saying that he was the bearer of an important message, added: " Kinsman, you know that my brother Hadifah is a low fellow, whose mind is full of intrigues. I have spent the last three days in trying to persuade him to cancel this wager. At last he has said: 'Very good, if Cais comes to me, and wishes to be released from the contract, I will annul it; but do not let any Arab think that I abandon the bet through fear of Antar.' Now you, Cais, are aware that the greatest proof of attachment between kinsmen is their willingness to give way to one another. So I am here to beg that you will come to the dwelling of my brother Hadifah and ask him to give up the race, before it causes trouble, and the tribe be utterly driven away from its territories." At this address of Haml, Cais became flushed with shame, for he was trusting and generous. He at once arose, and leaving his uncle Assyed in charge of his domestic business, he accompanied Haml to the land of Fazarah. When they were midway on their journey Haml began to utter lavish praises of Cais to the latter's face, and to blame his own brother's faults, in the following terms: " O Cais, do not let your wrath be stirred up against Hadifah, for he is verily a man headstrong and unjust in his actions. O Cais, if you persist in holding to the bet, great disasters will follow. Both you and he are impulsive and passionate, and this is what causes me to feel anxiety about you, Cais. Put aside your private feelings, be kind and generous, and it will come to pass that the oppressor himself will become the oppressed."

Haml continued to abuse his brother, and to flatter Cais with expressions of admiration all the way, until in the evening they arrived at the tribe of Fazarah. Hadifah, who at the moment was surrounded by many powerful chiefs, upon whose aid he depended in the hour of need, had changed his mind since his brother Haml's departure, and in place of coming to terms and making peace with Cais he had determined to yield in nothing, but to maintain rigorously the conditions of the coming race. He was speaking of this very matter with one of the chiefs at the moment when Cais and Haml presented themselves before him. As soon as Hadifah saw Cais, he resolved to cover him with shame. Turning therefore to his brother, he asked: " Who ordered you to go to this man? By the faith of a noble Arab, even if all the men who cover the surface of the earth were to come and importune me, saying, ' O Hadifah, give up one hair of these camels,' I would not yield until a lance had pierced my heart and a sword stricken the head from my shoulders." Cais crimsoned, and immediately remounted his horse, bitterly reproaching Haml. He returned home with the utmost haste, and found his uncle and brothers waiting for him in extreme anxiety. " O my son! " said his uncle Assyed as soon as he saw him, " you have had a disastrous journey, for it has caused you to be disgraced."

" If Hadifah had not been surrounded by certain chiefs, who gave him treacherous counsels, I could have arranged the whole affair," answered Cais. " There is now nothing left but to carry out the race and the bet."

King Cais did not sleep the whole of that night. On the morrow he thought of nothing but the training of his horses during the forty days' interval before the race. All the Arabs of the land agreed to come to the pastures and see the race, and when the forty days had expired the horsemen of the two tribes came in a crowd to the banks of lake Zatalirsud. Next arrived the archer Ayas, who, turning his back to the lake at the point where the horses were to start, drew his bow as he walked toward the north a hundred times, and measured out to the goal the course of a hundred bow-shots. Soon the horsemen of Ghitfan and Dibyan arrived, for they were of the same territory, and because of their friendly relations and kinship were comprised as one tribe under the name of Adnan. King Cais had begged Antar not to show himself on this occasion, fearing that his appearance might cause dissension. Antar listened to this advice, but was unable to rest quiet in the tents. The interest he felt in Cais, and the deep distrust with which the falseness of the Fazareans—who were always ready for treason—inspired him, induced him to show himself. Girding on his sword Dhami, and mounting his famous charger, Abjer, he took with him his brother Shidoub, and reached the spot fixed upon for the race, in order that he might watch over the safety of King Zoheir's sons. On his arrival he seemed to excel all that crowd, like a lion clad in coat of mail. He carried his naked sword, and his eyes flashed like blazing coals. As soon as he had reached the middle of the crowd, he cried out with a loud voice, that struck terror to all hearts: "Hearken, noble Arabian chieftains and men of renown assembled here—all of you know that I was supported and favored by King Zoheir, father of King Cais, that I am a slave bound to him, by his goodness and munificence; that it is he who caused my parents to acknowledge me, and gave me my rank, making me to be numbered among Arab chiefs. Although he is no longer living, I wish to show my gratitude to him, and bring the kings of the land into subjection to him, even after his death. He has left a son, whom his brothers have acknowledged, and have set on the throne of his father. This son is Cais, whom they have thus distinguished, because of his wisdom, rectitude, and noble heart. I am the slave of Cais, and am his property; I intend to be the supporter of him whom I love, and the enemy of whosoever resists him. It shall never be said, as long as I live, that I have suffered an enemy to affront him. As to the conditions of this wager, it is our duty to see them observed. The best thing, accordingly, to do is to let the horses race unobstructed, for victory comes from the creator of day and night.

I make an oath, therefore, by the holy house at Mecca, by the temple, by the eternal God, who never forgets his servants and never sleeps, that if Hadifah commits any act of violence, I will make him drink the cup of vengeance and of death; and will make the whole tribe of Fazarah the byword of all the world. And you, Arab chieftains, if you sincerely desire the race to take place, conduct yourselves with justice and impartiality; otherwise, by the eyes of my dear Ibla, I will make the horses run the race in blood." "Antar is right," the horsemen shouted on all sides.

Hadifah chose, as the rider of Ghabra, a groom of the tribe of Dibyan. This man had passed all his days and many of his nights in rearing and tending horses. Cais, on the other hand, chose as rider of Dahir a groom of the tribe of Abs, much better trained and experienced in his profession than was the Dibyanian. When the two contestants had mounted their horses King Cais gave this parting instruction to his groom: "Do not let the reins hang too loosely in managing Dahir; if you see him flag, stand up in your stirrups, and press his flanks gently with your legs. Do not urge him too much, or you will break his spirit." Hadifah heard this advice and repeated it, word for word, to his rider.

Antar began to laugh. "By the faith of an Arab," he said to Hadifah, "you will be beaten. Are words so scarce that you are obliged to use exactly those of Cais? But as a matter of fact Cais is a king, the son of a king; he ought always to be imitated by others, and since you have followed, word by word, his speech, it is a proof that your horse will follow his in the desert."

At these words the heart of Hadifah swelled with rage and indignation, and he swore with an oath that he would not let his horse run that day, but that he wished the race to take place at sunrise, next morning. This delay was indispensable to him in preparing the act of perfidy which he meditated, for he had no sooner seen Dahir than he was speechless with astonishment at the beauty and perfections of the horse.

The judges had already dismounted and the horsemen of the various tribes were preparing to return home, when Shidoub began to cry out with a loud voice, "Tribes of Abs, of Adnan, of Fazarah and of Dibyan, and all here present attend to me for an instant, and listen to words which shall be repeated from generation to generation." All the warriors stood motionless. "Speak on," they cried, "what is your will? Perhaps there may be something good in your words." "Illustrious Arabs," continued Shidoub, "you know what happened in consequence of the match between Dahir and Ghabra: I assure you on my life that I will outstrip both of them in running, even were they swifter than the wind. But listen to the condition I offer; if I am the winner, I am to take the hundred camels which are at stake; but if I am beaten, I am to forfeit fifty." Upon this one of the Sheiks of Fazarah exclaimed, "What is that you are saying, vile slave? Why should you receive a hundred camels if you win and only forfeit fifty if you lose?" "Do you ask why, ancient mire of a dunghill," replied Shidoub, "because I have but two legs to run on and a horse has four, not counting his tail." All the Arabs burst out laughing; yet as they were astonished at the conditions proposed by Shidoub, and extremely curious to see him run the race, they agreed that he should make the hazardous experiment.

When all had returned to the tents Antar said to Shidoub: "Come, now, thou son of a cursed mother, how dared thou say that thou couldst outstrip these two horses, whose race all horsemen of our tribes have assembled to see, and who all the world admits have no equals in speed, not even among the birds of the air?" "By him who created the springs in the rocks and who knows all things," replied Shidoub, "I will outstrip those two horses, be they fleet as the winds. Yes, and my victory will have an advantageous result, for when the Arabs hear of it, they will give up all idea of pursuing me, when I run across the desert." Antar laughed, for he was in doubt about Shidoub's plan. The latter went to find King Cais and his brothers, and the other witnesses of the race, and made oath on his life that he would outstrip the two horses. All present acknowledged themselves witnesses of the oath, and left the spot, filled with astonishment at the proposition.

As for the trickster Hadifah, in the evening he summoned one of his slaves named Dames, a rascal, if ever there was one. "O Dames," he said, "you frequently boast of your cunning, but hitherto I have had no opportunity of putting it to the proof." "My Lord," answered the slave, "tell me in what way I can be useful to you." "I desire," said Hadifah, "that you go and post yourself in the great pass. Remain in this place, and go and hide yourself there in the morning. Watch the horses well, and see if Dahir is in advance. If he is, show yourself suddenly, strike him on the head, and cause him to stop, so that Ghabra may outstrip him, and we may not incur the disgrace of defeat. For I confess that since I have seen Dahir, his excellent points have made me doubt the superiority of Ghabra, and I fear my mare will be beaten, and we shall become the laughing stock of all the Arabs." "But, sir, how shall I distinguish Dahir from Ghabra when they advance, both of them wrapped in a cloud of dust?" Hadifah replied, "I am going to give you a sign, and to explain how the matter may be free from difficulty." As he spoke he picked up some stones from the ground and said: "Take these stones with you at sunrise, begin to count them, and throw them to the earth, four at a time. You must repeat the operation five times, and the last time Ghabra will arrive. That is the calculation I have made, so that if a cloud of dust presents itself to you, and some of the stones, a third or a half of them, still remain in your hand, you may be sure that Dahir has gained first place, and is before your eyes. You must then hurl a stone at his head, as I said, and stop his running, so that my mare may gain the lead." The slave agreed to do so. He provided himself with stones and went to hide himself at the great pass, and Hadifah felt confident of gaining the wager.

At the dawn of day, the Arabs, coming from all quarters, were assembled on the race ground. The judges gave the signal for the start, and the two riders uttered loud shouts. The racers started like flashes of lightning which dazzle the sight and seemed like the wind when, as it blows, it increases in fury. Ghabra passed ahead of Dahir and distanced him. "Now you are lost, my brother of the tribe of Abs," cried the Fazarean groom to the Absian, "try and console yourself for this defeat." "You lie," retorted the Absian, and in a few moments you will see how completely you are mistaken. Wait till we have passed this uneven ground. Mares always travel faster on rough roads than on smooth country." And so it happened, for when they arrived in the plain, Dahir shot forward like a giant, leaving a trail of dust behind him. It seemed as if he went on wings, not legs; in the twinkling of an eye he had outstripped Ghabra. "Here," cried the Absian to the Fazarean groom, "send a messenger from me to the family of

Beder, and you yourself drink the bitter cup of patience behind me." Meanwhile Shidoub, swift as the north wind, kept ahead of Dahir, bounding like a fawn and running like an ostrich, until he reached the defile where Dames was hidden. The slave had only thrown down less than a third of his pebbles, when he looked up and saw Dahir approaching.

He waited till the horse passed close by him, and suddenly showed himself with a shout, and hit the racer violently between the eyes with a stone. The horse reared, stopped one moment, and the rider was on the point of being unseated. Shidoub was a witness to the incident, and having looked at the slave, recognized him as belonging to the treacherous Hadifah. In the violence of his rage he flung himself upon Dames, and struck him dead with his sword; then he approached Dahir for the purpose of speaking soothingly to him, and starting him again on the race; but, alas, the mare Ghabra rushed up like the wind. Then Shidoub, fearing defeat, thinking of the camels he would forfeit, set out running at full speed towards the lake, where he arrived two bow-shots in advance of the horses. Ghabra followed, then Dahir last, bearing on his forehead the mark of the missile; his cheeks were covered with blood and tears.

All the spectators were astounded on seeing the agility and endurance of Shidoub; but as soon as Ghabra had reached the finish the Fazareans uttered loud shouts of joy. Dahir was led home all bleeding, and his rider told the men of the tribe of Abs what the slave had done. Cais examined the wound of his horse and asked for full details of the occurrence. Antar grew crimson with anger, and laid his hand upon his invincible sword, as if impatient to annihilate the tribe of the Fazareans. But the sheiks restrained him, although with difficulty, after which they went to Hadifah to cover him with shame, and to reproach him with the infamous deed he had done. Hadifah denied it, with false oaths, affirming that he knew nothing of the blow dealt to Dahir; then he added, " I demand the camels which are due to me, and I do not admit the treacherous pretext on which they are being withheld."

" That blow is doubtless of evil augury for the tribe of Fazarah," said Cais. " God will certainly give us victory and triumph, and destroy them. For Hadifah only desired this race to take place in order that it might cause trouble and discord, and the disturbance which this contest is sure to excite will stir up one tribe against another, so that there will be many men killed, and children made orphans." The conversation which followed among the tribesmen became more and more excited, confusion followed, shouts rang out on all sides, and drawn swords flashed. Bloodshed would have resulted had not the sheiks and wise men dismounted and with bared heads mingled with the crowd, with humble mien, imploring them, until at last the matter was settled as harmoniously as possible. It was agreed that Shidoub should receive the amount of the wager—a hundred camels from the tribe of Fazarah, and that Hadifah should abandon his claims and refrain from all dispute. Such were the measures taken to extinguish the hostility and disorder which threatened to burst out among the tribes. Then the different families retired to their own dwellings, but the hearts of all were filled with bitter hatred. One whose resentment seemed keenest was Hadifah, especially when he learned of the slave Dames's death. As for Cais, he was also filled with mute rage and intense hatred. Yet Antar tried to reassure him. "King," he said to him, "do not let your heart be a prey to mortification; for I swear by the tomb of King Zoheir, your father, that I will cause disgrace and infamy to fall on Hadifah, and it is only from regard for you that I have up to this time delayed action." Soon after all returned to their tents.

The following morning Shidoub killed twenty of the camels he had won the day before, and caused the meat to be distributed among the widows and those who had been wounded and crippled in war. He slaughtered twenty others, which he used in entertaining the tribe of Abs, including women and slaves. Finally, the next day, he killed the rest of the camels and made a great feast near the lake Zatalirsad, to which he invited the sons of King Zoheir and his noblest chieftains. At the end of this banquet, when the wine circulated among the guests, all praised the behavior of Shidoub. But the news of the camel slaughter and of all the feasting was soon known to the tribe of Fazarah. All the enraged tribesmen hastened to seek Hadifah. "What," said they, "while we were first in the race, slaves and traitorous Absians have eaten our camels! Send for an equal number of camels, by all means; but if he refuses them let us make a terrible war upon the Absians."

Hadifah raised his eyes upon his son Abou-Firacah. "Mount horse at once," he said to him, "and go and say to Cais: my father says that you must this instant pay the wager, or he will come and seize the amount by main force, and will bring trouble upon you." There was then present a chief among the sheiks, who, hearing the order that Hadifah had given to his son, said: "O Hadifah, are you not ashamed to send such a message to the tribe of the Absians? Are they not our kindred and allies? Does this proposal harmonize with the counsel and desire of allaying dissensions? The genuine man shows gratitude for generosity and kindness. I think it quite reasonable to expect that you desist from this perverse mood, which will end in our total extermination. Cais has shown himself quite impartial and has done wrong to no one; cherish, therefore, peace with the horsemen of the tribe of Abs. Take warning from what happened to the slave Dames; he struck Dahir, the horse of King Cais, and God punished him at once; he is left bathed in his slavish blood. I beg you to listen to none but wise counsels; act nobly, and abandon base designs. While you are thus forewarned as to your situation, keep a prudent eye on your affairs." This discourse rendered Hadifah furious. "Contemptible sheik! Dog of a traitor!" he exclaimed. "What! Must I be in fear of Cais and the whole tribe of the Absians? By the faith of an Arab, I will let all men of honor know that if Cais refuse to send the camels I will not leave one of his tents standing." The sheik was indignant, and to increase the fear he would cast into the heart of Hadifah he spoke to him in verses, to the following effect: "Insult is cowardliness, for it takes by surprise him who is not expecting it, as the night enwraps those who wander in the desert. When the sword shall once be drawn look out for blows. Be just and do not clothe thyself with dishonor. Enquire of those who know the fate of Themond and his tribe, when they committed acts of rebellion and tyranny. They will tell you that a command of God from on high destroyed them in one night, and on the morrow they lay scattered on the ground, their eyes turned towards the sky."

Hadifah dissembled his contempt for these verses and the sheik who had pronounced them, but he ordered his son to go at once to Cais. Abou-Firacah started for the tribe of Abs, and as soon as he arrived there repaired to the home of Cais, who was absent. The messenger asked then for his wife, Modelilah, the daughter of Rebia. "What do you desire of my husband?" she asked. "I demand my due, the prize of the horse race." "Misfortune take you and that which you demand," she replied. "Son of Hadifah! Do you not fear the consequences of such perfidy? If Cais were here he would send you to your death, instantly." Abou-Firacah returned to his father, to whom he told all that the wife of Cais had said. "What, you coward," shouted Hadifah, "do you come back without completing your errand? Are you afraid of the daughter of Rebia? Go to him again."

As Abou-Firacah reminded his father that it was now near night-fall, the message was postponed until the next day. As for Cais, when he re-entered his home, he learned from his wife that Abou-Firacah had come to ask for the camels. "By the faith of an Arab," he said, "if I had been here I would have slain him. But the matter is closed; let us think no more of it." Yet King Cais passed the night in grief and annoyance until sunrise, at which time he betook himself to his tent. Antar came to see him. Cais rose, and making him take a seat, mentioned the name of Hadifah. "Would you believe he had the shamelessness to send his son to demand the camels of me? Ah, if I had been present I would have slain the messenger." Scarcely had he finished uttering these words when Abou-Firacah presented himself on horseback. Without dismounting, and uttering no word of salutation or preface, he said: "Cais, my father desires that you send him that which is his due; by so doing your conduct will be that of a generous man; but if you refuse, my father will come against you, carry off his property by force, and plunge you into misfortune."

On hearing these words Cais felt the light change to darkness before his eyes. "O thou son of a vile coward," he exclaimed, "how is it that you are not more respectful in your address to me?" He seized a javelin and plunged it into the breast of Abou-Firacah. Pierced through, the young messenger lost control of his horse.—Antar dragged him down and flung him on the ground. Then, turning the horse's head away from the direction of Fazarah, he struck him on the flank with a holly-stick, and the horse took the road towards the pastures, and finally entered his stable, all covered with blood. The shepherds at once led him to the tents, crying out, " Misfortune! Misfortune! "

Hadifah became furious. He smote upon his breast, repeating the words: " Tribe of Fazarah, to arms, to arms, to arms! " and all the disaffected came to Hadifah once more, begging him to declare war on the Absians, and to take vengeance on them. " Kinsmen! " replied Hadifah, with alacrity, " let none of us sleep to-night without our armor on." And so it happened.

At break of day Hadifah was on horseback; the warriors were ready, and only women and children and the feeble were left in the tents. Cais, on the other hand, after slaying Abou-Firacah, expected that the Fazareans would come and attack himself and his warriors; he therefore prepared for battle. Antar was charged with taking the necessary reconnoitre. He left in the tents only women, children, and those too feeble to bear the sword; then he put himself in command of the heroes of Carad. Nothing could be more brilliant than the ranks of the Absians in their coats of mail and gleaming weapons. These preparations caused an anxious moment for both parties. They marched forth against each other, and the sun had scarcely appeared, before scimitars flashed, and the whole country was in a turmoil.

Antar was impatient to press forward, and satisfy his thirst for battle; but, lo! Hadifah, dressed in a black robe, advances, his heart broken by the death of his son. " Son of Zoheir," he cried to Cais, " it is a base action to slay a child; but it is good to meet in battle, to decide with these lances which shall predominate, you or me." These words cut Cais to the quick. Hurried along by passion he left his standard and rushed against Hadifah. Then the two chiefs, spurred on by mutual hatred, fought together on their noble chargers, until nightfall. Cais was mounted on Dahir, and Hadifah on Ghabra. In the course of this combat the exploits of the past were eclipsed. Each tribe despaired of his chieftain's safety, and they were eager to make a general attack, in order to stop the struggle of the chieftains and the fury with which they contended. Cries began to be heard in the air. Scimitars were drawn, and lances advanced over the ears of Arabian chargers. Antar approached certain Absian chiefs and said, " Let us attack the traitors." He prepared to charge, when the ancients of the two tribes came forth into the middle of the plain, with heads uncovered, their feet bared, and their idols hung from their shoulders. Standing between the two armies they spoke as follows: " Kinsmen and allies, in the name of that harmony which has hitherto prevailed among us, let us do nothing that will make us the byword of our slaves. Let us not furnish our enemies with ground for reproaching us. Let us forget all matter of dispute and dissension. Let us not turn wives into widows and our children into orphans. Satisfy your warlike ardor by attacking those among the Arabs who are your real foes; and you, kinsmen of Fazarah, show yourselves more humble and less haughty, towards your brethren the Absians. Above all, forget not that insolent wrong has often caused the destruction of many tribes, which have had sore reason to regret their impious actions; in this way many men have been deprived of their possessions, and a vast number been plunged into the gulf of despair and regret. Expect the fatal hour of death, the day of dissolution, for it is upon you. You will be rent asunder by the threatening eagles of destruction, and enclosed in the dark prison-house of the tomb. Take care, that when your bodies are separated from life, men may think about you without any other memory than that of your virtues."

The sheiks talked together for a long time, and meanwhile the flame of passion which had been kindled in the soul of the two heroes, Cais and Hadifah, became quenched. Hadifah withdrew from the fight, and it was agreed that Cais should pay as the price of Abou-Firacah's blood a quantity of cattle and a string of camels. The sheiks did not wish even then to quit the field of battle until Cais and Hadifah embraced each other and had agreed to all the arrangements. Antar was crimson with rage. " O King Cais," he exclaimed, " what have you done? What! while our swords flash in our hands shall the tribe of Fazarah exact a price for the blood of its dead? And we never be able to obtain retaliation excepting with our spear points! The blood of our dead is shed, and shall we not avenge it? " Hadifah was beside himself on hearing these words. " And you, vile bastard," said Antar to him, " you son of a vile mother, must your honor be purchased at the expense of our disgrace? But for the presence of these noble sheiks I would annihilate you and all your people this very instant."

Then Hadifah's indignation and anger overleaped all bounds. " By the faith of an Arab," he said to the sheiks, " I wish to hear no talk of peace at the moment that the enemy is ready to spear me." " Do not talk in that way, dear son of my mother," said Haml to his brother. " Do not dart away on the path of imprudence; abandon these gloomy resolutions. Remain in peace with the allies of the Absians, for they are shining stars: the burnished sun that guides all Arabs who love glory. It was but the other day that you wronged them by causing the horse Dahir to be wounded, and thus erred from the path of justice. As for your son, he was justly slain, for you had sent him to demand something that was not due you. After all, nothing is so proper as to make peace, for he who would seek and stir up war is a tyrant, and an oppressor. Accept therefore the compensation offered you, or you are likely to call up around us a fire which will burn us in the flames of hell." Haml concluded with verses of the following import: " By the truth of him who has rooted firm the mountains, without foundations, if you decline to accept the compensation offered by the Absians, you are in the wrong. They acknowledge Hadifah as their chief; be a chief in very deed, and be content with the cattle and camels offered you. Dismount from the horse of outrage, and mount it not again, for it will carry you to the sea of grief and calamity. Hadifah, renounce like a generous man, all violence, but particularly the idea of contending with the Absians. Make of them and of their leader a powerful rampart against the enemies that may attack us. Make of them friends that will remain faithful, for they are men of the noblest intentions. Such are the Absians, and if Cais has acted unjustly towards you, it is you who first set him the example some days ago."

When Haml finished these verses, the chiefs of the different tribes thanked him, and Hadifah having consented to accept the compensation offered, all the Arabs renounced violence and war. All who carried arms remained at home. Cais sent to Hadifah two hundred camels, six men-slaves, ten women-slaves, and ten horses. Thus peace was reëstablished and every one rested in tranquillity throughout the land.

SELECTIONS FROM ARABIAN POETRY

[*Translation by J. D. Carlyle*]

INTRODUCTION

THE essential qualities of Arabian poetry appear in the "Romance of Antar," and the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights." For such a blending of prose and verse is the favorite form of Arabian literature in its highest and severest form, even in the drama. But the character of the people is most clearly shown in the lyrical poems of the Bedouin country. The pastoral poetry of the peninsula is so local in its allusions that it cannot adequately be translated into English. It is in the lyrics that we find that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." The gorgeousness of Hindoo literature, with its lavish description of jewelry and gold, precious stones and marbles, hideous demons, and mighty gods, is not to be looked for in Arabia. There the horizon is clear, and the plain has nothing but human occupants. The common passions of men are the only powers at work; love, war, sorrow, and wine, are the subjects of these little songs, some of which might have been written by "Anacreon" Moore, and others by Catullus. The influence of Greek poetry is indeed manifest in these light and sometimes frivolous effusions. The sweetness and grace which distinguish some are only equalled by the wit of others. For wit is the prevailing characteristic of Arabian poetry, which is attractive for its cleverness, its brightness, the alternate smiles and tears which shine through it, and make the present selections so refreshing and interesting a revelation of the national heart and intellect.

I use the word refreshing, because some of the imagery of these lyrics is new to me, and quite unparalleled in European literature. What can be more novel, and at the same time more charming than the following simile, with which a short elegy concludes:—

"But though in dust thy relics lie,
Thy virtues, Mano, ne'er shall die;

Though Nile's full stream be seen no more,
That spread his waves from shore to shore,
Still in the verdure of the plain
His vivifying smiles remain."

The praise of a humble lot has been sung from Háfiz to Horace, but never illustrated by a prettier conceit than the Arabic poet has recourse to in this stanza:—

" Not always wealth, not always force
A splendid destiny commands;
The lordly vulture gnaws the corse
That rots upon yon barren sands.

" Nor want nor weakness still conspires
To bind us to a sordid state;
The fly that with a touch expires,
Sips honey from the royal plate."

This is undoubtedly a very original way of stating the philosophic axiom of the Augustan poet,

" The lord of boundless revenues,
Do not salute as happy."

I have spoken of the wit of these verses, which is certainly one of their distinguishing qualities. It is quite Attic in its flavor and exquisitely delicate in its combined good-humor and freedom from rancor. An epigram, according to the old definition, should be like a bee; it should carry the sweetness of honey, although it bears a sting at the end. Sometimes the end has a point which does not sting, as in the following quatrain of an Arabic poet:—

" When I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
They ought to be heavy and wrinkled and yellow;
When I offered myself, whom those graces adorn,
You flouted, and called me an ugly old fellow."

Martial himself could not have excelled the wit of an epigram addressed to a very little man who wore a very big beard, which thus concludes:—

" Surely thou cherishest thy beard
In hope to hide thyself behind it."

To study a literature like that of the Arabians, even partially and in a translation, is one of those experiences which enlarge and stimulate the mind and expand its range of impressions with a distinctly elevating and liberalizing effect. It has the result of genuine education, in that it increases our capacity for sympathy for other peoples, making us better acquainted with the language in which they reveal that common human heart which they share with us. E. W.

SELECTIONS FROM ARABIAN POETRY

AN ELEGY[1]

Those dear abodes which once contain'd the fair,
Amidst Mitata's wilds I seek in vain,
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scatter'd ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals that once Rayana grac'd,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the level'd sands are dimly trac'd,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayana say, how many a tedious year
Its hallow'd circle o'er our heads hath roll'd,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listened to the tale I told?

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours
A never-failing stream, hath drench'd thy head?
How oft, the summer cloud in copious showers
Or gentle drops its genial influence shed?

How oft since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caus'd thy locks with glittering gems to glow?
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne
To fall responsive to the breeze below?

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[1] The author of this poem was a native of Yemen. He was contemporary with Mohammed and was already celebrated as a poet when the prophet began to promulgate his doctrines. Lebid embraced Islamism and was one of the most aggressive helpers in its establishment. He fixed his abode in the city of Cufa, where he died at a very advanced age. This elegy, as is evident, was written previous to Lebid's conversion to Islamism. Its subject is one that must be ever interesting to the feeling mind—the return of a person after a long absence to the place of his birth—in fact it is the Arabian "Deserted Village."

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
  Now clothe those meadows once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale
  The teeming antelope and ostrich stray.

The large-eyed mother of the herd that flies
  Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat,
Here watches o'er her young, till age supplies
  Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet.

Save where the swelling stream hath swept those walls
  And giv'n their deep foundations to the light
(As the retouching pencil that recalls
  A long-lost picture to the raptur'd sight).

Save where the rains have wash'd the gather'd sand
  And bared the scanty fragments to our view,
(As the dust sprinkled on a punctur'd hand
  Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue).

No mossy record of those once lov'd seats
  Points out the mansion to inquiring eyes;
No tottering wall, in echoing sounds, repeats
  Our mournful questions and our bursting sighs.

Yet, midst those ruin'd heaps, that naked plain,
  Can faithful memory former scenes restore,
Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,
  And picture all that charm'd us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget
  That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear—
I see, I see the crowding litters yet,
  And yet the tent-poles rattle in my ear.

I see the maids with timid steps descend,
  The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
The floating curtains every fold extend,
  And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
  What melting glances thro' those curtains play!
Sure Weira's antelopes, or Tudah's roes
  Thro' yonder veils their sportive young survey!

The band mov'd on—to trace their steps I strove,
I saw them urge the camel's hastening flight,
Till the white vapor, like a rising grove,
Snatch'd them forever from my aching sight.

Nor since that morn have I Nawara seen,
The bands are burst which held us once so fast,
Memory but tells me that such things have been,
And sad Reflection adds, that they are past.

Lebid Ben Rabiat Alamary.

THE TOMB OF MANO

Friends of my heart, who share my sighs!
Go seek the turf where Mano lies,
And woo the dewy clouds of spring,
To sweep it with prolific wing.

Within that cell, beneath that heap,
Friendship and Truth and Honor sleep,
Beneficence, that used to clasp
The world within her ample grasp,

There rests entomb'd—of thought bereft—
For were one conscious atom left
New bliss, new kindness to display,
'Twould burst the grave, and seek the day.

But tho' in dust thy relics lie,
Thy virtues, Mano, ne'er shall die;
Tho' Nile's full stream be seen no more,
That spread his waves from shore to shore,
Still in the verdure of the plain
His vivifying smiles remain.

Hassan Alasady.

TOMB OF SAYID[2]

Blest are the tenants of the tomb!
With envy I their lot survey!
For Sayid shares the solemn gloom,
And mingles with their mouldering clay.

Dear youth! I'm doom'd thy loss to mourn
When gathering ills around combine;
And whither now shall Malec turn,
Where look for any help but thine?

At this dread moment when the foe
My life with rage insatiate seeks,
In vain I strive to ward the blow,
My buckler falls, my sabre breaks.

Upon thy grassy tomb I knelt,
And sought from pain a short relief—
Th' attempt was vain—I only felt
Intenser pangs and livelier grief.

The bud of woe no more represt,
Fed by the tears that drench'd it there,
Shot forth and fill'd my laboring breast
Soon to expand and shed despair.

But tho' of Sayid I'm bereft,
From whom the stream of bounty came,
Sayid a nobler meed has left—
Th' exhaustless heritage of fame.

Tho' mute the lips on which I hung,
Their silence speaks more loud to me
Than any voice from mortal tongue,
" What Sayid was let Malec be."

Abd Almalec Alharithy.

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[2] Abd Almalec was a native of Arabia Felix. The exact period when he flourished is unknown, but as this production is taken from the Hamasa it is most probable that he was anterior to Mohammedanism.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MISTRESS[3]

Dost thou wonder that I flew
Charm'd to meet my Leila's view?
Dost thou wonder that I hung
Raptur'd on my Leila's tongue?
If her ghost's funereal screech
Thro' the earth my grave should reach,
On that voice I lov'd so well
My transported ghost would dwell:—
If in death I can descry
Where my Leila's relics lie,
Saher's dust will flee away,
There to join his Leila's clay.

Abu Saher 'Alhedily.

ON AVARICE[4]

How frail are riches and their joys?
Morn builds the heap which eve destroys;
Yet can they have one sure delight—
The thought that we've employ'd them right.

What bliss can wealth afford to me
When life's last solemn hour I see,
When Mavia's sympathizing sighs
Will but augment my agonies?

Can hoarded gold dispel the gloom
That death must shed around his tomb?
Or cheer the ghost which hovers there,
And fills with shrieks the desert air?

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[3] The sentiment contained in this production determines its antiquity. It was the opinion of the Pagan Arabs that upon the death of any person a bird, by them called Manah, issued from his brain, which haunted the sepulchre of the deceased, uttering a lamentable scream.

[4] Hatem Tai was an Arabian chief, who lived a short time prior to the promulgation of Mohammedanism. He has been so much celebrated through the East for his generosity that even to this day the greatest encomium which can be given to a generous man is to say that he is as liberal as Hatem. Hatem was also a poet; but his talents were principally exerted in recommending his favorite virtue.

What boots it, Mavia, in the grave,
Whether I lov'd to waste or save?
The hand that millions now can grasp,
In death no more than mine shall clasp.

Were I ambitious to behold
Increasing stores of treasur'd gold,
Each tribe that roves the desert knows
I might be wealthy if I chose:—

But other joys can gold impart,
Far other wishes warm my heart—
Ne'er may I strive to swell the heap,
Till want and woe have ceas'd to weep.

With brow unalter'd I can see
The hour of wealth or poverty:
I've drunk from both the cups of fate,
Nor this could sink, nor that elate.

With fortune blest, I ne'er was found
To look with scorn on those around;
Nor for the loss of paltry ore,
Shall Hatem seem to Hatem poor.

Hatem Tai.

THE BATTLE OF SABLA[5]

Sabla, thou saw'st th' exulting foe
  In fancied triumphs crown'd;
Thou heard'st their frantic females throw
  These galling taunts around:—

"Make now your choice—the terms we give,
  Desponding victims, hear;
These fetters on your hands receive,
  Or in your hearts the spear."

---

[5] This poem and the one following it are both taken from the Hamasa and afford curious instances of the animosity which prevailed amongst the several Arabian clans, and of the rancor with which they pursued each other, when once at variance.

"And is the conflict o'er," we cried,
"And lie we at your feet?
And dare you vauntingly decide
The fortune we must meet?

"A brighter day we soon shall see,
Tho' now the prospect lowers,
And conquest, peace, and liberty
Shall gild our future hours."

The foe advanc'd:—in firm array
We rush'd o'er Sabla's sands,
And the red sabre mark'd our way
Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writh'd in death's cold grasp,
We cried, "Our choice is made,
These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp,
Your hearts shall have the blade."

Jaafer Ben Alba.

VERSES TO MY ENEMIES

Why thus to passion give the rein?
Why seek your kindred tribe to wrong?
Why strive to drag to light again
The fatal feud entomb'd so long?

Think not, if fury ye display,
But equal fury we can deal;
Hope not, if wrong'd, but we repay
Revenge for every wrong we feel.

Why thus to passion give the rein?
Why seek the robe of peace to tear?
Rash youths desist, your course restrain,
Or dread the wrath ye blindly dare.

Yet friendship we not ask from foes,
Nor favor hope from you to prove,
We lov'd you not, great Allah knows,
Nor blam'd you that ye could not love.

To each are different feelings given,
This slights, and that regards his brother;
'Tis ours to live—thanks to kind heav'n—
Hating and hated by each other.

Alfadhel Ibn Alabas.

ON HIS FRIENDS[6]

With conscious pride I view the band
Of faithful friends that round me stand,
With pride exult that I alone
Can join these scatter'd gems in one:—
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

'Tis mine their inmost souls to see,
Unlock'd is every heart to me,
To me they cling, on me they rest,
And I've a place in every breast:—
For they're a wreath of pearls, and I
The silken cord on which they lie.

Meskin Aldaramy.

ON TEMPER[7]

Yes, Leila, I swore by the fire of thine eyes,
I ne'er could a sweetness unvaried endure;
The bubbles of spirit, that sparkling arise,
Forbid life to stagnate and render it pure.

But yet, my dear maid, tho' thy spirit's my pride,
I'd wish for some sweetness to temper the bowl;
If life be ne'er suffer'd to rest or subside,
It may not be flat, but I fear 'twill be foul.

Nabegat Beni Jaid.

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[6] These lines are also from the Hamasa.

[7] There have been several Arabian poets of the name of Nabegat. The author of these verses was descended from the family of Jaid. As he died in the fortieth year of the Hegira, aged one hundred and twenty, he must have been fourscore at the promulgation of Islamism; he, however, declared himself an early convert to the new faith.

THE SONG OF MAISUNA[8]

The russet suit of camel's hair,
With spirits light, and eye serene,
Is dearer to my bosom far
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent and murmuring breeze
That whistles thro' its fluttering wall,
My unaspiring fancy please
Better than towers and splendid halls.

Th' attendant colts that bounding fly
And frolic by the litter's side,
Are dearer in Maisuna's eye
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice that bays whene'er
A stranger seeks his master's cot,
Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear
Than yonder trumpet's long-drawn note.

The rustic youth unspoilt by art,
Son of my kindred, poor but free,
Will ever to Maisuna's heart
Be dearer, pamper'd fool, than thee.

TO MY FATHER[9]

Must then my failings from the shaft
Of anger ne'er escape?
And dost thou storm because I've quaff'd
The water of the grape?

---

[8] Maisuna was a daughter of the tribe of Calab; a tribe, according to Abulfeda, remarkable both for the purity of dialect spoken in it, and for the number of poets it had produced. She was married, whilst very young, to the Caliph Mowiah. But this exalted situation by no means suited the disposition of Maisuna, and amidst all the pomp and splendor of Damascus, she languished for the simple pleasures of her native desert.

[9] Yezid succeeded Mowiah in the Caliphate A.H. 60; and in most respects showed himself to be of a very different disposition from his predecessor. He was naturally cruel, avaricious, and debauched; but instead of concealing his vices from the eyes of his subjects, he seemed to make a parade of those actions which he knew no good Mussulman could look upon without horror; he drank wine in public, he caressed his dogs, and was waited upon by his eunuchs in sight of the whole court.

That I can thus from wine be driv'n
Thou surely ne'er canst think—
Another reason thou hast giv'n
Why I resolve to drink.

'Twas sweet the flowing cup to seize,
'Tis sweet thy rage to see;
And first I drink myself to please;
And next—to anger thee.

Yezid.

ON FATALISM[10]

Not always wealth, not always force
A splendid destiny commands;
The lordly vulture gnaws the corse
That rots upon yon barren sands.

Nor want, nor weakness still conspires
To bind us to a sordid state;
The fly that with a touch expires
Sips honey from the royal plate.

Imam Shafay Mohammed Ben Idris.

TO THE CALIPH HARUN-AL-RASHID[11]

Religion's gems can ne'er adorn
The flimsy robe by pleasure worn;
Its feeble texture soon would tear,
And give those jewels to the air.

Thrice happy they who seek th' abode
Of peace and pleasure, in their God!
Who spurn the world, its joys despise,
And grasp at bliss beyond the skies.

Ibrahim Ben Adham.

---

[10] Shafay, the founder of one of the four orthodox sects into which the Mohammedans are divided, was a disciple of Malek Ben Ans, and master to Ahmed Ebn Hanbal; each of whom, like himself, founded a sect which is still denominated from the name of its author. The fourth sect is that of Abou Hanifah. This differs in tenets considerably from the three others, for whilst the Malekites, the Shafaites, and the Hanbalites are invariably bigoted to tradition in their interpretations of the Koran, the Hanifites consider themselves as at liberty in any difficulty to make use of their own reason.

[11] The author of this poem was a hermit of Syria, equally celebrated for his talents and piety. He was son to a prince of Khorasan, and born about the ninety-seventh year of the Hegira. This poem was addressed to the Caliph upon his undertaking a pilgrimage to Mecca.

LINES TO HARUN AND YAHIA[12]

Th' affrighted sun ere while he fled,
And hid his radiant face in night;
A cheerless gloom the world o'erspread—
But Harun came, and all was bright.

Again the sun shoots forth his rays,
Nature is deck'd in beauty's robe—
For mighty Harun's sceptre sways,
And Yahia's arm sustains the globe.

Isaac Almousely.

THE RUIN OF BARMECIDES[13]

No, Barmec! Time hath never shown
  So sad a change of wayward fate;
Nor sorrowing mortals ever known
  A grief so true, a loss so great.

Spouse of the world! Thy soothing breast
  Did balm to every woe afford;
And now no more by thee caress'd,
  The widow'd world bewails her Lord.

TO TAHER BEN HOSIEN[14]

A pair of right hands and a single dim eye
Must form not a man, but a monster, they cry:—
Change a hand to an eye, good Taher, if you can,
And a monster perhaps may be chang'd to man.

---

[12] Isaac Almousely is considered by the Orientals as the most celebrated musician that ever flourished in the world. He was born in Persia, but having resided almost entirely at Mousel, he is generally supposed to have been a native of that place.

[13] The family of Barmec was one of the most illustrious in the East. They were descended from the ancient kings of Persia, and possessed immense property in various countries; they derived still more consequence from the favor which they enjoyed at the court of Bagdad, where, for many years, they filled the highest offices of the state with universal approbation.

[14] Taher Ben Hosien was ambidexter and one-eyed and, strange to say, the most celebrated general of his time.

THE ADIEU [15]

The boatmen shout, " 'Tis time to part,
No longer we can stay "—
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

With trembling steps to me she came;
" Farewell," she would have cried,
But ere her lips the word could frame
In half-form'd sounds it died.

Then bending down with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung,
And, as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embrac'd the maid,
My heart with raptures beat;
While she but wept the more and said,
" Would we had never met! "

Abou Mohammed.

TO MY MISTRESS [16]

Ungenerous and mistaken maid,
To scorn me thus because I'm poor!
Canst thou a liberal hand upbraid
For dealing round some worthless ore?

To spare 's the wish of little souls,
The great but gather to bestow;
Yon current down the mountain rolls,
And stagnates in the swamp below.

Abou Teman Habib.

---

[15] This was sung before the Caliph Wathek, by Abou Mohammed, a musician of Bagdad, as a specimen of his musical talents; and such were its effects upon the Caliph, that he immediately testified his approbation of the performance by throwing his own robe over the shoulders of Abou Mohammed, and ordering him a present of an hundred thousand dirhems.

[16] Abou Teman is considered the most excellent of all the Arabian poets. He was born near Damascus A.H. 190, and educated in Egypt; but the principal part of his life was spent at Bagdad, under the patronage of the Abasside Caliphs.

TO A FEMALE CUP-BEARER[17]

Come, Leila, fill the goblet up,
  Reach round the rosy wine,
Think not that we will take the cup
  From any hand but thine.

A draught like this 'twere vain to seek,
  No grape can such supply;
It steals its tint from Leila's cheek,
  Its brightness from her eye.

Abd Alsalam Ben Ragban.

MASHDUD ON THE MONKS OF KHABBET[18]

Tenants of yon hallow'd fane!
  Let me your devotions share,
There increasing raptures reign—
  None are ever sober there.

Crowded gardens, festive bowers
  Ne'er shall claim a thought of mine;
You can give in Khabbet's towers—
  Purer joys and brighter wine.

Tho' your pallid faces prove
  How you nightly vigils keep,
'Tis but that you ever love
  Flowing goblets more than sleep.

Tho' your eye-balls dim and sunk
  Stream in penitential guise,
'Tis but that the wine you've drunk
  Bubbles over from your eyes.

---

[17] Abd Alsalam was a poet more remarkable for abilities than morality. We may form an idea of the nature of his compositions from the nickname he acquired amongst his contemporaries of Cock of the Evil Genii. He died in the 236th year of the Hegira, aged near eighty.

[18] The three following songs were written by Mashdud, Rakeek, and Rais, three of the most celebrated improvisators in Bagdad, at an entertainment given by Abou Isy.

RAKEEK TO HIS FEMALE COMPANIONS

Tho' the peevish tongues upbraid,
  Tho' the brows of wisdom scowl,
Fair ones here on roses laid,
  Careless will we quaff the bowl.

Let the cup, with nectar crown'd,
  Thro' the grove its beams display,
It can shed a lustre round,
  Brighter than the torch of day.

Let it pass from hand to hand,
  Circling still with ceaseless flight,
Till the streaks of gray expand
  O'er the fleeting robe of night.

As night flits, she does but cry,
  "Seize the moments that remain"—
Thus our joys with yours shall vie,
  Tenants of yon hallow'd fane!

DIALOGUE BY RAIS

Rais

Maid of sorrow, tell us why
  Sad and drooping hangs thy head?
Is it grief that bids thee sigh?
  Is it sleep that flies thy bed?

Lady

Ah! I mourn no fancied wound,
  Pangs too true this heart have wrung,
Since the snakes which curl around
  Selim's brows my bosom stung.

Destin'd now to keener woes,
I must see the youth depart,
He must go, and as he goes
Rend at once my bursting heart.

Slumber may desert my bed,
'Tis not slumber's charms I seek—
'Tis the robe of beauty spread
O'er my Selim's rosy cheek.

TO A LADY WEEPING[19]

When I beheld thy blue eyes shine
Thro' the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-ey'd violet bath'd in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,
Its hues adorn the fairest wreath,
But sweetest thro' a dewy veil
Its colors glow, its odors breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise—
When wit and pleasure round thee play,
When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
Who but admires their sprightly ray?
But when thro' pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their soften'd beam?

Ebn Alrumi.

ON A VALETUDINARIAN

So careful is Isa, and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown,
He swears thro' two nostrils the breath goes too fast,
And he's trying to breathe thro' but one.

Ebn Alrumi.

---

[19] Ebn Alrumi is reckoned by the Arabian writers as one of the most excellent of all their poets. He was by birth a Syrian, and passed the greatest part of his time at Emessa, where he died A.H. 283.

ON A MISER

" Hang her, a thoughtless, wasteful fool,
She scatters corn where'er she goes "—
Quoth Hassan, angry at his mule,
That dropt a dinner to the crows.

Ebn Alrumi.

TO CASSIM OBIO ALLAH[20]

Poor Cassim! thou art doom'd to mourn
By destiny's decree;
Whatever happens it must turn
To misery for thee.

Two sons hadst thou, the one thy pride,
The other was thy pest;
Ah, why did cruel death decide
To snatch away the best?

No wonder thou shouldst droop with woe,
Of such a child bereft;
But now thy tears must doubly flow,
For, ah! the other's left.

Aly Ben Ahmed Ben Mansour.

A FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY[21]

When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
While thine assembled friends around,
With smiles their joy confest;
So live, that at thy parting hour,
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
And thou in smiles be drest!

---

[20] Aly Ben Ahmed distinguished himself in prose as well as poetry, and an historical work of considerable reputation, of which he was the author, is still extant. But he principally excelled in satire, and so fond was he of indulging this dangerous talent that no one escaped his lash; if he could only bring out a sarcasm, it was matter of indifference to him whether an enemy or a brother smarted under its severity. He died at Bagdad A.H. 302.

[21] The thought contained in these lines, appears so natural and so obvious, that one wonders it did not occur to all who have attempted to write upon a birthday or a death.

TO A CAT

Poor Puss is gone! 'Tis fate's decree—
Yet I must still her loss deplore,
For dearer than a child was she,
And ne'er shall I behold her more.

With many a sad presaging tear
This morn I saw her steal away,
While she went on without a fear
Except that she should miss her prey.

I saw her to the dove-house climb,
With cautious feet and slow she stept
Resolv'd to balance loss of time
By eating faster than she crept.

Her subtle foes were on the watch,
And mark'd her course, with fury fraught,
And while she hoped the birds to catch,
An arrow's point the huntress caught.

In fancy she had got them all,
And drunk their blood and suck'd their breath;
Alas! she only got a fall,
And only drank the draught of death.

Why, why was pigeons' flesh so nice,
That thoughtless cats should love it thus?
Hadst thou but liv'd on rats and mice,
Thou hadst been living still, poor Puss.

Curst be the taste, howe'er refined,
That prompts us for such joys to wish,
And curst the dainty where we find
Destruction lurking in the dish.

Ibn Alalaf Alnaharwany.

AN EPIGRAM UPON EBN NAPHTA-WAH[22]

By the former with ruin and death we are curst,
In the latter we grieve for the ills of the first;
And as for the whole, where together they meet,
It's a drunkard, a liar, a thief, and a cheat.
Mohammed Ben Zeid Almotakalam.

FIRE[23]

A Riddle.

The loftiest cedars I can eat,
  Yet neither paunch nor mouth have I,
I storm whene'er you give me meat,
  Whene'er you give me drink, I die.

TO A LADY BLUSHING[24]

Leila, whene'er I gaze on thee
  My alter'd cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
  A deep'ning blush prevail.

Leila, shall I the cause impart
  Why such a change takes place?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
  To mantle on thy face.
The Caliph Radhi Billah.

---

[22] Mohammed Ben Arfa, here called Naphta-Wah, was descended from a noble family in Khorasan. He applied himself to study with indefatigable perseverance, and was a very voluminous author in several branches of literature, but he is chiefly distinguished as a grammarian. He died in the year of the Hegira 323.

[23] This composition seems a fit supplement to the preceding one; notwithstanding its absurdity, however. It is inserted merely to show that this mode of trifling was not unknown to the Orientals. It is taken from the Mostatraf, where a great number of similar productions on various subjects are preserved.

[24] Radhi Billah, son to Moctader, was the twentieth Caliph of the house of Abbas, and the last of these princes who possessed any substantial power.

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE

Mortal joys, however pure,
Soon their turbid source betray;
Mortal bliss, however sure,
Soon must totter and decay.

Ye who now, with footsteps keen,
Range through hope's delusive field,
Tell us what the smiling scene
To your ardent grasp can yield?

Other youths have oft before
Deem'd their joys would never fade,
Till themselves were seen no more
Swept into oblivion's shade.

Who, with health and pleasure gay,
E'er his fragile state could know,
Were not age and pain to say
Man is but the child of woe?

The Caliph Radhi Billah.

TO A DOVE

The Dove to ease an aching breast,
In piteous murmurs vents her cares;
Like me she sorrows, for opprest,
Like me, a load of grief she bears.

Her plaints are heard in every wood,
While I would fain conceal my woes;
But vain's my wish, the briny flood,
The more I strive, the faster flows.

Sure, gentle Bird, my drooping heart
Divides the pangs of love with thine,
And plaintive murm'rings are thy part,
And silent grief and tears are mine.

Serage Alwarak.

ON A THUNDER STORM

Bright smil'd the morn, till o'er its head
The clouds in thicken'd foldings spread
A robe of sable hue;
Then, gathering round day's golden king,
They stretch'd their wide o'ershadowing wing,
And hid him from our view.

The rain his absent beams deplor'd,
And, soften'd into weeping, pour'd
Its tears in many a flood;
The lightning laughed with horrid glare;
The thunder growl'd, in rage; the air
In silent sorrow stood.

Ibrahim Ben Khiret Abou Isaac.

TO MY FAVORITE MISTRESS

I saw their jealous eyeballs roll,
I saw them mark each glance of mine,
I saw thy terrors, and my soul
Shar'd ev'ry pang that tortur'd thine.

In vain to wean my constant heart,
Or quench my glowing flame, they strove;
Each deep-laid scheme, each envious art,
But wak'd my fears for her I love.

'Twas this compell'd the stern decree,
That forc'd thee to those distant towers,
And left me nought but love for thee,
To cheer my solitary hours.

Yet let not Abla sink deprest,
Nor separation's pangs deplore;
We meet not—'tis to meet more blest;
We parted—'tis to part no more.

Saif Addaulet, Sultan of Aleppo.

CRUCIFIXION OF EBN BAKIAH [25]

Whate'er thy fate, in life and death,
  Thou'rt doom'd above us still to rise,
Whilst at a distance far beneath
  We view thee with admiring eyes.

The gazing crowds still round thee throng,
  Still to thy well-known voice repair,
As when erewhile thy hallow'd tongue
  Pour'd in the Mosque the solemn prayer.

Still, generous Vizir, we survey
  Thine arms extended o'er our head,
As lately, in the festive day,
  When they were stretch'd thy gifts to shed.

Earth's narrow boundaries strove in vain
  To limit thy aspiring mind,
And now we see thy dust disdain
  Within her breast to be confin'd.

The earth's too small for one so great,
  Another mansion thou shalt have—
The clouds shall be thy winding sheet,
  The spacious vault of heaven thy grave.

Abou Hassan Alanbary.

CAPRICES OF FORTUNE [26]

Why should I blush that Fortune's frown
  Dooms me life's humble paths to tread?
To live unheeded, and unknown?
  To sink forgotten to the dead?

---

[25] Ebn Bakiah was vizir to Azzad Addaulet or Bachteir, Emir Alomra of Bagdad, under the Caliphs Moti Lillah and Tay Lillah; but Azzad Addaulet being deprived of his office, and driven from Bagdad by Adhed Addaulet, Sultan of Persia, Ebn Bakiah was seized and crucified at the gates of the city, by order of the conqueror.

[26] History can show few princes so amiable and few so unfortunate as Shems Almaali Cabus. He is described as possessed of almost every virtue and every accomplishment: his piety, justice, generosity, and humanity, are universally celebrated; nor was he less conspicuous for intellectual powers; his genius was at once penetrating, solid, and brilliant, and he distinguished himself equally as an orator, a philosopher, and a poet.

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
  That surest shine, or highest rise;
The feather sports upon the wave,
  The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.

Each lesser star that studs the sphere
  Sparkles with undiminish'd light:
Dark and eclips'd alone appear
  The lord of day, the queen of night.

Shems Almaali Cabus.

ON LIFE

Like sheep, we're doom'd to travel o'er
  The fated track to all assign'd,
These follow those that went before,
  And leave the world to those behind.

As the flock seeks the pasturing shade,
  Man presses to the future day,
While death, amidst the tufted glade,
  Like the dun robber,* waits his prey.

EXTEMPORE VERSES[27]

Lowering as Barkaïdy's face
  The wintry night came in,
Cold as the music of his bass,
  And lengthen'd as his chin.

Sleep from my aching eyes had fled,
  And kept as far apart,
As sense from Ebn Fahdi's head,
  Or virtue from his heart.

---

[27] The occasion of the following composition is thus related by Abulfeda. Carawash, Sultan of Mousel, being one wintry evening engaged in a party of pleasure along with Barkaïdy, Ebn Fahdi, Abou Jaber, and the improvisatore poet, Ebn Alramacram, resolved to divert himself at the expense of his companions. He therefore ordered the poet to give a specimen of his talents, which at the same time should convey a satire upon the three courtiers, and a compliment to himself. Ebn Alramacram took his subject from the stormy appearance of the night, and immediately produced these verses.

* The wolf.

The dubious paths my footsteps balk'd,
  I slipp'd along the sod,
As if on Jaber's faith I'd walk'd,
  Or on his truth had trod.

At length the rising King of day
  Burst on the gloomy wood,
Like Carawash's eye, whose ray
  Dispenses every good.

Ebn Alramacram.

ON THE DEATH OF A SON [28]

Tyrant of man! Imperious Fate!
  I bow before thy dread decree,
Nor hope in this uncertain state
  To find a seat secure from thee.

Life is a dark, tumultuous stream,
  With many a care and sorrow foul,
Yet thoughtless mortals vainly deem
  That it can yield a limpid bowl.

Think not that stream will backward flow,
  Or cease its destin'd course to keep;
As soon the blazing spark shall glow
  Beneath the surface of the deep.

Believe not Fate at thy command
  Will grant a meed she never gave;
As soon the airy tower shall stand,
  That's built upon a passing wave.

Life is a sleep of threescore years,
  Death bids us wake and hail the light,
And man, with all his hopes and fears,
  Is but a phantom of the night.

Aly Ben Mohammed Altahmany.

---

[28] Aly Ben Mohammed was a native of that part of Arabia called Hejaz; and was celebrated not only as a poet, but as a politician.

TO LEILA

Leila, with too successful art,
Has spread for me love's cruel snare;
And now, when she has caught my heart,
She laughs, and leaves it to despair.

Thus the poor sparrow pants for breath,
Held captive by a playful boy,
And while it drinks the draught of death,
The thoughtless child looks on with joy.

Ah! were its flutt'ring pinions free,
Soon would it bid its chains adieu,
Or did the child its suff'rings see,
He'd pity and relieve them too.

ON MODERATION IN OUR PLEASURES[29]

How oft does passion's grasp destroy
The pleasure that it strives to gain?
How soon the thoughtless course of joy
Is doom'd to terminate in pain?

When prudence would thy steps delay,
She but restrains to make thee blest;
Whate'er from joy she lops away,
But heightens and secures the rest.

Wouldst thou a trembling flame expand,
That hastens in the lamp to die?
With careful touch, with sparing hand,
The feeding stream of life supply.

But if thy flask profusely sheds
A rushing torrent o'er the blaze,
Swift round the sinking flame it spreads,
And kills the fire it fain would raise.

Abou Alcassim Ebn Tabataba.

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[29] Tabataba deduced his pedigree from Ali Ben Abou Taleb, and Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. He was born at Ispahan, but passed the principal part of his life in Egypt, where he was appointed chief of the sheriffs, i. e. the descendants of the Prophet, a dignity held in the highest veneration by every Mussulman. He died in the year of the Hegira 418, with the reputation of being one of the most excellent poets of his time.

THE VALE OF BOZÂA[30]

The intertwining boughs for thee
Have wove, sweet dell, a verdant vest,
And thou in turn shalt give to me
A verdant couch upon thy breast.

To shield me from day's fervid glare
Thine oaks their fostering arms extend,
As anxious o'er her infant care
I've seen a watchful mother bend.

A brighter cup, a sweeter draught,
I gather from that rill of thine,
Than maddening drunkards ever quaff'd,
Than all the treasures of the vine.

So smooth the pebbles on its shore,
That not a maid can thither stray,
But counts her strings of jewels o'er,
And thinks the pearls have slipp'd away.

Ahmed Ben Yousef Almenazy.

TO ADVERSITY[31]

Hail, chastening friend Adversity! 'Tis thine
The mental ore to temper and refine,
To cast in virtue's mould the yielding heart,
And honor's polish to the mind impart.
Without thy wakening touch, thy plastic aid,
I'd lain the shapeless mass that nature made;
But form'd, great artist, by thy magic hand,
I gleam a sword to conquer and command.

Abou Menbaa Carawash.

---

[30] Ben Yousef for many years acted as vizir to Abou Nasser, Sultan of Diarbeker. His political talents are much praised, and he is particularly celebrated for the address he displayed while upon an embassy to the Greek Emperor at Constantinople. Yousef's poetry must be looked upon merely as a jeu d'esprit suggested by the beauties of the vale of Bozâa, as he passed through it.

[31] The life of this prince was checkered with various adventures; he was perpetually engaged in contests either with the neighboring sovereigns, or the princes of his own family. After many struggles he was obliged to submit to his brother, Abou Camel, who immediately ordered him to be seized, and conveyed to a place of security.

ON THE INCOMPATIBILITY OF PRIDE AND TRUE GLORY [82]

Think not, Abdallah, pride and fame
Can ever travel hand in hand;
With breast oppos'd, and adverse aim,
On the same narrow path they stand.

Thus youth and age together meet,
And life's divided moments share;
This can't advance till that retreat,
What's here increas'd, is lessen'd there.

And thus the falling shades of night
Still struggle with the lucid ray,
And e'er they stretch their gloomy flight
Must win the lengthen'd space from day.

Abou Alola.

THE DEATH OF NEDHAM ALMOLK

Thy virtues fam'd thro' every land,
Thy spotless life, in age and youth,
Prove thee a pearl, by nature's hand,
Form'd out of purity and truth.

Too long its beams of Orient light
Upon a thankless world were shed;
Allah has now reveng'd the slight,
And call'd it to its native bed.

Shebal Addaulet.

LINES TO A LOVER

When you told us our glances soft, timid and mild,
Could occasion such wounds in the heart,
Can ye wonder that yours, so ungovern'd and wild,
Some wounds to our cheeks should impart?

---

[82] Abou Alola is esteemed as one of the most excellent of the Arabian poets. He was born blind, but this did not deter him from the pursuit of literature. Abou Alola died at Mâara in the year 449, aged eighty-six.

The wounds on our cheeks are but transient, I own,
With a blush they appear and decay;
But those on the heart, fickle youths, ye have shown
To be even more transient than they.

Waladata.

VERSES TO MY DAUGHTERS[33]

With jocund heart and cheerful brow
I used to hail the festal morn—
How must Mohammed greet it now?—
A prisoner helpless and forlorn.

While these dear maids in beauty's bloom,
With want opprest, with rags o'erspread,
By sordid labors at the loom
Must earn a poor, precarious bread.

Those feet that never touch'd the ground,
Till musk or camphor strew'd the way,
Now bare and swoll'n with many a wound,
Must struggle thro' the miry clay.

Those radiant cheeks are veil'd in woe,
A shower descends from every eye,
And not a starting tear can flow,
That wakes not an attending sigh.

Fortune, that whilom own'd my sway,
And bow'd obsequious to my nod,
Now sees me destin'd to obey,
And bend beneath oppression's rod.

Ye mortals with success elate,
Who bask in hope's delusive beam,
Attentive view Mohammed's fate,
And own that bliss is but a dream.

Mohammed Bed Abad.

---

[33] Seville was one of those small sovereignties into which Spain had been divided after the extinction of the house of Ommiah. It did not long retain its independence, and the only prince who ever presided over it as a separate kingdom seems to have been Mohammed Ben Abad, the author of these verses. For thirty-three years he reigned over Seville and the neighboring districts with considerable reputation, but being attacked by Joseph, son to the Emperor of Morocco, at the head of a numerous army of Africans, was defeated, taken prisoner, and thrown into a dungeon, where he died in the year 488.

SERENADE TO MY SLEEPING MISTRESS[34]

Sure Harut's * potent spells were breath'd
Upon that magic sword, thine eye;
For if it wounds us thus while sheath'd,
When drawn, 'tis vain its edge to fly.

How canst thou doom me, cruel fair,
Plung'd in the hell † of scorn to groan?
No idol e'er this heart could share,
This heart has worshipp'd thee alone.

Aly Ben Abd.

THE INCONSISTENT[35]

When I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
They ought to be heavy and wrinkled and yellow;
When I offer'd myself, whom those graces adorn,
You flouted, and call'd me an ugly old fellow.

THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM[36]

From our distended eyeballs flow
A mingled stream of tears and blood;
No care we feel, nor wish to know,
But who shall pour the largest flood.

But what defense can tears afford?
What aid supply in this dread hour?
When kindled by the sparkling sword
War's raging flames the land devour.

---

[34] This author was by birth an African; but having passed over to Spain, he was much patronized by Mohammed, Sultan of Seville. After the fall of his master, Ben Abd returned to Africa, and died at Tangier, A.H. 488.

[35] Written to a lady upon her refusal of a present of melons, and her rejection of the addresses of an admirer.

[36] The capture of Jerusalem took place in the 492d year of the Hegira, A.D. 1099. Alabiwerdy, who wrote these verses, was a native of Khorasan; he died A.H. 507.

* A wicked angel who is permitted to tempt mankind by teaching them magic; see the legend respecting him in the Koran.

† The poet here alludes to the punishments denounced in the Koran against those who worship a plurality of Gods: "their couch shall be in hell, and over them shall be coverings of fire."

No more let sleep's seductive charms
  Upon your torpid souls be shed:
A crash like this, such dire alarms,
  Might burst the slumbers of the dead.

Think where your dear companions lie—
  Survey their fate, and hear their woes—
How some thro' trackless deserts fly,
  Some in the vulture's maw repose;

While some more wretched still, must bear
  The tauntings of a Christian's tongue—
Hear this—and blush ye not to wear
  The silken robe of peace so long?

Remember what ensanguin'd showers
  The Syrian plains with crimson dyed,
And think how many blooming flowers
  In Syrian forts their beauties hide.

Arabian youths! In such a cause
  Can ye the voice of glory slight?
Warriors of Persia! Can ye pause,
  Or fear to mingle in the fight?

If neither piety nor shame
  Your breasts can warm, your souls can move,
Let emulation's bursting flame
  Wake you to vengeance and to love.

Almodhafer Alabiwerdy.

TO A LADY

No, Abla, no—when Selim tells
Of many an unknown grace that dwells
    In Abla's face and mien,
When he describes the sense refin'd,
That lights thine eye and fills thy mind,
    By thee alone unseen.

'Tis not that drunk with love he sees
Ideal charms, which only please
    Thro' passion's partial veil,

'Tis not that flattery's glozing tongue
Hath basely fram'd an idle song,
But truth that breath'd the tale.

Thine eyes unaided ne'er could trace
Each opening charm, each varied grace,
That round thy person plays;
Some must remain conceal'd from thee,
For Selim's watchful eye to see,
For Selim's tongue to praise.

One polish'd mirror can declare
That eye so bright, that face so fair,
That cheek which shames the rose;
But how thy mantle waves behind,
How float thy tresses on the wind,
Another only shows.

AN EPIGRAM [87]

Whoever has recourse to thee
Can hope for health no more,
He's launched into perdition's sea,
A sea without a shore.

Where'er admission thou canst gain,
Where'er thy phiz can pierce,
At once the Doctor they retain,
The mourners and the hearse.

George.

ON A LITTLE MAN WITH A VERY LARGE BEARD

How can thy chin that burden bear?
Is it all gravity to shock?
Is it to make the people stare?
And be thyself a laughing stock?

---

[87] Written to Abou Alchair Selamu, an Egyptian physician. The author was a physician of Antioch.

When I behold thy little feet
  After thy beard obsequious run,
I always fancy that I meet
  Some father followed by his son.

A man like thee scarce e'er appear'd—
  A beard like thine—where shall we find it?
Surely thou cherishest thy beard
  In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

Isaac Ben Khalif.

LAMIAT ALAJEM[38]

No kind supporting hand I meet,
But Fortitude shall stay my feet;
No borrow'd splendors round me shine,
But Virtue's lustre all is mine;
A Fame unsullied still I boast,
Obscur'd, conceal'd, but never lost—
The same bright orb that led the day
Pours from the West his mellow'd ray.

Zaura, farewell! No more I see
Within thy walls, a home for me;
Deserted, spurn'd, aside I'm toss'd,
As an old sword whose scabbard's lost:
Around thy walls I seek in vain
Some bosom that will soothe my pain—
No friend is near to breathe relief,
Or brother to partake my grief.
For many a melancholy day
Thro' desert vales I've wound my way;
The faithful beast, whose back I press,
In groans laments her lord's distress;

[38] Abou Ismael was a native of Ispahan. He devoted himself to the service of the Seljuk Sultans of Persia, and enjoyed the confidence of Malec Shah, and his son and grandson, Mohammed and Massoud, by the last of whom he was raised to the dignity of vizir. Massoud, however, was not long in a condition to afford Abou Ismael any protection, for, being attacked by his brother Mahmoud, he was defeated, and driven from Mousel, and upon the fall of his master the vizir was seized and thrown into prison, and at length in the year 515 sentenced to be put to death.

In every quiv'ring of my spear
A sympathetic sigh I hear;
The camel bending with his load,
And struggling thro' the thorny road,
'Midst the fatigues that bear him down,
In Hassan's woes forgets his own;
Yet cruel friends my wand'rings chide,
My sufferings slight, my toils deride.

Once wealth, I own, engross'd each thought,
There was a moment when I sought
The glitt'ring stores Ambition claims
To feed the wants his fancy frames;
But now 'tis past—the changing day
Has snatch'd my high-built hopes away,
And bade this wish my labors close—
Give me not riches, but repose.
'Tis he—that mien my friend declares,
That stature, like the lance he bears;
I see that breast which ne'er contain'd
A thought by fear or folly stain'd,
Whose powers can every change obey,
In business grave, in trifles gay,
And, form'd each varying taste to please,
Can mingle dignity with ease.

What, tho' with magic influence, sleep,
O'er every closing eyelid creep:
Tho' drunk with its oblivious wine
Our comrades on their bales recline,
My Selim's trance I sure can break—
Selim, 'tis I, 'tis I who speak.
Dangers on every side impend,
And sleep'st thou, careless of thy friend?
Thou sleep'st while every star on high,
Beholds me with a wakeful eye—
Thou changest, ere the changeful night
Hath streak'd her fleeting robe with white.

'Tis love that hurries me along—
I'm deaf to fear's repressive song—

The rocks of Idham I'll ascend,
Tho' adverse darts each path defend,
And hostile sabres glitter there,
To guard the tresses of the fair.

Come, Selim, let us pierce the grove,
While night befriends, to seek my love.
The clouds of fragrance as they rise
Shall mark the place where Abla lies.
Around her tent my jealous foes,
Like lions, spread their watchful rows;
Amidst their bands, her bow'r appears
Embosom'd in a wood of spears—
A wood still nourish'd by the dews,
Which smiles, and softest looks diffuse.
Thrice happy youths! who midst yon shades
Sweet converse hold with Idham's maids,
What bliss, to view them gild the hours,
And brighten wit and fancy's powers,
While every foible they disclose
New transport gives, new graces shows.
'Tis theirs to raise with conscious art
The flames of love in every heart;
'Tis yours to raise with festive glee
The flames of hospitality:
Smit by their glances lovers lie,
And helpless sink and hopeless die;
While slain by you the stately steed
To crown the feast, is doom'd to bleed,
To crown the feast, where copious flows
The sparkling juice that soothes your woes,
That lulls each care and heals each wound,
As the enliv'ning bowl goes round.
Amidst those vales my eager feet
Shall trace my Abla's dear retreat,
A gale of health may hover there,
To breathe some solace to my care.
I fear not love—I bless the dart
Sent in a glance to pierce the heart:
With willing breast the sword I hail
That wounds me thro' an half-clos'd veil:

Tho' lions howling round the shade,
My footsteps haunt, my walks invade,
No fears shall drive me from the grove,
If Abla listen to my love.

Ah, Selim! shall the spells of ease
Thy friendship chain, thine ardor freeze!
Wilt thou enchanted thus, decline
Each gen'rous thought, each bold design?
Then far from men some cell prepare;
Or build a mansion in the air—
But yield to us, ambition's tide,
Who fearless on its waves can ride;
Enough for thee if thou receive
The scatter'd spray the billows leave.

Contempt and want the wretch await
Who slumbers in an abject state—
'Midst rushing crowds, by toil and pain
The meed of Honor we must gain;
At Honor's call, the camel hastes
Thro' trackless wilds and dreary wastes,
Till in the glorious race she find
The fleetest coursers left behind:
By toils like these alone, he cries,
Th' adventurous youths to greatness rise;
If bloated indolence were fame,
And pompous ease our noblest aim,
The orb that regulates the day
Would ne'er from Aries' mansion stray.

I've bent at Fortune's shrine too long—
Too oft she heard my suppliant tongue—
Too oft has mock'd my idle prayers,
While fools and knaves engross'd her cares,
Awake for them, asleep to me,
Heedless of worth she scorn'd each plea.
Ah! had her eyes, more just survey'd
The diff'rent claims which each display'd,
Those eyes from partial fondness free
Had slept to them, and wak'd for me.

But, 'midst my sorrows and my toils,
Hope ever sooth'd my breast with smiles;
Her hand remov'd each gathering ill,
And oped life's closing prospects still.
Yet spite of all her friendly art
The specious scene ne'er gain'd my heart;
I lov'd it not altho' the day
Met my approach, and cheer'd my way;
I loath it now the hours retreat,
And fly me with reverted feet.

My soul from every tarnish free
May boldly vaunt her purity,
But ah, how keen, however bright,
The sabre glitter to the sight,
Its splendor's lost, its polish vain,
Till some bold hand the steel sustain.

Why have my days been stretch'd by fate,
To see the vile and vicious great—
While I, who led the race so long,
Am last and meanest of the throng?
Ah, why has death so long delay'd
To wrap me in his friendly shade,
Left me to wander thus alone,
When all my heart held dear is gone!

But let me check these fretful sighs—
Well may the base above me rise,
When yonder planets as they run
Mount in the sky above the sun.
Resign'd I bow to Fate's decree,
Nor hope his laws will change for me;
Each shifting scene, each varying hour,
But proves the ruthless tyrants' power.

But tho' with ills unnumber'd curst,
We owe to faithless man the worst;
For man can smile with specious art,
And plant a dagger in the heart.
He only's fitted for the strife
Which fills the boist'rous paths of life,

Who, as he treads the crowded scenes,
Upon no kindred bosom leans.
Too long my foolish heart had deem'd
Mankind as virtuous as they seem'd;
The spell is broke, their faults are bare,
And now I see them as they are;
Truth from each tainted breast has flown,
And falsehood marks them all her own.
Incredulous I listen now
To every tongue, and every vow,
For still there yawns a gulf between
Those honeyed words, and what they mean;
With honest pride elate, I see
The sons of falsehood shrink from me,
As from the right line's even way
The biass'd curves deflecting stray—
But what avails it to complain?
With souls like theirs reproof is vain;
If honor e'er such bosoms share
The sabre's point must fix it there.
But why exhaust life's rapid bowl,
And suck the dregs with sorrow foul,
When long ere this my youth has drain'd
Whatever zest the cup contain'd?
Why should we mount upon the wave,
And ocean's yawning horrors brave,
When we may swallow from the flask
Whate'er the wants of mortals ask?

Contentment's realms no fears invade,
No cares annoy, no sorrows shade,
There plac'd secure, in peace we rest,
Nor aught demand to make us blest.
While pleasure's gay fantastic bower,
The splendid pageant of an hour,
Like yonder meteor in the skies,
Flits with a breath no more to rise.

As thro' life's various walks we're led,
May prudence hover o'er our head!
May she our words, our actions guide,
Our faults correct, our secrets hide!

May she, where'er our footsteps stray,
Direct our paths, and clear the way!

Till, every scene of tumult past,
She bring us to repose at last,
Teach us to love that peaceful shore,
And roam thro' folly's wilds no more!

Mauid Eddin Alhassan Abou Ismael Altograi.

TO YOUTH

Yes, youth, thou'rt fled, and I am left,
  Like yonder desolated bower,
By winter's ruthless hand bereft
  Of every leaf and every flower.

With heaving heart and streaming eyes
  I woo'd thee to prolong thy stay,
But vain were all my tears and sighs,
  Thou only fled'st more fast away.

Yet tho' thou fled'st away so fast,
  I can recall thee if I will;
For I can talk of what is past,
  And while I talk, enjoy thee still.

Ebn Alrabia.

ON LOVE[39]

I never knew a sprightly fair
  That was not dear to me,
And freely I my heart could share,
  With every one I see.

It is not this or that alone
  On whom my choice would fall,
I do not more incline to one
  Than I incline to all.

---

[39] Abou Aly flourished in Egypt about the year 530, and was equally celebrated as a mathematician and as a poet.

The circle's bounding line are they,
  Its centre is my heart,
My ready love the equal ray
  That flows to every part.

Abou Aly.

A REMONSTRANCE WITH A DRUNKARD [40]

As drench'd in wine, the other night,
  Zeid from the banquet sallied,
Thus I reprov'd his drunken plight,
  Thus he my prudence rallied;

" In bev'rage so impure and vile,
  How canst thou thus delight? "—
" My cups," he answer'd with a smile,
  " Are generous and bright."

" Beware those dang'rous draughts," I cried,
  " With love the goblet flows "—
" And curst is he," the youth replied,
  " Who hatred only knows."

" Those cups too soon with sickness fraught
  Thy stomach shall deplore "—
" Then soon," he cried, " the noxious draught
  And all its ills are o'er."

" Rash youth, thy guilty joys resign."
  " I will," at length he said,
" I vow I'll bid adieu to wine
  As soon as I am dead."

Yahia Ben Salamet.

VERSES [41]

Tho' such unbounded love you swear,
  'Tis only art I see;
Can I believe that one so fair
  Should ever dote on me?

[40] This author was a native of Syria. and died at Miafarakir in the year of the Hegira 553.

[41] Almonklafi was the thirty-first Caliph of the house of Abbas, and the only one who possessed any real authority since the reign of Radhi. These lines were addressed to a lady who pretended a passion for him in his old age.

Say that you hate, and freely show
That age displeases youth;
And I may love you when I know
That you can tell the truth.
Caliph Almonklafi Laimrillah.

ON PROCRASTINATION[42]

Youth is a drunken noisy hour,
With every folly fraught;
But man, by age's chast'ning power,
Is sober'd into thought.

Then we resolve our faults to shun,
And shape our course anew;
But ere the wise reform's begun
Life closes on our view.

The travellers thus who wildly roam,
Or heedlessly delay,
Are left, when they should reach their home,
Benighted on the way.
Hebat Allah Ibn Altalmith.

THE EARLY DEATH OF ABOU ALHASSAN ALY[43]

Soon hast thou run the race of life,
Nor could our tears thy speed control—
Still in the courser's gen'rous strife
The best will soonest reach the goal.

As Death upon his hand turns o'er
The diff'rent gems the world displays,
He seizes first to swell his store
The brightest jewel he surveys.

---

[42] Ibn Altalmith died in the 560th year of the Hegira, at the advanced age of one hundred.

[43] Alnassar Ledin Allah was the thirty-fourth Abasside Caliph, and the last excepting three who enjoyed this splendid title, which was finally abolished by the Tartars in the year 656.

Thy name, by every breath convey'd,
  Stretch'd o'er the globe its boundless flight;
Alas! in eve the length'ning shade
  But lengthens to be lost in night!

If gracious Allah bade thee close
  Thy youthful eyes so soon on day,
'Tis that he readiest welcomes those
  Who love him best and best obey.

Alnassar Ledin Allah.

THE INTERVIEW

A Song

Darkness clos'd around, loud the tempest drove,
When thro' yonder glen I saw my lover rove,
Dearest youth!
Soon he reach'd our cot—weary, wet, and cold,
But warmth, wine, and I, to cheer his spirits strove,
Dearest youth!

How my love, cried I, durst thou hither stray
Thro' the gloom, nor fear the ghosts that haunt the grove?
Dearest youth!
In this heart, said he, fear no seat can find,
When each thought is fill'd alone with thee and love,
Dearest maid!

UNIQUE EXAMPLES OF ORIENTAL PRINTING AND ENGRAVING

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CHOICE EXAMPLES OF ORIENTAL PRINTING AND ENGRAVING.

PAGE FROM AN ARABIC STORY-BOOK.

This illustration, which is a facsimile of a page taken from a book of popular Arabic stories, gives an excellent idea of the external characteristics of the Arabic language, with its numerous loops and accents.

(الحكاية السادسة عشرة)

دلال وبنتها

كان فى واحد ملك مخلف بنت اسمها دلال * فقاعدة يوم بتهرش فى راسها قامت التقت قملة صغيرة * قاعدة تتفرج عليها خدتها وراحت الكرار وحطتها جوا زلعة زيت وسدت عليها * فضلت القملة لما كبرت دلال بقى عمرها عشرين سنة * قامت القملة من كبرها كسرت الزلعة وطلعت منها بقى زى الجاموسة لها قرون * قام الكرارجى فات الكرار وجرى نده للخدامين * اتكاتروا على القملة مسكوها ووذوها قدام الملك * قال لهم ده أيه ده * كانت دلال واقفة قالت له دى قملتى يا أبوى وانا صغيرة بهرش فى راسى قمت لقيتها فى شعرى رحت حطيتها فى زلعة الزيت ولما كبرت كسرت الزلعة * قام الملك قال لها انتى دى الوقت عاوزه الجواز يا بنتى اللى القملة كسرت الزلعة انتى كمان بكره تنطى من الحيط تروحى للرجال بقت جوازك دى الوقت أحسن * قام الملك نده للوزير وقال له اذبح القملة وعلق جلدها على الباب وخد المشاعلى وياك والفقى اللى يكتب الكتاب اللى يعرف جلد القملة تجوزه لدلال واللى ما يعرفش تقطعوا راسه وتعلقوها على الباب * راح الوزير سلخ القملة وعلقها على الباب وطلع منادى فى البلد وقال اللى يعرف الجلد اللى معلق على الباب يتجوز بنت الملك * فأهل البلد راحت عند باب الملك اللى بقى يقول دا جلد جاموسة واللى بقى يقول دا جلد تيتل لغاية لما قطع راس أربعين راجل الا واحد * وشويه فايت غول بصورة بنى آدم قال للناس الزحمة دى أيه * قالوا له اللى يعرف الجلد دى يتجوز بنت الملك * فراح الغول

ARABIAN NIGHTS

[*Selected tales edited by Andrew Lang*]

ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINDBAD

IN the times of the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid there lived in Bagdad a poor porter named Hindbad, who, on a very hot day, was sent to carry a heavy load from one end of the city to the other. Before he had accomplished half the distance he was so tired that, finding himself in a quiet street where the pavement was sprinkled with rose-water, and a cool breeze was blowing, he set his burden upon the ground, and sat down to rest in the shade of a grand house. Very soon he decided that he could not have chosen a pleasanter place; a delicious perfume of aloes-wood and pastilles came from the open windows and mingled with the scent of the rose-water which steamed up from the hot pavement. Within the palace he heard some music, as of many instruments cunningly played, and the melodious warble of nightingales and other birds, and by this, and the appetizing smell of many dainty dishes of which he presently became aware, he judged that feasting and merry-making were going on. He wondered who lived in this magnificent house which he had never seen before, the street in which it stood being one which he seldom had occasion to pass. To satisfy his curiosity he went up to some splendidly dressed servants who stood at the door, and asked one of them the name of the master of the mansion.

"What," replied he, "do you live in Bagdad, and not know that here lives the noble Sindbad the Sailor, that famous traveller who sailed over every sea upon which the sun shines?"

The porter, who had often heard people speak of the immense wealth of Sindbad, could not help feeling envious of one whose lot seemed to be as happy as his own was miserable. Casting his eyes up to the sky he exclaimed aloud:—

"Consider, Mighty Creator of all things, the difference between Sindbad's life and mine. Every day I suffer a thousand hardships and misfortunes, and have hard work to get even enough bad barley bread to keep myself and my family alive, while the lucky Sindbad spends money right and left and lives upon the fat of the land! What has he done that you should give him this pleasant life—what have I done to deserve so hard a fate?"

So saying he stamped upon the ground like one beside himself with misery and despair. Just at this moment a servant came out of the palace, and taking him by the arm said, "Come with me, the noble Sindbad, my master, wishes to speak to you."

Hindbad was not a little surprised at this summons, and feared that his unguarded words might have drawn upon him the displeasure of Sindbad, so he tried to excuse himself upon the pretext that he could not leave the burden which had been intrusted to him in the street. However the lackey promised him that it should be taken care of, and urged him to obey the call so pressingly that at last the porter was obliged to yield.

He followed the servant into a vast room, where a great company was seated round a table covered with all sorts of delicacies. In the place of honor sat a tall, grave man, whose long white beard gave him a venerable air. Behind his chair stood a crowd of attendants eager to minister to his wants. This was the famous Sindbad himself. The porter, more than ever alarmed at the sight of so much magnificence, tremblingly saluted the noble company. Sindbad, making a sign to him to approach, caused him to be seated at his right hand, and himself heaped choice morsels upon his plate, and poured out for him a draught of excellent wine, and presently, when the banquet drew to a close, spoke to him familiarly, asking his name and occupation.

"My lord," replied the porter, "I am called Hindbad."

"I am glad to see you here," continued Sindbad. "And I will answer for the rest of the company that they are equally pleased, but I wish you to tell me what it was that you said just now in the street." For Sindbad, passing by the open window before the feast began, had heard his complaint and therefore had sent for him.

At this question Hindbad was covered with confusion, and hanging down his head, replied, " My lord, I confess that, overcome by weariness and ill-humor, I uttered indiscreet words, which I pray you to pardon me."

" Oh ! " replied Sindbad, " do not imagine that I am so unjust as to blame you. On the contrary, I understand your situation and can pity you. Only you appear to be mistaken about me, and I wish to set you right. You doubtless imagine that I have acquired all the wealth and luxury that you see me enjoy without difficulty or danger, but this is far indeed from being the case. I have only reached this happy state after having for years suffered every possible kind of toil and danger.

" Yes, my noble friends," he continued, addressing the company, " I assure you that my adventures have been strange enough to deter even the most avaricious men from seeking wealth by traversing the seas. Since you have, perhaps, heard but confused accounts of my Seven Voyages, and the dangers and wonders that I have met with by sea and land, I will now give you a full and true account of them, which I think you will be well pleased to hear."

As Sindbad was relating his adventures chiefly on account of the porter, he ordered, before beginning his tale, that the burden which had been left in the street should be carried by some of his own servants to the place for which Hindbad had set out at first, while he remained to listen to the story.

FIRST VOYAGE

I HAD inherited considerable wealth from my parents, and being young and foolish I at first squandered it recklessly upon every kind of pleasure, but presently, finding that riches speedily take to themselves wings if managed as badly as I was managing mine, and remembering also that to be old and poor is misery indeed, I began to bethink me of how I could make the best of what still remained to me. I sold all my household goods by public auction, and joined a company of merchants who traded by sea, embarking with them at Balsora in a ship which we had fitted out between us.

We set sail and took our course towards the East Indies by the Persian Gulf, having the coast of Persia upon our left hand and upon our right the shores of Arabia Felix. I was at first much troubled by the uneasy motion of the vessel, but speedily recovered my health, and since that hour have been no more plagued by sea-sickness.

From time to time we landed at various islands, where we sold or exchanged our merchandise, and one day, when the wind dropped suddenly, we found ourselves becalmed close to a small island like a green meadow, which only rose slightly above the surface of the water. Our sails were furled, and the captain gave permission to all who wished to land for a while and amuse themselves. I was among the number, but when after strolling about for some time we lighted a fire and sat down to enjoy the repast which we had brought with us, we were startled by a sudden and violent trembling of the island, while at the same moment those left upon the ship set up an outcry bidding us come on board for our lives, since what we had taken for an island was nothing but the back of a sleeping whale. Those who were nearest to the boat threw themselves into it, others sprang into the sea, but before I could save myself the whale plunged suddenly into the depths of the ocean, leaving me clinging to a piece of the wood which we had brought to make our fire. Meanwhile a breeze had sprung up, and in the confusion that ensued on board our vessel in hoisting the sails and taking up those who were in the boat and clinging to its sides, no one missed me and I was left at the mercy of the waves. All that day I floated up and down, now beaten this way, now that, and when night fell I despaired for my life; but, weary and spent as I was, I clung to my frail support, and great was my joy when the morning light showed me that I had drifted against an island.

The cliffs were high and steep, but luckily for me some tree-roots protruded in places, and by their aid I climbed up at last, and stretched myself upon the turf at the top, where I lay, more dead than alive, till the sun was high in the heavens. By that time I was very hungry, but after some searching I came upon some eatable herbs, and a spring of clear water, and much refreshed I set out to explore the island. Presently I reached a great plain where a grazing horse was tethered, and as I stood looking at it I heard voices talking apparently underground, and in a moment a man appeared who asked me how I came upon the island. I told him my adventures, and heard in return that he was one of the grooms of Mihrage, the King of the island, and that each year they came to feed their master's horses in this plain. He took me to a cave where his companions were assembled, and when I had eaten of the food they set before me, they bade me think myself fortunate to have come upon them when I did, since they were going back to their master on the morrow, and without their aid I could certainly never have found my way to the inhabited part of the island.

Early the next morning we accordingly set out, and when we reached the capital I was graciously received by the King, to whom I related my adventures, upon which he ordered that I should be well cared for and provided with such things as I needed. Being a merchant I sought out men of my own profession, and particularly those who came from foreign countries, as I hoped in this way to hear news from Bagdad, and find out some means of returning thither, for the capital was situated upon the sea-shore, and visited by vessels from all parts of the world. In the meantime I heard many curious things, and answered many questions concerning my own country, for I talked willingly with all who came to me. Also to while away the time of waiting I explored a little island named Cassel, which belonged to King Mihrage, and which was supposed to be inhabited by a spirit named Deggial. Indeed, the sailors assured me that often at night the playing of timbals could be heard upon it. However, I saw nothing strange upon my voyage, saving some fish that were full two hundred cubits long, but were fortunately more in dread of us than even we were of them, and fled from us if we did but strike upon a board to frighten them. Other fishes there were only a cubit long which had heads like owls.

One day after my return, as I went down to the quay, I saw a ship which had just cast anchor, and was discharging her cargo, while the merchants to whom it belonged were busily directing the removal of it to their warehouses. Drawing nearer I presently noticed that my own name was marked upon some of the packages, and after having carefully examined them, I felt sure that they were indeed those which I had put on board our ship at Balsora. I then recognized the captain of the vessel, but as I was certain that he believed me to be dead, I went up to him and asked who owned the packages that I was looking at.

"There was on board my ship," he replied, "a merchant of Bagdad named Sindbad. One day he and several of my other passengers landed upon what we supposed to be an island, but which was really an enormous whale floating asleep upon the waves. No sooner did it feel upon its back the heat of the fire which had been kindled, than it plunged into the depths of the sea. Several of the people who were upon it perished in the waters, and among others this unlucky Sindbad. This merchandise is his, but I have resolved to dispose of it for the benefit of his family if I should ever chance to meet with them."

"Captain," said I, "I am that Sinbad whom you believe to be dead, and these are my possessions!"

When the captain heard these words he cried out in amazement, "Lackaday! and what is the world coming to? In these days there is not an honest man to be met with. Did I not with my own eyes see Sindbad drown, and now you have the audacity to tell me that you are he! I should have taken you to be a just man, and yet for the sake of obtaining that which does not belong to you, you are ready to invent this horrible falsehood."

"Have patience, and do me the favor to hear my story," said I.

" Speak then," replied the captain, " I am all attention."

So I told him of my escape and of my fortunate meeting with the king's grooms, and how kindly I had been received at the palace. Very soon I began to see that I had made some impression upon him, and after the arrival of some of the other merchants, who showed great joy at once more seeing me alive, he declared that he also recognized me.

Throwing himself upon my neck he exclaimed, " Heaven be praised that you have escaped from so great a danger. As to your goods, I pray you take them, and dispose of them as you please." I thanked him, and praised his honesty, begging him to accept several bales of merchandise in token of my gratitude, but he would take nothing. Of the choicest of my goods I prepared a present for King Mihrage, who was at first amazed, having known that I had lost my all. However, when I had explained to him how my bales had been miraculously restored to me, he graciously accepted my gifts, and in return gave me many valuable things. I then took leave of him, and exchanging my merchandise for sandal and aloes-wood, camphor, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger, I embarked upon the same vessel and traded so successfully upon our homeward voyage that I arrived in Balsora with about one hundred thousand sequins. My family received me with as much joy as I felt upon seeing them once more. I bought land and slaves, and built a great house in which I resolved to live happily, and in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of life to forget my past sufferings.

Here Sindbad paused, and commanded the musicians to play again, while the feasting continued until evening. When the time came for the porter to depart, Sindbad gave him a purse containing one hundred sequins, saying, " Take this, Hindbad, and go home, but to-morrow come again and you shall hear more of my adventures."

The porter retired quite overcome by so much generosity, and you may imagine that he was well received at home, where his wife and children thanked their lucky stars that he had found such a benefactor.

The next day Hindbad, dressed in his best, returned to the voyager's house, and was received with open arms. As soon as all the guests had arrived the banquet began as before, and when they had feasted long and merrily, Sindbad addressed them thus:—

"My friends, I beg that you will give me your attention while I relate the adventures of my second voyage, which you will find even more astonishing than the first."

SECOND VOYAGE

I HAD resolved, as you know, on my return from my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days quietly in Bagdad, but very soon I grew tired of such an idle life and longed once more to find myself upon the sea.

I procured, therefore, such goods as were suitable for the places I intended to visit, and embarked for the second time in a good ship with other merchants whom I knew to be honorable men. We went from island to island, often making excellent bargains, until one day we landed at a spot which, though covered with fruit-trees and abounding in springs of excellent water, appeared to possess neither houses nor people. While my companions wandered here and there gathering flowers and fruit I sat down in a shady place, and, having heartily enjoyed the provisions and the wine I had brought with me, I fell asleep, lulled by the murmur of a clear brook which flowed close by.

How long I slept I know not, but when I opened my eyes and started to my feet I perceived with horror that I was alone and that the ship was gone. I rushed to and fro like one distracted, uttering cries of despair, and when from the shore I saw the vessel under full sail just disappearing upon the horizon, I wished bitterly enough that I had been content to stay at home in safety. But since wishes could do me no good, I presently took courage and looked about me for a means of escape. When I had climbed a tall tree I first of all directed my anxious glances towards the sea; but, finding nothing hopeful there, I turned landward, and my curiosity was excited by a huge dazzling white object, so far off that I could not make out what it might be.

Descending from the tree I hastily collected what remained of my provisions and set off as fast as I could go towards it. As I drew near it seemed to me to be a white ball of immense size and height, and when I could touch it, I found it marvellously smooth and soft. As it was impossible to climb it—for it presented no foothold—I walked round about it seeking some opening, but there was none. I counted, however, that it was at least fifty paces round. By this time the sun was near setting, but quite suddenly it fell dark, something like a huge black cloud came swiftly over me, and I saw with amazement that it was a bird of extraordinary size which was hovering near. Then I remembered that I had often heard the sailors speak of a wonderful bird called a roc, and it occurred to me that the white object which had so puzzled me must be its egg.

Sure enough the bird settled slowly down upon it, covering it with its wings to keep it warm, and I cowered close beside the egg in such a position that one of the bird's feet, which was as large as the trunk of a tree, was just in front of me. Taking off my turban I bound myself securely to it with the linen in the hope that the roc, when it took flight next morning, would bear me away with it from the desolate island. And this was precisely what did happen. As soon as the dawn appeared the bird rose into the air carrying me up and up till I could no longer see the earth, and then suddenly it descended so swiftly that I almost lost consciousness. When I became aware that the roc had settled and that I was once again upon solid ground, I hastily unbound my turban from its foot and freed myself, and that not a moment too soon; for the bird, pouncing upon a huge snake, killed it with a few blows from its powerful beak, and seizing it rose up into the air once more and soon disappeared from my view. When I had looked about me I began to doubt if I had gained anything by quitting the desolate island.

The valley in which I found myself was deep and narrow, and surrounded by mountains which towered into the clouds, and were so steep and rocky that there was no way of climbing up their sides. As I wandered about, seeking anxiously for some means of escaping from this trap, I observed that the ground was strewed with diamonds, some of them of an astonishing size. This sight gave me great pleasure, but my delight was speedily dampened when I saw also numbers of horrible snakes so long and so large that the smallest of them could have swallowed an elephant with ease. Fortunately for me they seemed to hide in caverns of the rocks by day, and only came out by night, probably because of their enemy the roc.

All day long I wandered up and down the valley, and when it grew dusk I crept into a little cave, and having blocked up the entrance to it with a stone, I ate part of my little store of food and lay down to sleep, but all through the night the serpents crawled to and fro, hissing horribly, so that I could scarcely close my eyes for terror. I was thankful when the morning light appeared, and when I judged by the silence that the serpents had retreated to their dens I came tremblingly out of my cave and wandered up and down the valley once more, kicking the diamonds contemptuously out of my path, for I felt that they were indeed vain things to a man in my situation. At last, overcome with weariness, I sat down upon a rock, but I had hardly closed my eyes when I was startled by something which fell to the ground with a thud close beside me.

It was a huge piece of fresh meat, and as I stared at it several more pieces rolled over the cliffs in different places. I had always thought that the stories the sailors told of the famous valley of diamonds, and of the cunning way which some merchants had devised for getting at the precious stones, were mere travellers' tales invented to give pleasure to the hearers, but now I perceived that they were surely true. These merchants came to the valley at the time when the eagles, which keep their eyries in the rocks, had hatched their young. The merchants then threw great lumps of meat into the valley. These, falling with so much force upon the diamonds, were sure to take up some of the precious stones with them, when the eagles pounced upon the meat and carried it off to their nests to feed their hungry broods. Then the merchants, scaring away the parent birds with shouts and outcries, would secure their treasures. Until this moment I had looked upon the valley as my grave, for I had seen no possibility of getting out of it alive, but now I took courage and began to devise a means of escape. I began by picking up all the largest diamonds I could find and storing them carefully in the leathern wallet which had held my provisions; this I tied securely to my belt. I then chose the piece of meat which seemed most suited to my purpose, and with the aid of my turban bound it firmly to my back; this done I laid down upon my face and awaited the coming of the eagles. I soon heard the flapping of their mighty wings above me, and had the satisfaction of feeling one of them seize upon my piece of meat, and me with it, and rise slowly towards his nest, into which he presently dropped me. Luckily for me the merchants were on the watch, and setting up their usual outcries they rushed to the nest, scaring away the eagle. Their amazement was great when they discovered me, and also their disappointment, and with one accord they fell to abusing me for having robbed them of their usual profit. Addressing myself to the one who seemed most aggrieved, I said:—

"I am sure, if you knew all that I have suffered, you would show more kindness towards me, and as for diamonds, I have enough here of the very best for you and me and all your company." So saying I showed them to him. The others all crowded around me, wondering at my adventures and admiring the device by which I had escaped from the valley, and when they had led me to their camp and examined my diamonds, they assured me that in all the years that they had carried on their trade they had seen no stones to be compared with them for size and beauty.

I found that each merchant chose a particular nest, and took his chance of what he might find in it. So I begged the one who owned the nest to which I had been carried to take as much as he would of my treasure, but he contented himself with one stone, and that by no means the largest, assuring me that with such a gem his fortune was made, and he need toil no more. I stayed with the merchants several days, and then as they were journeying homewards I gladly accompanied them. Our way lay across high mountains infested with frightful serpents, but we had the good luck to escape them and came at last to the seashore. Thence we sailed to the isle of Roha, where the camphor-trees grow to such a size that a hundred men could shelter under one of them with ease. The sap flows from an incision made high up in the tree into a vessel hung there to receive it, and soon hardens into the substance called camphor, but the tree itself withers up and dies when it has been so treated.

In this same island we saw the rhinoceros, an animal which is smaller than the elephant and larger than the buffalo. It has one horn about a cubit long which is solid, but has a furrow from the base to the tip. Upon it is traced in white lines the figure of a man. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, and transfixing him with his horn carries him off upon his head, but becoming blinded with the blood of his enemy, he falls helpless to the ground, and then comes the roc, and clutches them both up in his talons and takes them to feed his young. This doubtless astonishes you, but if you do not believe my tale go to Roha and see for yourself. For fear of wearying you I pass over in silence many other wonderful things which we saw in this island. Before we left I exchanged one of my diamonds for much goodly merchandise by which I profited greatly on our homeward way. At last we reached Balsora, whence I hastened to Bagdad, where my first action was to bestow large sums of money upon the poor, after which I settled down to enjoy tranquilly the riches I had gained with so much toil and pain.

Having thus related the adventures of his second voyage, Sindbad again bestowed a hundred sequins upon Hindbad, inviting him to come again on the following day and hear how he fared upon his third voyage. The other guests also departed to their homes, but all returned at the same hour next day, including the porter, whose former life of hard work and poverty had already begun to seem to him like a bad dream. Again after the feast was over did Sindbad claim the attention of his guests and began the account of his third voyage.

THIRD VOYAGE

AFTER a very short time the pleasant easy life I led made me quite forget the perils of my two voyages. Moreover, as I was still in the prime of life, it pleased me better to be up and doing. So once more providing myself with the rarest and choicest merchandise of Bagdad, I conveyed it to Balsora, and set sail with other merchants of my acquaintance for distant lands. We had touched at many ports and made much profit, when one day upon the open sea we were caught by a terrible wind which blew us completely out of our reckoning, and lasting for several days finally drove us into harbor on a strange island.

"I would rather have come to anchor anywhere than here," quoth our captain. "This island and all adjoining it are inhabited by hairy savages, who are certain to attack us, and whatever these dwarfs may do we dare not resist, since they swarm like locusts, and if one of them is killed the rest will fall upon us, and speedily make an end of us."

These words caused great consternation among all the ship's company, and only too soon we were to find out that the captain spoke truly. There appeared a vast multitude of hideous savages, not more than two feet high and covered with reddish fur. Throwing themselves into the waves they surrounded our vessel. Chattering meanwhile in a language we could not understand, and clutching at ropes and gangways, they swarmed up the ship's side with such speed and agility that they almost seemed to fly.

You may imagine the rage and terror that seized us as we watched them, neither daring to hinder them nor able to speak a word to deter them from their purpose, whatever it might be. Of this we were not left long in doubt. Hoisting the sails, and cutting the cable of the anchor, they sailed our vessel to an island which lay a little further off, where they drove us ashore; then taking possession of her, they made off to the place from which they had come, leaving us helpless upon a shore avoided with horror by all mariners for a reason which you will soon learn.

Turning away from the sea we wandered miserably inland, finding as we went various herbs and fruits which we ate, feeling that we might as well live as long as possible though we had no hope of escape. Presently we saw in the far distance what seemed to us to be a splendid palace, towards which we turned our weary steps, but when we reached it we saw that it was a castle, lofty, and strongly built. Pushing back the heavy ebony doors we entered the courtyard, but upon the threshold of the great hall beyond it we paused, frozen with horror, at the sight which greeted us. On one side lay a huge pile of bones—human bones; and on the other numberless spits for roasting! Overcome with despair we sank trembling to the ground, and lay there without speech or motion. The sun was setting when a loud noise aroused us, the door of the hall was violently burst open and a horrible giant entered. He was as tall as a palm tree, and perfectly black, and had one eye, which flamed like a burning coal in the middle of his forehead. His teeth were long and sharp and grinned horribly, while his lower lip hung down upon his chest, and he had ears like elephant's ears, which covered his shoulders, and nails like the claws of some fierce bird.

At this terrible sight our senses left us and we lay like dead men. When at last we came to ourselves the giant sat examining us attentively with his fearful eye. Presently when he had looked at us enough he came towards us, and stretching out his hand took me by the back of the neck, turning me this way and that, but feeling that I was mere skin and bone he set me down again and went on to the next, whom he treated in the same fashion; at last he came to the captain, and finding him the fattest of us all, he took him up in one hand and stuck him upon a spit and proceeded to kindle a huge fire at which he presently roasted him. After the giant had supped he lay down to sleep, snoring like the loudest thunder, while we lay shivering with horror the whole night through, and when day broke he awoke and went out, leaving us in the castle.

When we believed him to be really gone we started up bemoaning our horrible fate, until the hall echoed with our despairing cries. Though we were many and our enemy was alone it did not occur to us to kill him, and indeed we should have found that a hard task, even if we had thought of it, and no plan could we devise to deliver ourselves. So at last, submitting to our sad fate, we spent the day in wandering up and down the island eating such fruits as we could find, and when night came we returned to the castle, having sought in vain for any other place of shelter. At sunset the giant returned, supped upon one of our unhappy comrades, slept and snored till dawn, and then left us as before. Our condition seemed to us so frightful that several of my companions thought it would be better to leap from the cliffs and perish in the waves at once, rather than await so miserable an end; but I had a plan of escape which I now unfolded to them, and which they at once agreed to attempt.

"Listen, my brothers," I added. "You know that plenty of driftwood lies along the shore. Let us make several rafts, and carry them to a suitable place. If our plot succeeds, we can wait patiently for the chance of some passing ship which would rescue us from this fatal island. If it fails, we must quickly take to our rafts; frail as they are, we have more chance of saving our lives with them than we have if we remain here."

All agreed with me, and we spent the day in building rafts, each capable of carrying three persons. At nightfall we returned to the castle, and very soon in came the giant, and one more of our number was sacrificed. But the time of our vengeance was at hand! As soon as he had finished his horrible repast he lay down to sleep as before, and when we heard him begin to snore I, and nine of the boldest of my comrades, rose softly, and took each a spit, which we made red-hot in the fire, and then at a given signal we plunged it with one accord into the giant's eye, completely blinding him. Uttering a terrible cry, he sprang to his feet clutching in all directions to try to seize one of us, but we had all fled different ways as soon as the deed was done, and thrown ourselves flat upon the ground in corners where he was not likely to touch us with his feet.

After a vain search he fumbled about till he found the door, and fled out of it howling frightfully. As for us, when he was gone we made haste to leave the fatal castle, and, stationing ourselves beside our rafts, we waited to see what would happen. Our idea was that if, when the sun rose, we saw nothing of the giant, and no longer heard his howls, which still came faintly through the darkness, growing more and more distant, we should conclude that he was dead, and that we might safely stay upon the island and need not risk our lives upon the frail rafts. But alas! morning light showed us our enemy approaching us, supported on either hand by two giants nearly as large and fearful as himself, while a crowd of others followed close upon their heels. Hesitating no longer we clambered upon our rafts and rowed with all our might out to sea. The giants, seeing their prey escaping them, seized up huge pieces of rock, and wading into the water hurled them after us with such good aim that all the rafts except the one I was upon were swamped, and their luckless crews drowned, without our being able to do anything to help them. Indeed I and my two companions had all we could do to keep our own raft beyond the reach of the giants, but by dint of hard rowing we at last gained the open sea. Here we were at the mercy of the winds and waves, which tossed us to and fro all that day and night, but the next morning we found ourselves near an island, upon which we gladly landed.

There we found delicious fruits, and having satisfied our hunger we presently lay down to rest upon the shore. Suddenly we were aroused by a loud rustling noise, and starting up, saw that it was caused by an immense snake which was gliding towards us over the sand. So swiftly it came that it had seized one of my comrades before he had time to fly, and in spite of his cries and struggles speedily crushed the life out of him in its mighty coils and proceeded to swallow him. By this time my other companion and I were running for our lives to some place where we might hope to be safe from this new horror, and seeing a tall tree we climbed up into it, having first provided ourselves with a store of fruit off the surrounding bushes. When night came I fell asleep, but only to be awakened once more by the terrible snake, which after hissing horribly round the tree at last reared itself up against it, and finding my sleeping comrade who was perched just below me, it swallowed him also, and crawled away leaving me half dead with terror.

When the sun rose I crept down from the tree with hardly a hope of escaping the dreadful fate which had overtaken my comrades; but life is sweet, and I determined to do all I could to save myself. All day long I toiled with frantic haste and collected quantities of dry brushwood, reeds and thorns, which I bound with fagots, and making a circle of them under my tree I piled them firmly one upon another until I had a kind of tent in which I crouched like a mouse in a hole when she sees the cat coming. You may imagine what a fearful night I passed, for the snake returned eager to devour me, and glided round and round my frail shelter seeking an entrance. Every moment I feared that it would succeed in pushing aside some of the fagots, but happily for me they held together, and when it grew light my enemy retired, baffled and hungry, to his den. As for me I was more dead than alive! Shaking with fright and half suffocated by the poisonous breath of the monster, I came out of my tent and crawled down to the sea, feeling that it would be better to plunge from the cliffs and end my life at once than pass such another night of horror. But to my joy and relief I saw a ship sailing by, and by shouting wildly and waving my turban I managed to attract the attention of her crew.

A boat was sent to rescue me, and very soon I found myself on board surrounded by a wondering crowd of sailors and merchants eager to know by what chance I found myself in that desolate island. After I had told my story they regaled me with the choicest food the ship afforded, and the captain, seeing that I was in rags, generously bestowed upon me one of his own coats. After sailing about for some time and touching at many ports we came at last to the island of Salahat, where sandal-wood grows in great abundance. Here we anchored, and as I stood watching the merchants disembarking their goods and preparing to sell or exchange them, the captain came up to me and said:—

"I have here, brother, some merchandise belonging to a passenger of mine who is dead. Will you do me the favor to trade with it, and when I meet with his heirs I shall be able to give them the money, though it will be only just that you shall have a portion for your trouble."

I consented gladly, for I did not like standing by idle. Whereupon he pointed the bales out to me, and sent for the person whose duty it was to keep a list of the goods that were upon the ship. When this man came he asked in what name the merchandise was to be registered.

"In the name of Sindbad the Sailor," replied the captain.

At this I was greatly surprised, but looking carefully at him I recognized him to be the captain of the ship upon which I had made my second voyage, though he had altered much since that time. As for him, believing me to be dead it was no wonder that he had not recognized me.

"So, captain," said I, "the merchant who owned those bales was called Sindbad?"

"Yes," he replied. "He was so named. He belonged to Bagdad, and joined my ship at Balsora, but by mischance he was left behind upon a desert island where we had landed to fill up our water-casks, and it was not until four hours later that he was missed. By that time the wind had freshened, and it was impossible to put back for him."

"You suppose him to have perished then?" said I.

"Alas! yes," he answered.

"Why, captain!" I cried, "look well at me. I am that Sindbad who fell asleep upon the island and awoke to find himself abandoned!"

The captain stared at me in amazement, but was presently convinced that I was indeed speaking the truth, and rejoiced greatly at my escape.

"I am glad to have that piece of carelessness off my conscience at any rate," said he. "Now take your goods, and the profit I have made for you upon them, and may you prosper in future."

I took them gratefully, and as we went from one island to another I laid in stores of cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. In one place I saw a tortoise which was twenty cubits long and as many broad, also a fish that was like a cow and had skin so thick that it was used to make shields. Another I saw that was like a camel in shape and color. So by degrees we came back to Balsora, and I returned to Bagdad with so much money that I could not myself count it, besides treasures without end. I gave largely to the poor, and bought much land to add to what I already possessed, and thus ended my third voyage.

When Sindbad had finished his story he gave another hundred sequins to Hindbad, who then departed with the other guests, but next day when they had all reassembled, and the banquet was ended, their host continued his adventures.

FOURTH VOYAGE

RICH and happy as I was after my third voyage, I could not make up my mind to stay at home altogether. My love of trading, and the pleasure I took in anything that was new and strange, made me set my affairs in order, and begin my journey through some of the Persian provinces, having first sent off stores of goods to await my coming in the different places I intended to visit. I took ship at a distant seaport, and for some time all went well, but at last, being caught in a violent hurricane, our vessel became a total wreck in spite of all our worthy captain could do to save her, and many of our company perished in the waves. I, with a few others, had the good fortune to be washed ashore clinging to pieces of the wreck, for the storm had driven us near an island, and scrambling up beyond the reach of the waves we threw ourselves down quite exhausted, to wait for morning.

At daylight we wandered inland, and soon saw some huts, to which we directed our steps. As we drew near their black inhabitants swarmed out in great numbers and surrounded us, and we were led to their houses, and as it were divided among our captors. I with five others was taken into a hut, where we were made to sit upon the ground, and certain herbs were given to us, which the blacks made signs to us to eat. Observing that they themselves did not touch them, I was careful only to pretend to taste my portion; but my companions, being very hungry, rashly ate up all that was set before them, and very soon I had the horror of seeing them become perfectly mad. Though they chattered incessantly I could not understand a word they said, nor did they heed when I spoke to them. The savages now produced large bowls full of rice prepared with cocoanut oil, of which my crazy comrades ate eagerly, but I only tasted a few grains, understanding clearly that the object of our captors was to fatten us speedily for their own eating, and this was exactly what happened. My unlucky companions having lost their reason, felt neither anxiety nor fear, and ate greedily all that was offered them. So they were soon fat and there was an end of them, but I grew leaner day by day, for I ate but little, and even that little did me no good by reason of my fear of what lay before me. However, as I was so far from being a tempting morsel, I was allowed to wander about freely, and one day, when all the blacks had gone off upon some expedition leaving only an old man to guard me, I managed to escape from him and plunged into the forest, running faster the more he cried to me to come back, until I had completely distanced him.

For seven days I hurried on, resting only when the darkness stopped me, and living chiefly upon cocoanuts, which afforded me both meat and drink, and on the eighth day I reached the sea-shore and saw a party of white men gathering pepper, which grew abundantly all about. Reassured by the nature of their occupation, I advanced towards them and they greeted me in Arabic, asking who I was and whence I came. My delight was great on hearing this familiar speech, and I willingly satisfied their curiosity, telling them how I had been shipwrecked, and captured by the blacks. "But these savages devour men!" said they. "How did you escape?" I repeated to them what I have just told you, at which they were mightily astonished. I stayed with them until they had collected as much pepper as they wished, and then they took me back to their own country and presented me to their King, by whom I was hospitably received. To him also I had to relate my adventures, which surprised him much, and when I had finished he ordered that I should be supplied with food and raiment and treated with consideration.

The island on which I found myself was full of people, and abounded in all sorts of desirable things, and a great deal of traffic went on in the capital, where I soon began to feel at home and contented. Moreover, the King treated me with special favor, and in consequence of this everyone, whether at the court or in the town, sought to make life pleasant to me. One thing I remarked which I thought very strange; this was that, from the greatest to the least, all men rode their horses without bridle or stirrups. I one day presumed to ask his Majesty why he did not use them, to which he replied, "You speak to me of things of which I have never before heard!" This gave me an idea. I found a clever workman, and made him cut out under my direction the foundation of a saddle, which I wadded and covered with choice leather, adorning it with rich gold embroidery. I then got a locksmith to make me a bit and a pair of spurs after a pattern that I drew for him, and when all these things were completed I presented them to the King and showed him how to use them. When I had saddled one of his horses he mounted it and rode about quite delighted with the novelty, and to show his gratitude he rewarded me with large gifts. After this I had to make saddles for all the principal officers of the King's household, and as they all gave me rich presents I soon became very wealthy and quite an important person in the city.

One day the King sent for me and said, " Sindbad, I am going to ask a favor of you. Both I and my subjects esteem you, and wish you to end your days amongst us. Therefore I desire that you will marry a rich and beautiful lady whom I will find for you, and think no more of your own country."

As the King's will was law I accepted the charming bride he presented to me, and lived happily with her. Nevertheless I had every intention of escaping at the first opportunity, and going back to Bagdad. Things were thus going prosperously with me when it happened that the wife of one of my neighbors, with whom I had struck up quite a friendship, fell ill, and presently died. I went to his house to offer my consolations, and found him in the depths of woe.

" Heaven preserve you," said I, " and send you a long life! "

" Alas! " he replied, " what is the good of saying that when I have but an hour left to live! "

" Come, come! " said I, " surely it is not so bad as all that. I trust that you may be spared to me for many years."

" I hope," answered he, " that your life may be long, but as for me, all is finished. I have set my house in order, and to-day I shall be buried with my wife. This has been the law upon our island from the earliest ages—the living husband goes to the grave with his dead wife, the living wife with her dead husband. So did our fathers, and so must we do. The law changes not, and all must submit to it! "

As he spoke the friends and relations of the unhappy pair began to assemble. The body, decked in rich robes and sparkling with jewels, was laid upon an open bier, and the procession started, taking its way to a high mountain at some distance from the city, the wretched husband, clothed from head to foot in a black mantle, following mournfully.

When the place of interment was reached the corpse was lowered, just as it was, into a deep pit. Then the husband, bidding farewell to all his friends, stretched himself upon another bier, upon which were laid seven little loaves of bread and a pitcher of water, and he also was let down-down-down to the depths of the horrible cavern, and then a stone was laid over the opening, and the melancholy company wended its way back to the city.

You may imagine that I was no unmoved spectator of these proceedings; to all the others it was a thing to which they had been accustomed from their youth up; but I was so horrified that I could not help telling the King how it struck me.

"Sire," I said, "I am more astonished than I can express to you at the strange custom which exists in your dominions of burying the living with the dead. In all my travels I have never before met with so cruel and horrible a law."

"What would you have, Sindbad?" he replied. "It is the law for everybody. I myself should be buried with the Queen if she were the first to die."

"But, your Majesty," said I, "dare I ask if this law applies to foreigners also?"

"Why, yes," replied the king smiling, in what I could but consider a very heartless manner: "they are no exception to the rule if they have married in the country."

When I heard this I went home much cast down, and from that time forward my mind was never easy. If only my wife's little finger ached I fancied she was going to die, and sure enough before very long she fell really ill and in a few days breathed her last. My dismay was great, for it seemed to me that to be buried alive was even a worse fate than to be devoured by cannibals, nevertheless there was no escape. The body of my wife, arrayed in her richest robes and decked with all her jewels, was laid upon the bier. I followed it, and after me came a great procession, headed by the king and all his nobles, and in this order we reached the fatal mountain, which was one of a lofty chain bordering the sea.

Here I made one more frantic effort to excite the pity of the King and those who stood by, hoping to save myself even at this last moment, but it was of no avail. No one spoke to me, they even appeared to hasten over their dreadful task, and I speedily found myself descending into the gloomy pit, with my seven loaves and pitcher of water beside me. Almost before I reached the bottom the stone was rolled into its place above my head, and I was left to my fate. A feeble ray of light shone into the cavern through some chink, and when I had the courage to look about me I could see that I was in a vast vault, bestrewn with bones and bodies of the dead. I even fancied that I heard the expiring sighs of those who, like myself, had come into this dismal place alive. All in vain did I shriek aloud with rage and despair, reproaching myself for the love of gain and adventure which had brought me to such a pass, but at length, growing calmer, I took up my bread and water, and wrapping my face in my mantle I groped my way towards the end of the cavern, where the air was fresher.

Here I lived in darkness and misery until my provisions were exhausted, but just as I was nearly dead from starvation the rock was rolled away overhead and I saw that a bier was being lowered into the cavern, and that the corpse upon it was a man. In a moment my mind was made up, the woman who followed had nothing to expect but a lingering death; I should be doing her a service if I shortened her misery. Therefore when she descended, already insensible from terror, I was ready armed with a huge bone, one blow from which left her dead, and I secured the bread and water which gave me a hope of life. Several times did I have recourse to this desperate expedient, and I know not how long I had been a prisoner when one day I fancied that I heard something near me, which breathed loudly. Turning to the place from which the sound came I dimly saw a shadowy form which fled at my movement, squeezing itself through a cranny in the wall. I pursued it as fast as I could, and found myself in a narrow crack among the rocks, along which I was just able to force my way. I followed it for what seemed to me many miles, and at last saw before me a glimmer of light which grew clearer every moment until I emerged upon the sea-shore with a joy which I cannot describe. When I was sure that I was not dreaming, I realized that it was doubtless some little animal which had found its way into the cavern from the sea, and when disturbed had fled, showing me a means of escape which I could never have discovered for myself. I hastily surveyed my surroundings, and saw that I was safe from all pursuit from the town.

The mountains sloped sheer down to the sea, and there was no road across them. Being assured of this I returned to the cavern, and amassed a rich treasure of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and jewels of all kinds, which strewed the ground. These I made up into bales, and stored them into a safe place upon the beach, and then waited hopefully for the passing of a ship. I had looked out for two days, however, before a single sail appeared, so it was with much delight that I at last saw a vessel not very far from the shore, and by waving my arms and uttering loud cries succeeded in attracting the attention of her crew. A boat was sent off to me, and in answer to the questions of the sailors as to how I came to be in such a plight, I replied that I had been shipwrecked two days before, but had managed to scramble ashore with the bales which I pointed out to them. Luckily for me they believed my story, and without even looking at the place where they found me, took up my bundles, and rowed me back to the ship. Once on board, I soon saw that the captain was too much occupied with the difficulties of navigation to pay much heed to me, though he generously made me welcome, and would not even accept the jewels with which I offered to pay my passage. Our voyage was prosperous, and after visiting many lands, and collecting in each place great store of goodly merchandise, I found myself at last in Bagdad once more with unheard-of riches of every description. Again I gave large sums of money to the poor, and enriched all the mosques in the city, after which I gave myself up to my friends and relations, with whom I passed my time in feasting and merriment.

Here Sindbad paused, and all his hearers declared that the adventures of his fourth voyage had pleased them better than anything they had heard before. They then took their leave, followed by Hindbad, who had once more received a hundred sequins, and with the rest had been bidden to return next day for the story of the fifth voyage.

When the time came all were in their places, and when they had eaten and drunk of all that was set before them Sindbad began his tale.

FIFTH VOYAGE

NOT even all that I had gone through could make me contented with a quiet life. I soon wearied of its pleasures, and longed for change and adventure. Therefore I set out once more, but this time in a ship of my own, which I built and fitted out at the nearest seaport. I wished to be able to call at whatever port I chose, taking my own time; but as I did not intend carrying enough goods for a full cargo, I invited several merchants of different nations to join me. We set sail with the first favorable wind, and after a long voyage upon the open seas we landed upon an unknown island which proved to be uninhabited. We determined, however, to explore it, but had not gone far when we found a roc's egg, as large as the one I had seen before and evidently very nearly hatched, for the beak of the young bird had already pierced the shell. In spite of all I could say to deter them, the merchants who were with me fell upon it with their hatchets, breaking the shell, and killing the young roc. Then lighting a fire upon the ground they hacked morsels from the bird, and proceeded to roast them while I stood by aghast.

Scarcely had they finished their ill-omened repast, when the air above us was darkened by two mighty shadows. The captain of my ship, knowing by experience what this meant, cried out to us that the parent birds were coming, and urged us to get on board with all speed. This we did, and the sails were hoisted, but before we had made any way the rocs reached their despoiled nest and hovered about it, uttering frightful cries when they discovered the mangled remains of their young one. For a moment we lost sight of them, and were flattering ourselves that we had escaped, when they reappeared and soared into the air directly over our vessel, and we saw that each held in its claws an immense rock ready to crush us. There was a moment of breathless suspense, then one bird loosed its hold and the huge block of stone hurtled through the air, but thanks to the presence of mind of the helmsman, who turned our ship violently in another direction, it fell into the sea close beside us, cleaving it asunder till we could nearly see the bottom. We had hardly time to draw a breath of relief before the other rock fell with a mighty crash right in the midst of our luckless vessel, smashing it into a thousand fragments, and crushing, or hurling into the sea, passengers and crew. I myself went down with the rest, but had the good fortune to rise unhurt, and by holding on to a piece of driftwood with one hand and swimming with the other I kept myself afloat and was presently washed up by the tide on to an island. Its shores were steep and rocky, but I scrambled up safely and threw myself down to rest upon the green turf.

When I had somewhat recovered I began to examine the spot in which I found myself, and truly it seemed to me that I had reached a garden of delights. There were trees everywhere, and they were laden with flowers and fruit, while a crystal stream wandered in and out under their shadow. When night came I slept sweetly in a cosey nook, though the remembrance that I was alone in a strange land made me sometimes start up and look around me in alarm, and then I wished heartily that I had stayed at home at ease. However, the morning sunlight restored my courage, and I once more wandered among the trees, but always with some anxiety as to what I might see next. I had penetrated some distance into the island when I saw an old man bent and feeble sitting upon the river bank, and at first I took him to be some shipwrecked mariner like myself. Going up to him I greeted him in a friendly way, but he only nodded his head at me in reply. I then asked what he did there, and he made signs to me that he wished to get across the river to gather some fruit, and seemed to beg me to carry him on my back. Pitying his age and feebleness, I took him up, and wading across the stream I bent down that he might more easily reach the bank, and bade him get down. But instead of allowing himself to be set upon his feet (even now it makes me laugh to think of it!), this creature who had seemed to me so decrepit leaped nimbly upon my shoulders, and hooking his legs round my neck gripped me so tightly that I was well-nigh choked, and so overcome with terror that I fell insensible to the ground. When I recovered my enemy was still in his place, though he had released his hold enough to allow me breathing space, and seeing me revive he prodded me adroitly first with one foot and then with the other, until I was forced to get up and stagger about with him under the trees while he gathered and ate the choicest fruits. This went on all day, and even at night, when I threw myself down half dead with weariness, the terrible old man held on tight to my neck, nor did he fail to greet the first glimmer of morning light by drumming upon me with his heels, until I perforce awoke and resumed my dreary march with rage and bitterness in my heart.

It happened one day that I passed a tree under which lay several dry gourds, and catching one up I amused myself with scooping out its contents and pressing into it the juice of several bunches of grapes which hung from every bush. When it was full I left it propped in the fork of a tree, and a few days later, carrying the hateful old man that way, I snatched at my gourd as I passed it and had the satisfaction of a draught of excellent wine so good and refreshing that I even forgot my detestable burden, and began to sing and caper.

The old monster was not slow to perceive the effect which my draught had produced and that I carried him more lightly than usual, so he stretched out his skinny hand and seizing the gourd first tasted its contents cautiously, then drained them to the very last drop. The wine was strong and the gourd capacious, so he also began to sing after a fashion, and soon I had the delight of feeling the iron grip of his goblin legs unclasp, and with one vigorous effort I threw him to the ground, from which he never moved again. I was so rejoiced to have at last got rid of this uncanny old man that I ran leaping and bounding down to the sea-shore, where, by the greatest good luck, I met with some mariners who had anchored off the island to enjoy the delicious fruits, and to renew their supply of water.

They heard the story of my escape with amazement, saying, "You fell into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and it is a mercy that he did not strangle you as he has everyone else upon whose shoulders he has managed to perch himself. This island is well-known as the scene of his evil deeds, and no merchant or sailor who lands upon it cares to stray far away from his comrades." After we had talked for awhile they took me back with them on board their ship, where the captain received me kindly, and we soon set sail, and after several days reached a large and prosperous-looking town where all the houses were built of stone. Here we anchored, and one of the merchants, who had been very friendly to me on the way, took me ashore with him and showed me a lodging set apart for strange merchants. He then provided me with a large sack, and pointed out to me a party of others equipped in like manner.

"Go with them," said he, "and do as they do, but beware of losing sight of them, for if you strayed your life would be in danger."

With that he supplied me with provisions, and bade me farewell, and I set out with my new companions. I soon learnt that the object of our expedition was to fill our sacks with cocoanuts, but when at length I saw the trees and noted their immense height and the slippery smoothness of their slender trunks, I did not at all understand how we were to do it. The crowns of the cocoa-palms were all alive with monkeys, big and little, which skipped from one to the other with surprising agility, seeming to be curious about us and disturbed at our appearance, and I was at first surprised when my companions after collecting stones began to throw them at the lively creatures, which seemed to me quite harmless. But very soon I saw the reason of it and joined them heartily, for the monkeys, annoyed and wishing to pay us back in our own coin, began to tear the nuts from the trees and cast them at us with angry and spiteful gestures, so that after very little labor our sacks were filled with the fruit which we could not otherwise have obtained.

As soon as we had as many as we could carry we went back to the town, where my friend bought my share and advised me to continue the same occupation until I had earned money enough to carry me to my own country. This I did, and before long had amassed a considerable sum. Just then I heard that there was a trading ship ready to sail, and taking leave of my friend I went on board, carrying with me a goodly store of cocoanuts; and we sailed first to the islands where pepper grows, then to Comari where the best aloes-wood is found, and where men drink no wine by an unalterable law. Here I exchanged my nuts for pepper and good aloes-wood, and went a-fishing for pearls with some of the other merchants, and my divers were so lucky that very soon I had an immense number, and those very large and perfect. With all these treasures I came joyfully back to Bagdad, where I disposed of them for large sums of money, of which I did not fail as before to give the tenth part to the poor, and after that I rested from my labors and comforted myself with all the pleasures that my riches could give me.

Having thus ended his story, Sindbad ordered that one hundred sequins should be given to Hindbad, and the guests then withdrew; but after the next day's feast he began the account of his sixth voyage as follows.

SIXTH VOYAGE

IT must be a marvel to you how, after having five times met with shipwreck and unheard-of perils, I could again tempt fortune and risk fresh trouble. I am even surprised myself when I look back, but evidently it was my fate to rove, and after a year of repose I prepared to make a sixth voyage, regardless of the entreaties of my friends and relations, who did all they could to keep me at home. Instead of going by the Persian Gulf, I travelled a considerable way overland, and finally embarked from a distant Indian port with a captain who meant to make a long voyage. And truly he did so, for we fell in with stormy weather which drove us completely out of our course, so that for many days neither captain nor pilot knew where we were, nor where we were going. When they did at last discover our position we had small ground for rejoicing, for the captain, casting his turban upon the deck and tearing his beard, declared that we were in the most dangerous spot upon the whole wide sea, and had been caught by a current which was at that moment sweeping us to destruction. It was too true! In spite of all the sailors could do we were driven with frightful rapidity towards the foot of a mountain, which rose sheer out of the sea, and our vessel was dashed to pieces upon the rocks at its base, not, however, until we had managed to scramble on shore, carrying with us the most precious of our possessions. When we had done this the captain said to us:—

"Now we are here we may as well begin to dig our graves at once, since from this fatal spot no shipwrecked mariner has ever returned."

This speech discouraged us much, and we began to lament over our sad fate.

The mountain formed the seaward boundary of a large island, and the narrow strip of rocky shore upon which we stood was strewn with the wreckage of a thousand gallant ships, while the bones of the luckless mariners shone white in the sun-shine, and we shuddered to think how soon our own would be added to the heap. All around, too, lay vast quantities of the costliest merchandise, and treasures were heaped in every cranny of the rocks, but all these things only added to the desolation of the scene. It struck me as a very strange thing that a river of clear fresh water, which gushed out from the mountain not far from where we stood, instead of flowing into the sea as rivers generally do, turned off sharply, and flowed out of sight under a natural archway of rock, and when I went to examine it more closely I found that inside the cave the walls were thick with diamonds, rubies, and masses of crystal, and the floor was strewn with ambergris. Here, then, upon this desolate shore we abandoned ourselves to our fate, for there was no possibility of scaling the mountain, and if a ship had appeared it could only have shared our doom. The first thing our captain did was to divide equally amongst us all the food we possessed, and then the length of each man's life depended on the time he could make his portion last. I myself could live upon very little.

Nevertheless, by the time I had buried the last of my companions my stock of provisions was so small that I hardly thought I should live long enough to dig my own grave, which I set about doing, while I regretted bitterly the roving disposition which was always bringing me into such straits, and thought longingly of all the comfort and luxury that I had left. But luckily for me the fancy took me to stand once more beside the river where it plunged out of sight in the depths of the cavern, and as I did so an idea struck me. This river which hid itself underground doubtless emerged again at some distant spot. Why should I not build a raft and trust myself to its swiftly flowing waters? If I perished before I could reach the light of day once more I should be no worse off than I was now, for death stared me in the face, while there was always the possibility that, as I was born under a lucky star, I might find myself safe and sound in some desirable land. I decided at any rate to risk it, and speedily built myself a stout raft of drift-wood with strong cords, of which enough and to spare lay strewn upon the beach. I then made up many packages of rubies, emeralds, rock crystal, ambergris, and precious stuffs, and bound them upon my raft, being careful to preserve the balance, and then I seated myself upon it, having two small oars that I had fashioned laid ready to my hand, and loosed the cord which held it to the bank. Once out in the current my raft flew swiftly under the gloomy archway, and I found myself in total darkness, carried smoothly forward by the rapid river. On I went as it seemed to me for many nights and days. Once the channel became so small that I had a narrow escape of being crushed against the rocky roof, and after that I took the precaution of lying flat upon my precious bales. Though I only ate what was absolutely necessary to keep myself alive, the inevitable moment came when, after swallowing my last morsel of food, I began to wonder if I must after all die of hunger. Then, worn out with anxiety and fatigue, I fell into a deep sleep, and when I again opened my eyes I was once more in the light of day; a beautiful country lay before me, and my raft, which was tied to the river bank, was surrounded by friendly looking black men. I rose and saluted them, and they spoke to me in return, but I could not understand a word of their language. Feeling perfectly bewildered by my sudden return to life and light, I murmured to myself in Arabic, "Close thine eyes, and while thou sleepest Heaven will change thy fortune from evil to good."

One of the natives, who understood this tongue, then came forward saying:—

"My brother, be not surprised to see us; this is our land, and as we came to get water from the river we noticed your raft floating down it, and one of us swam out and brought you to the shore. We have waited for your awakening; tell us now whence you come and where you were going by that dangerous way?"

I replied that nothing would please me better than to tell them, but that I was starving, and would fain eat something first. I was soon supplied with all I needed, and having satisfied my hunger I told them faithfully all that had befallen me. They were lost in wonder at my tale when it was interpreted to them, and said that adventures so surprising must be related to their King only by the man to whom they had happened. So, procuring a horse, they mounted me upon it, and we set out, followed by several strong men carrying my raft just as it was upon their shoulders. In this order we marched into the city of Serendib, where the natives presented me to their King, whom I saluted in the Indian fashion, prostrating myself at his feet and kissing the ground; but the monarch bade me rise and sit beside him, asking first what was my name.

"I am Sindbad," I replied, "whom men call 'the Sailor,' for I have voyaged much upon many seas."

"And how came you here?" asked the King.

I told my story, concealing nothing, and his surprise and delight were so great that he ordered my adventures to be written in letters of gold and laid up in the archives of his kingdom.

Presently my raft was brought in and the bales opened in his presence, and the king declared that in all his treasury there were no such rubies and emeralds as those which lay in great heaps before him. Seeing that he looked at them with interest, I ventured to say that I myself and all that I had were at his disposal, but he answered me smiling:—

"Nay, Sindbad. Heaven forbid that I should covet your riches; I will rather add to them, for I desire that you shall not leave my kingdom without some tokens of my good-will." He then commanded his officers to provide me with a suitable lodging at his expense, and sent slaves to wait upon me and carry my raft and my bales to my new dwelling-place. You may imagine that I praised his generosity and gave him grateful thanks, nor did I fail to present myself daily in his audience-chamber, and for the rest of my time I amused myself in seeing all that was most worthy of attention in the city. The island of Serendib being situated on the equinoctial line, the days and nights there are of equal length. The chief city is placed at the end of a beautiful valley, formed by the highest mountain in the world, which is in the middle of the island. I had the curiosity to ascend to its very summit, for this was the place to which Adam was banished out of Paradise. Here are found rubies and many precious things, and rare plants grow abundantly, with cedar-trees and cocoa-palms. On the sea-shore and at the mouths of the rivers the divers seek for pearls, and in some valleys diamonds are plentiful. After many days I petitioned the King that I might return to my own country, to which he graciously consented. Moreover, he loaded me with rich gifts, and when I went to take leave of him he intrusted me with a royal present and a letter to the Commander of the Faithful, our sovereign lord, saying, "I pray you give these to the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, and assure him of my friendship."

I accepted the charge respectfully, and soon embarked upon the vessel which the King himself had chosen for me. The King's letter was written in blue characters upon a rare and precious skin of yellowish color, and these were the words of it: "The King of the Indies, before whom walk a thousand elephants, who lives in a palace, of which the roof blazes with a hundred thousand rubies, and whose treasure-house contains twenty thousand diamond crowns, to the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid sends greeting. Though the offering we present to you is unworthy of your notice, we pray you to accept it as a mark of the esteem and friendship which we cherish for you, and of which we gladly send you this token, and we ask of you a like regard if you deem us worthy of it. Adieu, brother."

The present consisted of a vase carved from a single ruby, six inches high and as thick as my finger; this was filled with the choicest pearls, large, and of perfect shape and lustre; secondly, a huge snake-skin, with scales as large as a sequin, which would preserve from sickness those who slept upon it. Then quantities of aloes-wood, camphor, and pistachio-nuts; and lastly, a beautiful slave-girl, whose robes glittered with precious stones.

After a long and prosperous voyage we landed at Balsora, and I made haste to reach Bagdad, and taking the King's letter I presented myself at the palace gate, followed by the beautiful slave, and various members of my own family, bearing the treasure.

As soon as I had declared my errand I was conducted into the presence of the Caliph, to whom, after I had made my obeisance, I gave the letter and the King's gift, and when he had examined them he demanded of me whether the Prince of Serendib was really as rich and powerful as he claimed to be.

"Commander of the Faithful," I replied, again bowing humbly before him, "I can assure your Majesty that he has in no way exaggerated his wealth and grandeur. Nothing can equal the magnificence of his palace. When he goes abroad his throne is prepared upon the back of an elephant, and on either side of him ride his ministers, his favorites, and courtiers. On his elephant's neck sits an officer, his golden lance in his hand, and behind him stands another bearing a pillar of gold, at the top of which is an emerald as long as my hand. A thousand men in cloth of gold, mounted upon richly caparisoned elephants, go before him, and as the procession moves onward the officer who guides his elephant cries aloud, ‘ Behold the mighty monarch, the powerful and valiant Sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, who possesses twenty thousand diamond crowns. Behold a monarch greater than Solomon and Mihrage in all their glory ! ’

“ Then the one who stands behind the throne answers : ‘ This king, so great and powerful, must die, must die, must die ! ’

“ And the first takes up the chant again, ‘ All praise to Him who lives for evermore.’

“ Further, my lord, in Serendib no judge is needed, for to the King himself his people come for justice.”

The Caliph was well satisfied with my report.

“ From the King’s letter,” said he, “ I judged that he was a wise man. It seems that he is worthy of his people, and his people of him.”

So saying he dismissed me with rich presents, and I returned in peace to my own house.

When Sindbad had done speaking his guests withdrew, Hindbad having first received a hundred sequins, but all returned next day to hear the story of the seventh voyage.

SEVENTH AND LAST VOYAGE

AFTER my sixth voyage I was quite determined that I would go to sea no more. I was now of an age to appreciate a quiet life, and I had run risks enough. I only wished to end my days in peace. One day, however, when I was entertaining a number of my friends, I was told that an officer of the Caliph wished to speak to me, and when he was admitted he bade me to follow him into the presence of Harun-al-Rashid, which I accordingly did. After I had saluted him, the Caliph said:—

" I have sent for you, Sindbad, because I need your services. I have chosen you to bear a letter and a gift to the King of Serendib in return for his message of friendship."

The Caliph's commandment fell upon me like a thunderbolt.

" Commander of the Faithful," I answered, " I am ready to do all that your Majesty commands, but I humbly pray you to remember that I am utterly disheartened by the unheard-of sufferings I have undergone. Indeed, I have made a vow never again to leave Bagdad."

With this I gave him a long account of some of my strangest adventures, to which he listened patiently.

" I admit," said he, " that you have indeed had some extraordinary experiences, but I do not see why they should hinder you from doing as I wish. You have only to go straight to Serendib and give my message, then you are free to come back and do as you will. But go you must; my honor and dignity demand it."

Seeing that there was no help for it, I declared myself willing to obey; and the Caliph, delighted at having got his own way, gave me a thousand sequins for the expenses of the voyage. I was soon ready to start, and taking the letter and the present I embarked at Balsora, and sailed quickly and safely to Serendib. Here, when I had disclosed my errand, I was well received, and brought into the presence of the king, who greeted me with joy.

"Welcome, Sindbad," he cried. "I have thought of you often, and rejoice to see you once more."

After thanking him for the honor that he did me, I displayed the Caliph's gifts. First a bed with complete hangings all cloth of gold, which cost a thousand sequins, and another like to it of crimson stuff. Fifty robes of rich embroidery, a hundred of the finest white linen from Cairo, Suez, Cufa, and Alexandria. Then more beds of different fashion, and an agate vase carved with the figure of a man aiming an arrow at a lion, and finally a costly table, which had once belonged to King Solomon. The King of Serendib received with satisfaction the assurance of the Caliph's friendliness towards him, and now my task being accomplished I was anxious to depart, but it was some time before the king would think of letting me go. At last, however, he dismissed me with many presents, and I lost no time in going on board a ship, which sailed at once, and for four days all went well. On the fifth day we had the misfortune to fall in with pirates, who seized our vessel, killing all who resisted, and making prisoners of those who were prudent enough to submit at once, of whom I was one. When they had despoiled us of all we possessed, they forced us to put on vile raiment, and sailing to a distant island there sold us for slaves. I fell into the hands of a rich merchant, who took me home with him, and clothed and fed me well, and after some days sent for me and questioned me as to what I could do.

I answered that I was a rich merchant who had been captured by pirates, and therefore I knew no trade.

"Tell me," said he, "can you shoot with a bow?"

I replied that this had been one of the pastimes of my youth, and that doubtless with practice my skill would come back to me.

Upon this he provided me with a bow and arrows, and mounting me with him upon his own elephant took the way to a vast forest which lay far from the town. When we had reached the wildest part of it we stopped, and my master said to me: "This forest swarms with elephants. Hide yourself in this great tree, and shoot at all that pass you. When you have succeeded in killing one come and tell me."

So saying he gave me a supply of food, and returned to the town, and I perched myself high up in the tree and kept watch. That night I saw nothing, but just after sunrise the next morning a large herd of elephants came crashing and trampling by. I lost no time in letting fly several arrows, and at last one of the great animals fell to the ground dead, and the others retreated, leaving me free to come down from my hiding-place and run back to tell my master of my success, for which I was praised and regaled with good things. Then we went back to the forest together and dug a mighty trench in which we buried the elephant I had killed, in order that when it became a skeleton my master might return and secure its tusks.

For two months I hunted thus, and no day passed without my securing an elephant. Of course I did not always station myself in the same tree, but sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. One morning as I watched the coming of the elephants I was surprised to see that, instead of passing the tree I was in, as they usually did, they paused, and completely surrounded it, trumpeting horribly, and shaking the very ground with their heavy tread, and when I saw that their eyes were fixed upon me I was terrified, and my arrows dropped from my trembling hand. I had indeed good reason for my terror when, an instant later, the largest of the animals wound his trunk round the stem of my tree, and with one mighty effort tore it up by the roots, bringing me to the ground entangled in its branches. I thought now that my last hour was surely come, but the huge creature, picking me up gently enough, set me upon its back, where I clung more dead than alive, and followed by the whole herd turned and crashed off into the dense forest. It seemed to me a long time before I was once more set upon my feet by the elephant, and I stood as if in a dream watching the herd, which turned and trampled off in another direction, and were soon hidden in the dense underwood. Then, recovering myself, I looked about me, and found that I was standing upon the side of a great hill, strewn as far as I could see on either hand with bones and tusks of elephants. "This then must be the elephants' burying-place," I said to myself, "and they must have brought me here that I might cease to persecute them, seeing that I want nothing but their tusks, and here lie more than I could carry away in a lifetime."

Whereupon I turned and made for the city as fast as I could go, not seeing a single elephant by the way, which convinced me that they had retired deeper into the forest to leave the way open to the Ivory Hill, and I did not know how sufficiently to admire their sagacity. After a day and a night I reached my master's house, and was received by him with joyful surprise.

"Ah! poor Sindbad," he cried, "I was wondering what could have become of you. When I went to the forest I found the tree newly uprooted, and the arrows lying beside it, and I feared I should never see you again. Pray tell me how you escaped death."

I soon satisfied his curiosity, and the next day we went together to the Ivory Hill, and he was overjoyed to find that I had told him nothing but the truth. When we had loaded our elephant with as many tusks as it could carry and were on our way back to the city, he said:—

"My brother—since I can no longer treat as a slave one who has enriched me thus—take your liberty, and may Heaven prosper you. I will no longer conceal from you that these wild elephants have killed numbers of our slaves every year. No matter what good advice we gave them, they were caught sooner or later. You alone have escaped the wiles of these animals, therefore you must be under the special protection of Heaven. Now through you the whole town will be enriched without further loss of life, therefore you shall not only receive your liberty, but I will also bestow a fortune upon you."

To which I replied, "Master, I thank you, and wish you all prosperity. For myself I only ask liberty to return to my own country."

"It is well," he answered, "the monsoon will soon bring the ivory ships hither, then I will send you on your way with somewhat to pay your passage."

So I stayed with him till the time of the monsoon, and every day we added to our store of ivory till all his warehouses were overflowing with it. By this time the other merchants knew the secret, but there was enough and to spare for all. When the ships at last arrived my master himself chose the one in which I was to sail, and put on board for me a great store of choice provisions, also ivory in abundance, and all the costliest curiosities of the country, for which I could not thank him enough, and so we parted. I left the ship at the first port we came to, not feeling at ease upon the sea after all that had happened to me by reason of it, and having disposed of my ivory for much gold, and bought many rare and costly presents, I loaded my pack animals, and joined a caravan of merchants.

Our journey was long and tedious, but I bore it patiently, reflecting that at least I had not to fear tempests, nor pirates, nor serpents, nor any of the other perils from which I had suffered before, and at length we reached Bagdad. My first care was to present myself before the Caliph, and give him an account of my embassy. He assured me that my long absence had disquieted him much, but he had nevertheless hoped for the best. As to my adventure among the elephants he heard it with amazement, declaring that he could not have believed it had not my truthfulness been well-known to him.

By his orders this story and the others I had told him were written by his scribes in letters of gold, and laid up among his treasures. I took my leave of him, well satisfied with the honors and rewards he bestowed upon me; and since that time I have rested from my labors, and given myself up wholly to my family and my friends.

Thus Sindbad ended the story of his seventh and last voyage, and turning to Hindbad he added:—

"Well, my friend, and what do you think now? Have you ever heard of anyone who has suffered more, or had more narrow escapes than I have? Is it not just that I should now enjoy a life of ease and tranquillity?"

Hindbad drew near, and kissing his hand respectfully, replied, "Sir, you have indeed known fearful perils; my troubles have been nothing compared to yours. Moreover, the generous use you make of your wealth proves that you deserve it. May you live long and happily in the enjoyment of it."

Sindbad then gave him a hundred sequins, and henceforward counted him among his friends; also he caused him to give up his profession as a porter, and to eat daily at his table that he might all his life remember Sindbad the Sailor.

ALADDIN'S WONDERFUL LAMP

THERE once lived a poor tailor, who had a son called Aladdin, a careless, idle boy, who would do nothing but play all day long in the streets with little idle boys like himself. This so grieved the father that he died; yet, in spite of his mother's tears and prayers, Aladdin did not mend his ways. One day, when he was playing in the streets as usual, a stranger asked him his age, and if he were not the son of Mustapha the tailor.

"I am, sir," replied Aladdin; "but he died a long while ago."

On this the stranger, who was a famous African magician, fell on his neck and kissed him, saying: "I am your uncle, and knew you from your likeness to my brother. Go to your mother and tell her I am coming."

Aladdin ran home, and told his mother of his newly-found uncle.

"Indeed, child," she said, "your father had a brother, but I always thought he was dead."

However, she prepared supper, and bade Aladdin seek his uncle, who came laden with wine and fruit. He presently fell down and kissed the place where Mustapha used to sit, bidding Aladdin's mother not to be surprised at not having seen him before, as he had been forty years out of the country. He then turned to Aladdin and asked him his trade, at which the boy hung his head, while his mother burst into tears. On learning that Aladdin was idle and would learn no trade, he offered to take a shop for him and stock it with merchandise. Next day he bought Aladdin a fine suit of clothes, and took him all over the city, showing him the sights, and brought him home at nightfall to his mother, who was overjoyed to see her son so fine.

Next day the magician led Aladdin into some beautiful gardens a long way outside the city gates. They sat down by a fountain, and the magician pulled a cake from his girdle, which he divided between them. They then journeyed onwards till they almost reached the mountains. Aladdin was so tired that he begged to go back, but the magician beguiled him with pleasant stories, and led him on in spite of himself.

At last they came to two mountains divided by a narrow valley.

" We will go no farther," said the false uncle. " I will show you something wonderful; only do you gather up sticks while I kindle a fire."

When it was lit the magician threw on it a powder he had about him, at the same time saying some magical words. The earth trembled a little and opened in front of them, disclosing a square flat stone with a brass ring in the middle to raise it by. Aladdin tried to run away, but the magician caught him and gave him a blow that knocked him down.

" What have I done, uncle?" he said piteously; whereupon the magician said more kindly: " Fear nothing, but obey me. Beneath this stone lies a treasure which is to be yours, and no one else may touch it, so you must do exactly as I tell you."

At the word treasure, Aladdin forgot his fears, and grasped the ring as he was told, saying the names of his father and grandfather. The stone came up quite easily and some steps appeared.

" Go down," said the magician; " at the foot of those steps you will find an open door leading into three large halls. Tuck up your gown and go through them without touching anything, or you will die instantly. These halls lead into a garden of fine fruit-trees. Walk on till you come to a niche in a terrace where stands a lighted lamp. Pour out the oil it contains and bring it to me."

He drew a ring from his finger and gave it to Aladdin, bidding him prosper.

Aladdin found everything as the magician had said, gathered some fruit off the trees, and, having got the lamp, arrived at the mouth of the cave. The magician cried out in a great hurry:—

" Make haste and give me the lamp." This Aladdin refused to do until he was out of the cave. The magician flew into a terrible passion, and throwing some more powder on the fire, he said something, and the stone rolled back into its place.

The magician left Persia forever, which plainly showed that he was no uncle of Aladdin's, but a cunning magician who had read in his magic books of a wonderful lamp, which would make him the most powerful man in the world. Though he alone knew where to find it, he could only receive it from the hand of another. He had picked out the foolish Aladdin for this purpose, intending to get the lamp and kill him afterwards.

For two days Aladdin remained in the dark, crying and lamenting. At last he clasped his hands in prayer, and in so doing rubbed the ring, which the magician had forgotten to take from him. Immediately an enormous and frightful genie rose out of the earth, saying:—

"What wouldst thou with me? I am the Slave of the Ring, and will obey thee in all things."

Aladdin fearlessly replied: "Deliver me from this place!" whereupon the earth opened, and he found himself outside. As soon as his eyes could bear the light he went home, but fainted on the threshold. When he came to himself he told his mother what had passed, and showed her the lamp and the fruits he had gathered in the garden, which were in reality precious stones. He then asked for some food.

"Alas! child," she said, "I have nothing in the house, but I have spun a little cotton and will go and sell it."

Aladdin bade her keep her cotton, for he would sell the lamp instead. As it was very dirty she began to rub it, that it might fetch a higher price. Instantly a hideous genie appeared, and asked what she would have. She fainted away, but Aladdin, snatching the lamp, said boldly:—

"Fetch me something to eat!"

The genie returned with a silver bowl, twelve silver plates containing rich meats, two silver cups, and two bottles of wine. Aladdin's mother, when she came to herself, said:—

"Whence comes this splendid feast?"

"Ask not, but eat," replied Aladdin.

So they sat at breakfast till it was dinner-time, and Aladdin told his mother about the lamp. She begged him to sell it, and have nothing to do with devils.

"No," said Aladdin, "since chance has made us aware of its virtues, we will use it and the ring likewise, which I shall always wear on my finger." When they had eaten all the genie had brought, Aladdin sold one of the silver plates, and so on till none was left. He then had recourse to the genie, who gave him another set of plates, and thus they lived for many years.

One day Aladdin heard an order from the Sultan proclaimed that everyone was to stay at home and close his shutters while the princess, his daughter, went to and from the bath. Aladdin was seized by a desire to see her face, which was very difficult, as she always went veiled. He hid himself behind the door of the bath, and peeped through a chink. The princess lifted her veil as she went in, and looked so beautiful that Aladdin fell in love with her at first sight. He went home so changed that his mother was frightened. He told her he loved the princess so deeply that he could not live without her, and meant to ask her in marriage of her father. His mother, on hearing this, burst out laughing, but Aladdin at last prevailed upon her to go before the Sultan and carry his request. She fetched a napkin and laid in it the magic fruits from the enchanted garden, which sparkled and shone like the most beautiful jewels. She took these with her to please the Sultan, and set out, trusting in the lamp. The grand-vizir and the lords of council had just gone in as she entered the hall and placed herself in front of the Sultan. He, however, took no notice of her. She went every day for a week, and stood in the same place.

When the council broke up on the sixth day the Sultan said to his vizir: "I see a certain woman in the audience-chamber every day carrying something in a napkin. Call her next time, that I may find out what she wants."

Next day, at a sign from the vizir, she went up to the foot of the throne, and remained kneeling till the Sultan said to her: "Rise, good woman, and tell me what you want."

She hesitated, so the Sultan sent away all but the vizir, and bade her speak freely, promising to forgive her beforehand for anything she might say. She then told him of her son's violent love for the princess.

"I prayed him to forget her," she said, "but in vain; he threatened to do some desperate deed if I refused to go and ask your Majesty for the hand of the princess. Now I pray you to forgive not me alone, but my son Aladdin."

The Sultan asked her kindly what she had in the napkin, whereupon she unfolded the jewels and presented them.

He was thunderstruck, and turning to the vizir said: "What sayest thou? Ought I not to bestow the princess on one who values her at such a price?"

The vizir, who wanted her for his own son, begged the Sultan to withhold her for three months, in the course of which he hoped his son would contrive to make him a richer present. The Sultan granted this, and told Aladdin's mother that, though he consented to the marriage, she must not appear before him again for three months.

Aladdin waited patiently for nearly three months, but after two had elapsed his mother, going into the city to buy oil, found everyone rejoicing, and asked what was going on.

"Do you not know," was the answer, "that the son of the grand-vizir is to marry the Sultan's daughter to-night?"

Breathless, she ran and told Aladdin, who was overwhelmed at first, but presently bethought him of the lamp. He rubbed it, and the genie appeared, saying: "What is thy will?"

Aladdin replied: "The Sultan, as thou knowest, has broken his promise to me, and the vizir's son is to have the princess. My command is that to-night you bring hither the bride and bridegroom."

"Master, I obey," said the genie.

Aladdin then went to his chamber, where, sure enough at midnight the genie transported the bed containing the vizir's son and the princess.

"Take this new-married man," he said, "and put him outside in the cold, and return at daybreak."

Whereupon the genie took the vizir's son out of bed, leaving Aladdin with the princess.

"Fear nothing," Aladdin said to her; "you are my wife, promised to me by your unjust father, and no harm shall come to you."

The princess was too frightened to speak, and passed the most miserable night of her life, while Aladdin lay down beside her and slept soundly. At the appointed hour the genie fetched in the shivering bridegroom, laid him in his place, and transported the bed back to the palace.

Presently the Sultan came to wish his daughter good-morning. The unhappy vizir's son jumped up and hid himself, while the princess would not say a word, and was very sorrowful.

The Sultan sent her mother to her, who said: "How comes it, child, that you will not speak to your father? What has happened?"

The princess sighed deeply, and at last told her mother how, during the night, the bed had been carried into some strange house, and what had passed there. Her mother did not believe her in the least, but bade her rise and consider it an idle dream.

The following night exactly the same thing happened, and next morning, on the princess's refusing to speak, the Sultan threatened to cut off her head. She then confessed all, bidding him ask the vizir's son if it were not so. The Sultan told the vizir to ask his son, who owned the truth, adding that, dearly as he loved the princess, he had rather die than go through another such fearful night, and wished to be separated from her. His wish was granted, and there was an end of feasting and rejoicing.

When the three months were over, Aladdin sent his mother to remind the Sultan of his promise. She stood in the same place as before, and the Sultan, who had forgotten Aladdin, at once remembered him, and sent for her. On seeing her poverty the Sultan felt less inclined than ever to keep his word, and asked the vizir's advice, who counselled him to set so high a value on the princess that no man living could come up to it.

The Sultan then turned to Aladdin's mother, saying: "Good woman, a Sultan must remember his promises, and I will remember mine, but your son must first send me forty basins of gold brimful of jewels, carried by forty black slaves, led by as many white ones, splendidly dressed. Tell him that I await his answer." The mother of Aladdin bowed low and went home, thinking all was lost.

She gave Aladdin the message, adding: "He may wait long enough for your answer!"

"Not so long, mother, as you think," her son replied. "I would do a great deal more than that for the princess." He summoned the genie, and in a few moments the eighty slaves arrived, and filled up the small house and garden.

Aladdin made them set out to the palace, two and two, followed by his mother. They were so richly dressed, with such splendid jewels in their girdles, that everyone crowded to see them and the basins of gold they carried on their heads.

They entered the palace, and, after kneeling before the Sultan, stood in a half-circle round the throne with their arms crossed, while Aladdin's mother presented them to the Sultan.

He hesitated no longer, but said: "Good woman, return and tell your son that I wait for him with open arms."

She lost no time in telling Aladdin, bidding him make haste. But Aladdin first called the genie.

"I want a scented bath," he said, "a richly embroidered habit, a horse surpassing the Sultan's, and twenty slaves to attend me. Besides this, six slaves, beautifully dressed, to wait on my mother; and lastly, ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses."

No sooner said than done. Aladdin mounted his horse and passed through the streets, the slaves strewing gold as they went. Those who had played with him in his childhood knew him not, he had grown so handsome.

When the Sultan saw him he came down from his throne, embraced him, and led him into a hall where a feast was spread, intending to marry him to the princess that very day.

But Aladdin refused, saying, "I must build a palace fit for her," and took his leave.

Once home he said to the genie: "Build me a palace of the finest marble, set with jasper, agate, and other precious stones. In the middle you shall build me a large hall with a dome, its four walls of massy gold and silver, each side having six windows, whose lattices, all except one, which is to be left unfinished, must be set with diamonds and rubies. There must be stables and horses and grooms and slaves; go and see about it!"

The palace was finished by next day, and the genie carried him there and showed him all his orders faithfully carried out, even to the laying of a velvet carpet from Aladdin's palace to the Sultan's. Aladdin's mother then dressed herself carefully, and walked to the palace with her slaves, while he followed her on horseback. The Sultan sent musicians with trumpets and cymbals to meet them, so that the air resounded with music and cheers. She was taken to the princess, who saluted her and treated her with great honor. At night the princess said good-by to her father, and set out on the carpet for Aladdin's palace, with his mother at her side, and followed by the hundred slaves. She was charmed at the sight of Aladdin, who ran to receive her.

"Princess," he said, "blame your beauty for my boldness if I have displeased you."

She told him that, having seen him, she willingly obeyed her father in this matter. After the wedding had taken place Aladdin led her into the hall, where a feast was spread, and she supped with him, after which they danced till midnight.

Next day Aladdin invited the Sultan to see the palace. On entering the hall with the four-and-twenty windows, with their rubies, diamonds, and emeralds, he cried:—

"It is a world's wonder! There is only one thing that surprises me. Was it by accident that one window was left unfinished?"

"No, sir, by design," returned Aladdin. "I wished your Majesty to have the glory of finishing this palace."

The Sultan was pleased, and sent for the best jewellers in the city. He showed them the unfinished window, and bade them fit it up like the others.

"Sir," replied their spokesman, "we cannot find jewels enough."

The Sultan had his own fetched, which they soon used, but to no purpose, for in a month's time the work was not half done. Aladdin, knowing that their task was vain, bade them undo their work and carry the jewels back, and the genie finished the window at his command. The Sultan was surprised to receive his jewels again and visited Aladdin, who showed him the window finished. The Sultan embraced him, the envious vizir meanwhile hinting that it was the work of enchantment.

Aladdin had won the hearts of the people by his gentle bearing. He was made captain of the Sultan's armies, and won several battles for him, but remained modest and courteous as before, and lived thus in peace and content for several years.

But far away in Africa the magician remembered Aladdin, and by his magic arts discovered that Aladdin, instead of perishing miserably in the cave, had escaped, and had married a princess, with whom he was living in great honor and wealth. He knew that the poor tailor's son could only have accomplished this by means of the lamp, and travelled night and day till he reached the capital of China, bent on Aladdin's ruin.

As he passed through the town he heard people talking everywhere about a marvellous palace.

"Forgive my ignorance," he asked, "what is this palace you speak of?"

"Have you not heard of Prince Aladdin's palace," was the reply, "the greatest wonder of the world? I will direct you if you have a mind to see it."

The magician thanked him who spoke, and having seen the palace knew that it had been raised by the genie of the lamp, and became half mad with rage. He determined to get hold of the lamp, and again plunge Aladdin into the deepest poverty.

Unluckily, Aladdin had gone a-hunting for eight days, which gave the magician plenty of time. He bought a dozen copper lamps, put them into a basket, and went to the palace, crying: "New lamps for old!" followed by a jeering crowd.

The princess, sitting in the hall of four-and-twenty windows, sent a slave to find out what the noise was about, who came back laughing, so that the princess scolded her.

"Madam," replied the slave, "who can help laughing to see an old fool offering to exchange fine new lamps for old ones?"

Another slave, hearing this, said: "There is an old one on the cornice there which he can have."

Now this was the magic lamp, which Aladdin had left there, as he could not take it out hunting with him. The princess, not knowing its value, laughingly bade the slave take it and make the exchange.

She went and said to the magician: "Give me a new lamp for this."

He snatched it and bade the slave take her choice, amid the jeers of the crowd. Little he cared, but left off crying his lamps, and went out of the city gates to a lonely place, where he remained till nightfall, when he pulled out the lamp and rubbed it. The genie appeared, and at the magician's command carried him, together with the palace and the princess in it, to a lonely place in Africa.

Next morning the Sultan looked out of the window towards Aladdin's palace and rubbed his eyes, for it was gone. He sent for the vizir, and asked what had become of the palace. The vizir looked out too, and was lost in astonishment. He again put it down to enchantment, and this time the Sultan believed him, and sent thirty men on horseback to fetch Aladdin in chains. They met him riding home, bound him, and forced him to go with them on foot. The people, however, who loved him, followed, armed, to see that he came to no harm. He was carried before the Sultan, who ordered the executioner to cut off his head. The executioner made Aladdin kneel down, bandaged his eyes, and raised his scimitar to strike. At that instant the vizir, who saw that the crowd had forced their way into the courtyard and were scaling the walls to rescue Aladdin, called to the executioner to stay his hand. The people, indeed, looked so threatening that the Sultan gave way and ordered Aladdin to be unbound, and pardoned him in the sight of the crowd.

Aladdin now begged to know what he had done.

"False wretch!" said the Sultan, "come hither," and showed him from the window the place where his palace had stood.

Aladdin was so amazed that he could not say a word.

"Where is my palace and my daughter?" demanded the Sultan. "For the first I am not so deeply concerned, but my daughter I must have, and you must find her or lose your head."

Aladdin begged for forty days in which to find her, promising if he failed, to return and suffer death at the Sultan's pleasure. His prayer was granted, and he went forth sadly from the Sultan's presence. For three days he wandered about like a madman, asking everyone what had become of his palace, but they only laughed and pitied him. He came to the banks of a river, and knelt down to say his prayers before throwing himself in. In so doing he rubbed the magic ring he still wore.

The genie he had seen in the cave appeared, and asked his will.

"Save my life, genie," said Aladdin, "and bring my palace back."

"That is not in my power," said the genie; "I am only the Slave of the Ring; you must ask the Slave of the Lamp."

"Even so," said Aladdin, "but thou canst take me to the palace, and set me down under my dear wife's window." He at once found himself in Africa, under the window of the princess, and fell asleep out of sheer weariness.

He was awakened by the singing of the birds, and his heart was lighter. He saw plainly that all his misfortunes were owing to the loss of the lamp, and vainly wondered who had robbed him of it.

That morning the princess rose earlier than she had done since she had been carried into Africa by the magician, whose company she was forced to endure once a day. She, however, treated him so harshly that he dared not live there altogether. As she was dressing, one of her women looked out and saw Aladdin. The princess ran and opened the window, and at the noise she made Aladdin looked up. She called to him to come to her, and great was the joy of these lovers at seeing each other again.

After he had kissed her Aladdin said: "I beg of you, Princess, in God's name, before we speak of anything else, for your own sake and mine, tell me what has become of an old lamp I left on the cornice in the hall of four-and-twenty windows, when I went a-hunting."

"Alas!" she said, "I am the innocent cause of our sorrows," and told him of the exchange of the lamp.

"Now I know," cried Aladdin, "that we have to thank the African magician for this! Where is the lamp?"

"He carries it about with him," said the princess, "I know, for he pulled it out of his breast to show me. He wishes me to break my faith with you and marry him, saying that you were beheaded by my father's command. He is forever speaking ill of you, but I only reply by my tears. If I persist, I doubt not that he will use violence."

Aladdin comforted her, and left her for awhile. He changed clothes with the first person he met in the town, and having bought a certain powder returned to the princess, who let him in by a little side door.

"Put on your most beautiful dress," he said to her, "and receive the magician with smiles, leading him to believe that you have forgotten me. Invite him to sup with you, and say you wish to taste the wine of his country. He will go for some, and while he is gone I will tell you what to do."

She listened carefully to Aladdin, and when he left her arrayed herself gayly for the first time since she left China. She put on a girdle and head-dress of diamonds, and seeing in a glass that she looked more beautiful than ever, received the magician, saying to his great amazement: "I have made up my mind that Aladdin is dead, and that all my tears will not bring him back to me, so I am resolved to mourn no more, and have therefore invited you to sup with me; but I am tired of the wines of China, and would fain taste those of Africa."

The magician flew to his cellar, and the princess put the powder Aladdin had given her in her cup. When he returned she asked him to drink her health in the wine of Africa, handing him her cup in exchange for his as a sign she was reconciled to him.

Before drinking the magician made her a speech in praise of her beauty, but the princess cut him short, saying:—

"Let me drink first, and you shall say what you will afterwards." She set her cup to her lips and kept it there, while the magician drained his to the dregs and fell back lifeless.

The princess then opened the door to Aladdin, and flung her arms round his neck, but Aladdin put her away, bidding her to leave him, as he had more to do. He then went to the dead magician, took the lamp out of his vest, and bade the genie carry the palace and all in it back to China. This was done, and the princess in her chamber only felt two little shocks, and little thought she was at home again.

The Sultan, who was sitting in his closet, mourning for his lost daughter, happened to look up, and rubbed his eyes, for there stood the palace as before! He hastened thither, and Aladdin received him in the hall of the four-and-twenty windows, with the princess at his side. Aladdin told him what had happened, and showed him the dead body of the magician, that he might believe. A ten days' feast was proclaimed, and it seemed as if Aladdin might now live the rest of his life in peace; but it was not to be.

The African magician had a younger brother, who was, if possible, more wicked and more cunning than himself. He travelled to China to avenge his brother's death, and went to visit a pious woman called Fatima, thinking she might be of use to him. He entered her cell and clapped a dagger to her breast, telling her to rise and do his bidding on pain of death. He changed clothes with her, colored his face like hers, put on her veil and murdered her, so that she might tell no tales. Then he went towards the palace of Aladdin, and all the people thinking he was the holy woman, gathered round him, kissing his hands and begging his blessing. When he got to the palace there was such a noise going on round him that the princess bade her slave look out of the window and ask what was the matter. The slave said it was the holy woman, curing people by her touch of their ailments, whereupon the princess, who had long desired to see Fatima, sent for her. On coming to the princess the magician offered up a prayer for her health and prosperity. When he had done the princess made him sit by her, and begged him to stay with her always. The false Fatima, who wished for nothing better, consented, but kept his veil down for fear of discovery. The princess showed him the hall, and asked him what he thought of it.

"It is truly beautiful," said the false Fatima. "In my mind it wants but one thing."

"And what is that?" said the princess.

"If only a roc's egg," replied he, "were hung up from the middle of this dome, it would be the wonder of the world."

After this the princess could think of nothing but a roc's egg, and when Aladdin returned from hunting he found her in a very ill humor. He begged to know what was amiss, and she told him that all her pleasure in the hall was spoilt for the want of a roc's egg hanging from the dome.

"If that is all," replied Aladdin, "you shall soon be happy."

He left her and rubbed the lamp, and when the genie appeared commanded him to bring a roc's egg. The genie gave such a loud and terrible shriek that the hall shook.

"Wretch!" he said, "is it not enough that I have done everything for you, but you must command me to bring my master and hang him up in the midst of this dome? You and your wife and your palace deserve to be burnt to ashes; but this request does not come from you, but from the brother of the African magician whom you destroyed. He is now in your palace disguised as the holy woman—whom he murdered. He it was who put that wish into your wife's head. Take care of yourself, for he means to kill you." So saying the genie disappeared.

Aladdin went back to the princess, saying his head ached, and requesting that the holy Fatima should be fetched to lay her hands on it. But when the magician came near, Aladdin, seizing his dagger, pierced him to the heart.

"What have you done?" cried the princess. "You have killed the holy woman!"

"Not so," replied Aladdin, "but a wicked magician," and told her of how she had been deceived.

After this Aladdin and his wife lived in peace. He succeeded the Sultan when he died, and reigned for many years, leaving behind him a long line of kings.

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